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THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF  
ROBERT GREENE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.

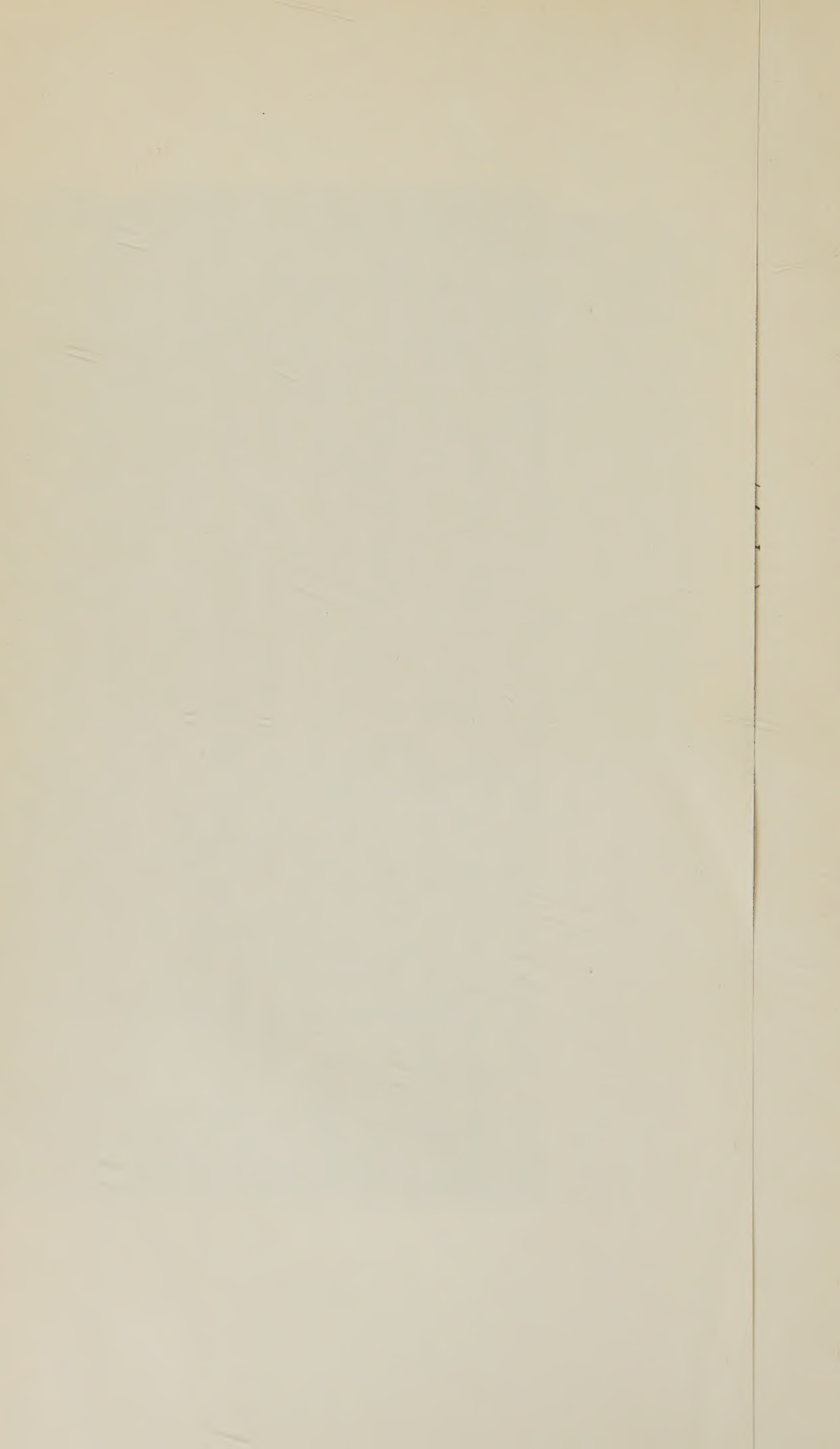
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

LONDON, EDINBURGH

NEW YORK AND TORONTO



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# THE PLAYS & POEMS OF ROBERT GREENE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

By J. CHURTON COLLINS, Litt.D.

(PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM)

VOL. I

GENERAL INTRODUCTION. ALPHONSUS. A LOOKING  
GLASSE. ORLANDO FURIOSO. APPENDIX TO  
ORLANDO FURIOSO (THE ALLEYN MS.)  
NOTES TO PLAYS

OXFORD  
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MDCCCCV

OXFORD  
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS  
BY HORACE HART, M.A.  
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

*Optica 1/2*

TO  
FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVALL

PH.D., D.LITT.

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## PREFACE

WHEN the Delegates of the Clarendon Press entrusted me with the preparation of an edition of Greene's Plays and Poems I determined to spare no pains to make it, so far at least as the text was concerned, a final one. And the method adopted was this. Each play was transcribed literally from the oldest Quarto extant: thus the *Looking Glasse* was copied from the Quarto of 1594, *Orlando* and *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* from the Quartos of the same year, *Alphonsus* from the Quarto of 1599, *James IV* from that of 1597, and *The Pinner* from that of 1599. And to the text of these Quartos my text scrupulously adheres, except where the reading of some of the later Quartos either makes sense of nonsense or presents a reading which is obviously and strikingly preferable; but rigid conservatism has been my rule. I have very rarely admitted conjectures into the text even where corruption cried for them. Where words necessary for the completion either of the sense or of the metre have been supplied they have been placed within brackets, and the same system has been adopted in supplying the acts and scenes when they are not marked, as is nearly always the case, in the original Quartos.

In an Appendix to *Orlando Furioso* I have given a complete transcript of the very remarkable fragment which is preserved among the Alleyn Manuscripts at Dulwich College, a section of which has been reproduced in collocation. It consists of a large portion of the original part of *Orlando* transcribed by the copyist of the theatre for Alleyn, with certain additions in Alleyn's own handwriting. Dyce's transcript, though fairly accurate, is habitually incorrect in the spelling, and has some, and those

not unimportant, omissions. Grosart follows Dyce closely, and had evidently not made an independent copy. The interest of this MS. is very great. It is not merely the only important manuscript we have belonging to so early a period of the Elizabethan drama, but when we compare it with the text of the Quarto we see either how greatly the stage copies were altered when a play was printed, or how greatly the printed copies must have varied from the stage copies and presumably, therefore, from the author's manuscript. And let me here express my thanks to the authorities of Dulwich College for their kindness in permitting me to have a transcript of it, and for allowing a portion of it to be collotyped. For being enabled to make some important additions to the variants in the text of the *Looking Glasse* I have to thank Mr. Augustine Birrell, who, with Mr. Godfrey Locker Lampson's permission, placed at my disposal the very remarkable Quarto in the collection of the late Mr. Locker Lampson which I have described in the Introduction to that play (vol. i. p. 142). For permission to transcribe another interesting manuscript I am indebted to the authorities of Sion College. This is the prose romance on which the *Pinner of Wakefield* was founded, the most important part of which I have given in an Appendix to the Introduction to the play. Though it has been published before, first by an editor signing himself N. W. and secondly by Thoms, who followed him, neither transcript is accurate, and in both the spelling has been modernized.

All the miscellaneous poems have been transcribed from the original novels, and where more than one edition of the novel exists the texts have, when possible, been collated. I have arranged them according to the chronological order in which the novels appeared in their first edition. The *Maidens Dreame* has been printed from an independent transcript taken from the original Quarto in Lambeth Library, neither Reardon's transcript, published for the Shakespeare Society, nor Dyce's being quite accurate. I have thought it desirable not only to collate such passages

in the Plays and Poems as appeared in extract in *England's Parnassus* with the extracts there printed, but to give a transcript of them in an Appendix to the Poems, so that the reader can make, if he pleases, the comparison for himself.

I have spared no pains to ascertain whether anything in verse from Greene's pen exists either in print or in manuscript which has not been included in the editions of Dyce and Grosart. But I have discovered nothing, and no trace of anything. And I own I am not sorry, for we have too much of Greene's work already. I have met with several anonymous productions in verse, particularly in threnody and in celebration of public events, which may have been, or may have had assistance from, his pen; but I have left them where I found them. If it could be established that they are Greene's they are not worth printing; as there is nothing to connect them with him, they are not worth discussing.

The Notes have purposely been made as full as possible, for they have been designed to illustrate generally the characteristics, especially as they pertain to diction, allusion, imagery, and sentiment, of the early Elizabethan drama.

My debt to my predecessors is no small one, and I hasten to acknowledge it. Had Dyce, instead of modernizing his text both in spelling and in inflection, adhered faithfully to the original, had he been thorough in collation, had he been less sparing in his elucidatory notes, had he properly investigated the sources of the plots, any other edition of Greene's Plays and Poems would have been a work of supererogation. There is scarcely a page in the present edition, as the critical apparatus sufficiently testifies, in which his hand is not seen. The lists of the *dramatis personae* have been adapted from him: all the obvious and many of the happiest corrections of the text are due to his vigilance and acumen. Much, and very much, which when it came into his hands was unintelligible and desperate, he elucidated with final certainty. As a textual critic he had few equals. His learning was without pedantry, and his

judgement and taste were as sober and fine as his erudition was exact and extensive. The first biographer of Greene, he laid the foundation, and much more than the foundation, for every future biography. Nor can any student of Greene mention Dr. Grosart's name without gratitude. His judgement was, unhappily, not equal to his enthusiasm, his scholarship to his ambition, or his accuracy to his diligence, but by his reprint of Greene's novels and prose miscellanies, and of the works of Nash, Harvey, and others, he greatly lightened the labours of sounder and more sober scholars.

Dr. Adolphus Ward has unfortunately not extended his work on Greene beyond a single play. With some of the views expressed in his *Prolegomena* I have not been able to agree, but from his notes I have sometimes profited, as the acknowledgements in my own notes show.

It remains for me to express my thanks to those who have in various ways and in different degrees assisted me. To those whom I have already thanked I must add the names of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Huth for their kindness in allowing me access to the Quartos in their possession and for permitting photographs to be taken of the title-pages. My particular obligations to those who have assisted me with information are recorded, and I hope scrupulously, in the Introductions and Notes where they occur. But I should like to express my thanks generally to Mr. J. C. Smith, not only for the immense assistance he has been to me in regulating the text and properly arranging the critical apparatus, but for two or three excellent conjectures; and to Miss Marian Edwardes for the help she has afforded in the work of transcription and in the record of the variants, as well as for the assistance she has given me in correcting the proofs. To my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel I am indebted for more than I have been able specifically to express. Some of the proofs were read by him, and were seldom returned without most valuable suggestions. Whenever I have been at a loss for an illustration, or have needed an elucidatory quotation or verbal parallel, I have rarely consulted him



in vain. But all who know Mr. Daniel know well what the privilege of his friendship means to any student of the Elizabethan drama.

But I owe most to my assistants—for that is the only name which can in justice be applied to them—at the Clarendon Press. Whatever slips and errors may be detected in this work in its final form, I can only say that they will be nothing to those from which my vigilant guards have saved me. Nor is this all. With a consideration and kindness for which I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, they have relieved me from much mechanical drudgery which fell properly to my lot by taking it on themselves.

Of the historical interest and importance of the writer on whom more time and trouble have been bestowed than one cares to remember there can be no question. And that consideration will, I hope, justify what would otherwise seem to be, and what I half fear really is, as the Greek proverb puts it—'Ἐπὶ τῇ φακῇ μύρον.

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# GENERAL INTRODUCTION

## I

THE materials for a life of Greene are apparently very ample ; but these materials are illusory and perplexing, and the task of a biographer who is scrupulous is an unusually difficult one. He has to distinguish between truth and fiction where they have been mingled in what is professedly autobiography ; between what is apocryphal and what is authentic in tradition ; between what rests on mere inference or conjecture on the part of memorialists and commentators, and what is certain. These difficulties are increased by the fact that as the poet's names, Christian and surname alike, are exceedingly common among his contemporaries ; the inquirer soon finds himself involved in such a labyrinth of Robert Greenes that identification becomes difficult in the extreme. Between 1530 and 1592 there were at least eight Robert Greenes within the city of Norwich, and at least six others within the county of Norfolk ; and it is highly probable that further inspection of the Norwich Registers and Archives would discover more. On the Registers of the Stationers' Company in London there are within those dates four Robert Greenes ; and I have met with the name more than once in Church Registers in London. In 1594 one Robert Greene a saddler, possibly an emigrant from the Greenes who pursued this occupation in Norwich, was living in the Savoy<sup>1</sup>. How this confusion of names has misled Greene's biographers we shall presently see.

The first who wove the scattered notices of Greene into a formal biography was Dyce, in his edition of Greene's Plays and Poems which appeared in 1831. This he revised and expanded in a second edition published in 1861. In the same year appeared Cooper's notice of him in his *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, but Cooper added nothing to Dyce. Thirteen years afterwards, in 1874, appeared W. Bernhardt's *Robert Greenes Leben und Schriften, eine*

<sup>1</sup> A licence was granted him on 4th of October, 1494, to marry Isabelle Moyle.

*historisch-kritische Skizze*, but this, on the biographical side, is a somewhat superficial compilation from Dyce, and contributed nothing new to our knowledge of Greene. But in 1878 a very remarkable contribution to Greene's biography was made by a Russian scholar, Professor Storozhenko of Moscow, an English translation of which, by Mr. E. A. B. Hodgetts, was inserted in the first volume of Dr. Grosart's edition of Greene's complete works. This added much—though nothing of great importance—to what Dyce had accumulated. It is seriously defective in point of accuracy—some of its inaccuracies are corrected by Dr. Grosart in a critical Introduction—and still more seriously defective in not sufficiently discriminating between what is palpably fiction and what is fact in Greene's semi-autobiographical novels. It still however remains the fullest account which exists of Greene's career and character. Dr. Ingleby, in his General Introduction to the *Shakespeare Allusion Books*, has thrown much useful light on our author's relations with his contemporaries, and so also has Dr. Grosart in his editions of the collected works of Nash and Harvey. Simpson, in his *School of Shakespeare* (1878), has indulged in theories which may interest those who find pleasure in ingenious speculation, but are hardly likely to find much favour with students whose aim is certainty and truth. Mr. Bullen's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is a fairly satisfactory epitome of such facts as had up to 1890 been ascertained ; and if to this be added the notice in the first volume of Mr. Fleay's *Chronicle of the English Drama* (1891), which throws some new but doubtful light on the chronology of Greene's plays and his relations with Lodge, we may be said to have completed the review of what has been contributed to a biography of Greene.

Before proceeding to the facts of Greene's life, to his actual biography, it may be well to try and ascertain how far he has himself assisted us by his own confessions ; in other words, in what way and to what extent the novels which are assumed to be autobiographical really are so. That they have been pressed too far by some of his biographers will be clear from a very cursory examination of them. They are four in number, *The Mourning Garment*, *Never too late*, with the second part of *Francesco's Fortunes*, and the *Groatworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*.

In the first, Rabbi Bilessi, an old and pious man of large fortune and a Burgomaster of his native city, has two sons, Sophonos and



Philador. Sophonos is a handsome and attractive youth, but unenterprising and prudent, 'who preferred the olive before the sword and peace before wars, and therefore, giving himself to merchandize,' has no desire to leave home or his father's side. Philador, the younger son, is all culture and accomplishments, a poet, a student, and a gallant, 'an adamant to every eye for his beauty, a syren to every ear for his eloquence.' Being anxious to travel, he persuades his father, though much against the old man's will, to allow him to do so. He sets out, and after various adventures finds himself in a boarding-house kept by three beautiful sisters who are courtesans. With the youngest of these sisters he becomes infatuated. After some days of revelling, gambling, and wantonness they reduce him to absolute beggary and then turn him adrift, calling up the servants of the house to thrust him into the street. Ashamed and forlorn he makes his way back to his old father, who, in spite of the protests of his elder son, receives the repentant prodigal home again and forgives him.

The hero of *Never too late* is one Francesco, 'a gentleman of an ancient house, a man whose parentage though it were worshipful yet it was not indued with much wealth'; he is a scholar, 'nursed up in the Universities,' and a poet. He was so generally loved of the citizens—he lived at Caerbranck (Brancaster in Norfolk?)—'that the richest merchant or gravest Burgomaster would not refuse to grant him his daughter in marriage, hoping more of his ensuing fortunes than of his present substance.' Francesco falls in love with the beautiful daughter of a gentleman named Fregoso, who dwelt not far from Caerbranck. But her churlish father opposes the match. However, the lovers manage to correspond—for Isabel returns Francesco's love—and finally she makes her escape from the close custody in which her father keeps her, and the lovers fly to Dunecastrum (Doncaster?) where they are married. As soon as Fregoso hears of his daughter's flight he posts after her, but arrives too late to prevent their union. However, he accuses Francesco of having stolen certain plate from him, and persuades the Mayor to arrest him and throw him into prison. But the Mayor, convinced of his innocence and seeing through the real motives of Fregoso's action, releases him. Francesco supports himself and his wife by turning his University education to account and teaching in a school. Seven cloudless and prosperous years pass, during which Fregoso is reconciled and

a boy is born to the happy married lovers. At the end of that time business calls Francesco to Troynovant, 'where, after he was arrived, knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weeks, he hired him a chamber, earnestly endeavouring to make speedie despatch of his affaires that he might the sooner enjoy the sight of his desired Isabel, for did he see any woman beautiful he viewed her with a sigh, thinking how far his wife did surpass her in excellence: were the modesty of any woman well noted it grieved him hee was not at home with his Isabel who did excell them all in vertues.' But unhappily Francesco happened one day to be looking out of his window 'when he espied a young gentlewoman who looked out at a case-ment right opposite against his prospect, who fixed her eyes upon him with such cunning and artificial glances as she shewed in them a chaste disdain and yet a modest desire.' This was Infida. Gradually Francesco becomes infatuated with her, and the struggle between the pure love which draws him to his angelic wife and the frenzied passion which binds him to this cruel but irresistible syren is depicted with terrible intensity and vividness. For more than three years, in spite of Isabel's pathetic appeals to him to return to her and their child, he remains in this ignoble bondage. 'For no reason could divert him from his damned intent, so had he drowned himself in the dregges of lust, insomuch that he counted it no sinne to offend with so faire a saint, alluding to the saying of the holy father *Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati*.' At last Infida, having succeeded in reducing him to his last penny, laughingly bids him to return to his wife and reflect at leisure on the difference between 'painted sepulcres with rotten bones' and 'honest saints with the purity of nature and the excellence of virtue.'

In the second part Francesco, driven out in poverty, falls in with a company of players, who 'persuaded him to try his wit in writing of Comedies, Tragedies or Pastorals.' This he does, and succeeds 'in writing a Comedy which so generally pleased all the audience that happie were those actors in short time that could get anie of his works, he grew so exquisite in that facultie.' As his purse was now well-lined, Infida tries to lure him back to her, but in vain.

The narrative then breaks off to recount the fortunes of his deserted wife, and what follows is practically an adapted repetition of the story of Susanna which Greene had already told in his

*Mirroure of Modesty.* An interesting touch in the sequel links Francesco with Greene. In the *Repentance*, addressing his wife, he says, 'Oh my dear wife, whose company and sight I have refrained these sixe yeares.' In the novel he represents Francesco hearing of the virtuous Isabel's vindication of her chastity and triumph over the diabolical plot against her from a gentleman in a tavern, who in telling the story added that the lady 'was married to a gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and well skilled in the liberal sciences, but an unthrift and one that had not beene with his wife for sixe years.' The tale of Francesco and Isabel concludes with what no doubt poor Greene himself pined for, the happy reunion of the repentant husband and the wronged wife. Whatever may be the proportion of fiction, we may safely presume that *Never too late* and *Francesco's Fortunes* stand in the same relation to the facts of Greene's life as *Amelia* to the facts of Fielding's and *Pendennis* to the facts of Thackeray's.

The last novel is the *Groatsworth of Witte*, the hero of which is one Roberto. And here we must not forget that Greene practically identifies himself with Roberto, and that not simply by the admission that Roberto's life 'in most part agreed with his own,' but by the introduction throughout the narrative of unmistakable autobiographical details. The plot is this. In a city, situated in an island bound by the Ocean, made rich by merchandize and populous by long space, there dwelt 'an old new made Gentleman of no small credit, exceeding wealth and large conscience,' and his name was Gorinius. He had been the architect of his own fortunes, had acquired his wealth by usury, and had been the ruin of many poor men and women. But he held a high position in the city, 'for he boare office in his parish, and sate as formally in his fox-furd gowne as if he had beene a very upright dealing Burges: he was religious too, never without a booke at his belt, and a bolt in his mouth ready to shoote through his sinfull neighbour.' He was in his eighty-eighth year, and being cruelly afflicted with gout and not far from his death was anxious to settle his affairs. He had two sons, the eldest was Roberto, the youngest Lucanio; and these sons he calls before him, informing them that it is his intention to leave the whole of his property to the youngest, cutting off Roberto the eldest 'with an olde Groate, being the stock I first began with, wherewith I wish him to buy a groate's worth of wit.' The reason for this unjust disposition of his property is explained. Roberto,

‘this foole my eldest son, hath been brought up in the Universitie, and therefore accounts that in riches is no virtue. But you my sonne (laying then his hand on the yonger’s head), have thou another spirit, for without wealth life is a death ; what is gentry if wealth be wanting but base servile beggerie. . . . Come my Lucanio, and let me give thee good counsel before my death. As for you Sir,’ turning to Roberto, ‘your bookes are your counsellors, and therefore to them I bequeath you. Ah Lucanio my onely comfort, because I hope you wilt as thy father be a gatherer, let me bless thee before I die.’ What had offended the old man is then explained.

‘Roberto being come from the Academie to visit his father, there was a great feast provided, where for table talke Roberto, knowing his father and most of the companie to be execrable usurers, invayed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged teares from divers of their eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts. Dinner being past hee comes to his father requesting him to take no offence at his liberal speech, seeing what he had uttered was truth. Angrie, sonne, saide he, no by my honesty, and that is somewhat I may say to you, but use it still and if thou canst persuade any of my neighbours from lending uppon usurie I should have the more customers : to which when Roberto would have replied he shut himselfe up into his studie, & fell to telling over his money.’ This was Roberto’s offence. We learn incidentally that Roberto was married and had a child.

Shortly afterwards the old man dies, and Lucanio enters on his inheritance. Roberto broods over the wrong which had been done him ; ‘pondering how little was left to him grew into an inward contempt of his father’s unequal legacie and determinate resolution to work Lucanio all possible injurie.’ This was not difficult, for Lucanio was ‘of condition simple, shamefast and flexible to anie counsaile.’ Roberto begins by advising his brother to enjoy his wealth, to go into society where he will be flattered and caressed. ‘Besides which I had almost forgot and then had all the rest been nothing, you are a man by nature furnished with all exquisite proportion worthy the love of any courtly Ladie be she never so amorous ; you have wealth to maintain her. . . . Lucanio lacketh nothing to delight a wife nor anything but a wife to delight him.’ Lucanio responds only too readily to this appeal, ‘Faith, Brother Roberto, and yee say the worde lets go seeke a wife while it is hot, both of us together. Ile pay well and I dare turn you loose to say



as well as anie of them all.' Now Roberto was acquainted with a courtesan 'who kept her Hospital which was in the Suburbes of the cittie pleasantly seated, and made more delectable by a pleasant Garden wherein it was scituate.' And her name was Lamilia, 'for so wee call the curtezan.' 'No sooner come they within ken but mistresse Lamilia like a cunning angler made readie her chaunge of baytes that she might effect Lucanio's bane, and to begin, shee discovered from her window her beauteous inticing face.'

Roberto introduces Lucanio to her, and the simple youth is at once fascinated by her. But his bashfulness and modesty keep him tongue-tied. Roberto, however, smoothes the way for him, and his passion soon finds voice. First he presents her with a ring 'wherein was apointed a diamond of wonderful worth, which she accepting with a love conge returned him with a silke riband.' After this 'Diomedis et Glauci permutatio' all goes smoothly. He becomes her slave. Chess, cards and dice follow, and he loses all he has with him and goes home to provide himself with more money. Roberto now proposes to divide the spoil with Lamilia. But Lamilia treats him precisely as Infida had treated Francesco. She rejects the proposal with scorn. 'No poore pennilesse Poet, thou art beguilde in me, and yet I wonder how thou couldest, thou hast been so often beguilde. But it fareth with licentious men as with the chased bore in the streame, who being greatly refreshed with swimming never feeleth any smart until he perish recurelessly wounded with his owne weapons. Faithlesse Roberto, thou hast attempted to betray thy brother, irreligiously forsaken thy wife, deservedly beene in thy fathers eie an abject: thinkest thou Lamilia so loose to consort with one so lewd? No, hypocrite, the sweete Gentleman thy brother I will till death love and thee while I live loathe. This share Lamilia gives thee, other gettest thou none.' She keeps her promise and tells Lucanio 'the whole deceit of his brother, and never rested intimating malitious arguments till Lucanio utterly refused Roberto for his brother and for ever forbad him of his house.'

Roberto accordingly wanders forth after rending his hair, cursing his destiny and breaking out into tirades against enticing courtesans. While he is thus soliloquizing and sadly sighing out 'Heu, patior telis vulnera facta meis' he is overheard by a gentleman on the other side of the hedge. This gentleman accosts him, enters into conversation, and informs him that he is a player. This Roberto



can hardly believe, as the gentleman is so well dressed. The gentleman replies that his outward appearance does not belie him, for that he was exceedingly well-to-do. There was a time when he was fain to carry his playing fardle on foot-back, but that it was otherwise now, for his share in playing apparel would not be sold for two hundred pounds. Roberto expresses his surprise, for 'it seems to me your voice is nothing gracious.' To this the gentleman replies, 'I mislike your judgment; why I am as famous for Delphrigus and the king of Fairies as ever was any of my time. The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage, and plaied three scenes of the devill in the highway to heaven. Nay more, quoth the player, I can serve to make a prettie speech, for I was a countrie author, passing at a morall, for it was I that pende the Moral of mans wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for seaven yeeres space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my Almanacke is out of date.

The people make no estimation  
Of Morrals teaching education.'

He then proposes that Roberto should write plays for him, and promises, if he will do so, to pay him well. 'Roberto, perceiving no remedie, thought best to respect his present necessity, to trie his wit, and went with him willingly, who lodged him at the townes end in a house of retaile.' Meanwhile Lucanio, utterly ruined by Lamilia, with whom he had lived for two years, his lands sold, his jewels pawned, his money wasted, had been cast off by his rapacious mistress. In abject poverty and bordering on starvation he had come to the last extremity. Roberto hearing of this seeks him out, not so much because he pitied him as because he thought he could 'use him as a proppertie.' 'Being of simple nature hee served but for a blocke to whet Roberto's wit on; which the poore foole perceiving he forsooke all other hopes of life and fell to be a notorious Pandar: in which detested course he continued till death.' What follows being obviously, as we know from other sources, pure autobiography, must be transcribed in detail:—

'But Roberto now famozed for an Arch-plaimaking poet, his purse like the sea sometime sweld, anon like the same sea fell to a lowe ebbe: yet seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed. Marry, this rule he kept, whatever he fingered aforehand was the certaine meanes to unbinde a bargaine, and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good. It becomes me, saith hee, to be contrary to the worlde, for commonly when vulgar men receive earnest they doe perform, when I am paid anything aforehand I breake

my promise. He had shift of lodgings, where in every place his Hostesse writ up the wofull remembrance of him his laundresse and his boy; for they were ever his in household, besides retainers in sundry other places. His companie were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, perjurie, forgerie, or any villanie. Of these he knew the castes to cog at cards, coosen at dice: by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysters, connicatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high Lawyers, and all the rabble of that uncleane generation of vipers: and pithelie could he paint out their whole courses of craft. So cunning he was in all crafts as nothing rested in him almost but craftinesse. How often the Gentlewoman his wife laboured vainly to recall him, is lamentable to note: but as one given over to all lewdness he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose truls that jested at her bootlesse laments. If he could any way get credit on scores he would then brag his creditors carried stones, comparing everie round circle to a groning O, procured by a painful burden. The shameful end of sundry his consorts, deservedly punished for their amisse, wrought no compunction in his heart: of which one, brother to a Brothell he kept, was trust under a tree as round as a Ball.'

All this, it is needless to say, serves to identify Roberto with Greene completely. The last sentence is obviously an allusion to Ball, who was hanged at Tyburn, and whose sister was Greene's mistress and the mother of his son Fortunatus. After recording a disreputable incident in which some of his companions were engaged, and recording the fates of three of them<sup>1</sup>, the narrative continues:—

'Roberto, every day acquainted with these examples, was, notwithstanding, nothing bettered but rather hardened in wickedness. At last was that place justified, God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night and by known examples in the day, but if he returne not hee comes upon him with judgment that shall be felt. For now when the number of deceites caused Roberto bee hateful almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsie, and the loathesome scourge of Lust tyrannized in his bones. Living in extreame poverty and having nothing to pay but chalke, which now his Host accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortlessly languishing, having but one groat left, (the just proportion of his father's Legacie) which looking on he cried: O now it is too late, too late to buy witte with thee: and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy.'

At this point the narrative breaks off and Greene speaks in his own person.

The incidents in these novels have so much in common, and are

<sup>1</sup> The text of *The Groatworth* is frequently very corrupt, and it is quite clear that something must have dropped out here—the sentence runs, 'One of them for murder was worthily executed: the other never since prospered, the third sitting not long after upon a lustie horse the beast suddenly died under him. God amend the man.'

often so identical with what we know to have been facts in Greene's life, that it is difficult not to believe them to be autobiographical. But where autobiography begins and where autobiography ends it is of course impossible to say. We are certainly not warranted in supposing that all which they record should be woven into his life as a portion of it. This, however, is certain, at every step in investigation we seem to be on the trace of analogies to characters and incidents in these novels. In the prosperous alderman bearing Greene's name it seems no great violation of probability to suppose that we may have the original of Rabbi Bilessi, of Fregoso, and of Gorinius; that the adventures of Picador may be an episode in his own life; that the story of Francesco and Isabel in all its details, as well as the story of Roberto in all its details, may be transcripts of his own experience. But it would be uncritical to assume this, and in attempting to trace his career I shall not draw on these novels, but leave the reader to form his own conclusions on the relation of what is recorded in them to the actual facts of Greene's life.

## II

He has himself told us that he was born and bred in Norwich<sup>1</sup>, and that his parents were for their gravity and honest life well known and esteemed amongst their neighbours<sup>2</sup>. On the date of his birth and the history of his family and parents no light has hitherto been thrown. Families of the name of Greene were numerous in Norwich, and some of them had held distinguished places among the citizens. Alderman Robert Greene, a prosperous grocer, was Mayor in 1529, was connected with the Guild of St. Mary, and apparently lived in St. Peter Mancroft, in the church of which there is a tablet to his memory<sup>3</sup>. His son Thomas, who succeeded to his father's business, taking up his freedom in 1543, was among the aldermen serving in 1558. He was sheriff in 1555 and Mayor in 1571<sup>4</sup>. He lived in 'a grand house' over against the church of St. Michael at Thorn. In or before 1579

<sup>1</sup> 'In the citie of Norwich where I was born and bred,' *Repentance*, Works, xii. 171. 'R. Greene *Nordericensis*,' signature to *Maidens Dream*, Id. xiv. 300. 'R. Greene,' signature to Dedication of *Euphues Shadow*. 'Robert Greene *Norfolciensis*,' and reference in the same dedication to 'the native citie of my birth.'

<sup>2</sup> *Repentance*.

<sup>3</sup> For these facts see Blomefield's *History of Norwich*, vol. i. 219, iv. 154, and 15, where a copy of the inscription on the tablet is given.

<sup>4</sup> Blomefield, i. 277, 278, 359.

he removed from this house<sup>1</sup>, and it became the town residence of Sir Nicholas Bacon. The Will of this Thomas, dated June 16, 1575, was proved by his son Robert Nov. 25, 1581<sup>2</sup>. He left two sons, the said Robert and John. The greater part of his property he leaves to his son Robert, whom he makes his sole executor. Neither of these sons took up their freedom, and were consequently not engaged in trade. Robert, in all probability, became an attorney-at-law, and was the father of George Greene and John Greene, who were respectively admitted to Caius College, Cambridge, as sons of Robert Greene, attorney-at-law—George on July 1, 1609, aged 16 years, and John admitted to the Scholars' table Nov. 4, 1617. The first became B. A. 1611-12, and was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, June 21, 1610; the second became B. A. in 1621-2 and M. A. in 1625<sup>3</sup>, and entered the Church.

But there were two other families of the name of Greene, both of which resided in Tombland. One is represented by Robert Greene, first a cordwainer and then an innkeeper, the other by Robert Greene a saddler. On Oct. 16, 1587, Robert Greene, cordwainer, was licensed to keep the inn called the Queen's Head in Tombland, and he appears also to have had another inn called the White Horse; for in the neighbouring church of St. Martin at Palace was interred in October, 1591, a 'Robert Greene de le White Horse,' presumably of course the Robert Greene of the Queen's Head<sup>4</sup>. The Will of this Robert Greene, who is described as an innholder, dated June 22, 1591, and proved on October 23 the same year, is extant<sup>5</sup>. He left three sons and one daughter, William, Martin, John, and Anne. With one exception, that of John, the births of these children are recorded in the Register of St. George, Tombland:—

'Willus filius Robti Grene, inhorder xviii<sup>o</sup> Maii 1584 baptizat. fuit.

Martin Grene filius Robti Grene, inhorder viii<sup>o</sup> Julii 1588 baptizat. fuit.

Anna Grene filia Robti Grene xxiii<sup>o</sup> July 1577.'

That Robert Greene the innkeeper was not identical with Robert Greene the saddler, of whom we must now give some account, is proved conclusively by two of the baptismal entries.

<sup>1</sup> Blomefield, iv. 137.

<sup>2</sup> *Episcopal Consistorial Court Register*, 1580-82, fol. 335.

<sup>3</sup> Venn, *Caius College Admissions*, vol. i.

<sup>4</sup> *Register of St. George Tombland*, p. 16. The entry is 'Robtus Grene de la White horse sepult . . . October 1591.'

<sup>5</sup> *Episcopal Consistorial Court of Norwich, Register of St. Andrew's*, fol. 247.

On April 6th, 1583, Henry Grene, son of Robert Grene 'in-holder,' was baptized: on October 20th of the same year Mary Grene, daughter of Robert Grene 'sadler,' was baptized. As these Robert Greenes were contemporary at least as far as 1591, when Robert the innkeeper died, it is not possible to distinguish them when they are not distinguished in the entries, unless we are to suppose that when the title of innkeeper is not entered the Robert Greene meant is the saddler. But this will not always apply. Thus in 1579 we find these entries:—

'Tobias Grene filius Robti Grene v<sup>o</sup> April 1579 baptizat. fuit.  
Susanna Grene filia Robti Grene baptizat. fuit xviii Maii 1579,'

where obviously these cannot be the children of the same parents; and the same occurs in two other entries:—

'Robtus Grene fuit baptizat. xxv<sup>o</sup> Augusti 1580.  
Tobias Grene filius Robti Grene xviii Septembris 1580 baptizat. fuit.'

But another entry enables us to identify Tobias with tolerable probability as the son of the saddler. In the Court Books we find Tobias Grene, 'sadler,' transferring certain tenements to one Titus Oates in a document dated January 1614, thus showing that the Robert Greene born in 1580 was the son of the innkeeper. But the entry which most concerns us is the following:—

'Robtus Grene filius Robti Grene xj Julii 1558 baptizatus fuit,'

for there can be very little doubt that this is the entry of the poet's baptism. He was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, on the 26th of November 1575, when, if he was born in 1558, he would be in his eighteenth year. The average age at which students were matriculated in the sixteenth century appears to have been between sixteen and seventeen<sup>1</sup>, but it was often between seventeen and eighteen, at which age Lyly, Daniel, William Harrison, and almost certainly Spenser, were matriculated. He was entered as a Sizar<sup>2</sup>, which shows that his parents were not opulent. The terms in which he speaks of them clearly indicate that they were not of much social importance, and it is observable that he never in his title-pages or elsewhere signs

<sup>1</sup> Marlowe was matriculated in his seventeenth year, Peele, Anthony Bacon, Ascham, and Nash in their sixteenth, Lyly, Samuel Daniel, William Harrison, and almost certainly Spenser, in their eighteenth.

<sup>2</sup> *Registry of the University*, kindly communicated by the Registry.



himself 'Gentleman,' as Lodge and Nash do<sup>1</sup>. In the Dedicatory Epistle of *Philomela* to the Lady Fitzwaters he appears to imply that he and his family had been among the retainers of her husband<sup>2</sup>.

It now remains to determine if possible whether the poet, that is presumably the Robert Greene baptized in 1558, was the son of the innkeeper or the saddler. There are two presumptions that he was the son of the saddler; the first is based on the evidence of the Register. Toby was plainly a family name with the saddler, as we have already seen, and as will be seen directly from his Will. Now in the Register we find an Alice Grene baptized August 1556, then a Robert Grene baptized 1558, then Toby baptized in 1561 (dying the same year in June), then an Anne baptized July 1577 and presumably the Anne mentioned in Robert the saddler's Will, then another Toby who took the place of the dead Toby, next a Susanna baptized May 1579. And here first comes in the ambiguity with the innkeeper's family, for in August and September 1580 are baptized a Robert and another Toby (the second Toby having presumably died in infancy). The presumption is then, though stress must not be laid on it, that the children entered from 1556 to 1580 were the children of the saddler. The second presumption is based on the innkeeper's Will, which, being made in 1591, shows that either the poet was not his son or that he was disinherited; but this does not apply to the Will<sup>3</sup> of the saddler to which we now come. It is dated 40th of Elizabeth, and was proved 17th December 1599. He leave a wife Jane, a daughter Anne 'now wife of Arthur Rylaye,' an unmarried son Toby, and two grandchildren. It may be added that there was another Robert Greene a yeoman, who lived at Horsham St. Faith, almost two miles from Norwich, whose Will was proved in 1591. He left two sons, John and Henry, and several daughters. What his connexion with the poet, if any, may have been there is now no means of knowing. To sum up: it is impossible to speak with certainty, but it

<sup>1</sup> Nothing can be inferred from Eliote's verses *Au R. Greene Gentilhōme*, prefixed to *Perimedes*, Works, vii. 10.

<sup>2</sup> 'I am borne (born) his,' Works, xi. 109.

<sup>3</sup> *Court of the Archdeacon of Norwich, Register Bastard*, fol. 339. He leaves to his wife Jane his tenement and appurtenances in St. George Tombland for her life, then to his son Tobie, together with some trifling legacies.



seems at least probable that Robert Greene the poet was the son of Robert Greene, the saddler in Norwich, and Jane his wife, and that he was baptized, the second child of his parents, July 11th, 1558. He tells us in the *Repentance* that his 'father had care to have mee in my Nonage brought up at school, that I might through the studie of good letters grow to be a friend to myself,' &c. The school referred to would presumably be the Free Grammar School at Norwich, which was then attached to the Great Hospital and under the control of the Mayor and Court of Aldermen. It provided free education 'for fourscore and ten scholars,' and Ordinances issued on April 2nd, 1566, and accepted June 14th, 1566, enacted that a Register should be kept. If this Register was kept all traces of it have vanished, and though the names of the Head Masters have been preserved, the names of the scholars have not. If Greene's name was entered it has disappeared with the rest. The late Head Master tells me that there is no tradition that Greene was at the School, and what is certainly curious is this, that though there were exhibitions to Corpus Christi College and to Caius College, Cambridge, there were none to St. John's<sup>1</sup>. Whether Greene was educated at the Grammar School must therefore remain doubtful.

The boy was father to the man, and before he left for Cambridge his characteristic vices had, according to his own account, begun to display themselves. 'As early prickes the tree that will prove a thorne, so even in my first yeares I began to followe the frettings of mine owne desires and neyther to listen to the wholesome advertisements of my parents nor bee rulde by the careful corrections of my Maister<sup>2</sup>.' Residence at Cambridge at the time when Greene entered it was little likely either to improve his morals or correct defects in his education. He arrived at a time when the reaction against the restrictions imposed on the students by the regulations of Whitgift and his coadjutors appears to have been at its height. William Soone might pronounce 'that the way of life

<sup>1</sup> All this from information kindly contributed by the Rev. O. W. Tancock, late Head Master of Norwich Grammar School. It may be added that the Head Masters between 1556 and 1599 were 'Mr.' Bache, Walter Hall, and Stephen Lambert. *Great Hospital Rolls*.

<sup>2</sup> *Repentance*.

in these Colleges is the most pleasant and liberal, and if I might have my choice I should prefer it to a kingdom'; but about a year and a half after Greene's arrival, riot, luxury, and insubordination had reached such a pitch that we find the authorities complaining that 'if some remedy be not speedily provided, the University which hath been from the begynning a collection and society of a multitude of all sorts of ages and professyng to godliness, modesty, virtue and learning, and a necessary storehouse to the realm of the same, shall become rather a storehouse for a staple of prodigall, wastfull, ryotous, unlearned and insufficient persons'.<sup>1</sup> Extravagance in dress, drunkenness, insubordination, and rudeness to superiors and strangers, are frequent complaints made against the undergraduates. Harrison complains bitterly of the slander into which gentlemen or rich men's sons brought the University. 'For standing upon their reputation and liberty they ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparel and bantling riotous companie which draweth them from their books into another trade'.<sup>2</sup> And the plebeian and poor scholars aped the gentlemen. One of Greene's friends at St. John's, Nash, made himself so notorious in this way that his name became proverbial, and 'a verie Nash' passed into a synonym, says Gabriel Harvey, for 'everie untoward scholar'.<sup>3</sup> Giordano Bruno's account of Oxford and its students is well known, and certainly there was nothing to choose between the Universities at this time.

In the studies prescribed for degrees there was little to attract a youth with liberal tastes. In the Logic schools the arid dialectics of Ramus—the abhorrence of Bacon—dominated. In Theology, the only subject in which a student could obtain popular distinction, the old barren Scholasticism blended with the new dreary polemics engendered in the religious controversies succeeding the Reformation. The study of Physics was in its infancy. Polite Literature was practically unrepresented. Lectures were announced, and perhaps delivered, on the Institutes of Quintilian and the oratorical treatises of Cicero, but no one attended them.<sup>3</sup> Of the indifference of the University to the study of Humanity we have a striking illustration in the

<sup>1</sup> Cooper, *Annals*, ii. 360-1.

<sup>2</sup> Furnivall's *Harrison's England*, part i. 77-78.

<sup>3</sup> See Bass Mullinger, *History of the University of Cambridge*, vol. ii. 369-439, and Cooper's *Annals*, *passim*, vol. ii.

fact that both Whitgift and Haddon were unacquainted with Greek. The consequence of all this was that an undergraduate who had a taste for letters had to take his education into his own hands, and to ignore the lectures of the Professors became an established custom in the Colleges. But there was much intellectual activity among the students themselves, and the College to which Nash and Greene belonged had been particularly distinguished in this respect. In the address which Nash prefixed to his friend's *Menaphon* he thus speaks of St. John's College :—

'That most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint Johns in Cambridge, that at that time was a Universitie within itself, shining so far above all other Houses, Halls and Hospitalls whatsoever that no College in the towne was able to compare with a tythe of her students, having, as I have heard grave men of credite report, more candles light in it everie Winter morning before fowre of the clock than the fowre of the clocke bell gave stroakes; till shee, as a pittying mother put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitful wombe sufficient scholars both to support her owne weale as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects.'

He then goes on to speak of the accomplished men who had been the glory of that institution, such as Cheke, Watson, Ascham, and Grindal, and to lament 'the abject abbreviations of the Arts,' complaining that the liberal studies which had been pursued and represented by these illustrious scholars had again relapsed into the old trivialities, that the time which should be employed on Aristotle was now employed on Epitomes and on 'refuse Philosophy,' and that the Universities were more bent on turning out 'Divinitie dunces' than men of culture. It is not surprising then that Greene and his friends should have gone their own way. They were no doubt loose and dissipated, but their works show that their time could not altogether have been wasted. It would be absurd to speak of either Greene or Marlowe as scholars. Of Greek they probably knew little or nothing; and in one of the few passages in which Greene ventures on a Greek phrase he lays himself open to the suspicion of having mistaken the future middle for the infinitive mood<sup>1</sup>. His Latin composition in verse and prose, though very far from being flawless, is respectable<sup>2</sup>, and is sometimes in single

<sup>1</sup> 'I know *facilius est μωμήσεται quam μμήσεται*,' Address to Gentlemen Scholars in *Mourning Garment*, Works, ix. 125.

<sup>2</sup> His worst copy of verses, which is full of false quantities, is in *Orlando Furioso*, his best are the Elegiacs in *Tullies Love*. See too the Sapphics in the same treatise, which would be tolerable except for the last stanza. For his

lines and sentences not far from a classical standard. No details of Greene's Cambridge life have been preserved, and there is nothing about him in the College archives either at St. John's or at Clare<sup>1</sup>. He was admitted to the degree of B. A. in 1578<sup>2</sup>.

His acquaintances at Cambridge, or, to borrow his own expression, the 'wags as lewd as himself,' persuaded him on taking his degree to visit Italy and Spain. This appears to have been opposed by his father, or perhaps he set out without his father's knowledge. In any case he resorted, he tells us, to 'cunning sleights' for procuring the necessary funds from his father and from friends, and in this he was aided by his mother, who secretly supplied him with money. The elder Greene may well have been alarmed at the step his son was taking. To allow a young man to visit Italy except under the strictest surveillance was, in the opinion of the moralists of those times, to secure his destruction. It was to send him to graduate in the Devil's school, to initiate him in atheism and in every species of immorality. Harrison<sup>3</sup>, speaking of the education of English professors, says, 'One thing only I mistake in them, and that is their usual going into Italie from whence verie few without special grace do return goode men.' 'Suffer not thy sons,' says Lord Burleigh, 'to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy and atheism<sup>4</sup>.' The passage in Ascham is well known, and not less emphatic are the protests and warnings of Nash and Hall.

In these travels all that was worst in him was developed, and he saw, he tells us, and 'practized such villainy as is abominable to declare.' From the Dedication of one of his tracts<sup>5</sup> we learn that he visited not only Italy and Spain, but France, Germany, Poland, and Denmark. Reminiscences of these travels have undoubtedly supplied him with some of the local colouring of many of his fictions. Such, for example, would be the account given by the Palmer in *Never too late* of France, Germany, and Italy, and touches in the description of Arcadia in *Menaphon*.

Latin prose see the Epistle of Lentulus in *Tullies Love* and the Dialogue inserted in *Planetomachia*, but perhaps they were not original.

<sup>1</sup> From information kindly given by Mr. Bass Mullinger, Librarian of St. John's, and from the Rev. the Master of Clare College.

<sup>2</sup> *University Register*, date of month and day not recorded.

<sup>3</sup> Furnivall's *Harrison*, part i. 81.

<sup>4</sup> Burleigh's *Advices to his Son*.

<sup>5</sup> *Pierce Pennilesse*, Works, ii. 52.

He returned to England thoroughly demoralized, 'learned in all the villanies under heaven,' but the date of his return cannot now be ascertained. Nor is it possible to settle the date of the remarkable experience which he had in St. Andrew's church at Norwich, but as he describes himself as 'being new come from Italy' it probably occurred not long after his arrival in England. It is best told in his own words. Speaking of the hardened and desperate state in which he was, how from habitual libertinism he had grown to habitual drunkenness, and from drunkenness to profanity and blasphemy, he goes on to say:—

'Yet let me confess a truth, that even once and yet but once I felt a fear and horror in my conscience, and then the terrors of God's judgements did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sinne I deserved damnation, and that such was the greatness of my sinne that I deserved no redemption. And this inward motion I received in Saint Andrew's Church in the Cittie of Norwich at a Lecture or Sermon then preached by a godly learned man whose doctrine and the maner of whose teaching I liked wonderful well: yea, (in my conscience) such was his singleness of heart and zeal in his doctrine that he might have converted the most monster of the world. . . At this Sermon the terror of God's judgement did manifestly teach me that my exercises were damnable and that I should bee wipte out of the booke of life, if I did not speedily repent my looseness of life and reforme my misdemeanors. At this sermon the said learned man, who doubtless was the child of God, did beate downe sinne in such pithie and persuasive manner that I began to call unto mind the danger of my soule and the prejudice that at length would befall mee for those grosse sinnes which with greediness I daily committed: in so much as sighing I said in myself, "Lord have mercie upon mee, and send me grace to amend and become a new man<sup>1</sup>."

There can be little doubt that the preacher whose sermon had this effect on Greene was John More, a man of remarkable accomplishments and eloquence who was known as the Apostle of Norwich. He had been a fellow of Christ's College, and on leaving Cambridge had been appointed minister of St. Andrew's somewhere about 1571, and he held this office till his death in Jan. 1591-2<sup>2</sup>. The effect of this sermon, as we shall presently see, soon wore off, but it is at least not improbable that it may have borne some fruit. For we find entered on the Stationers' Registers, March 20, 1580-1, under Greene's name a ballad with the following title:—'Youthe seeing all his wais so troublesome, abandoning Virtue and Learning to Vice recalleth his former Follies with an Inward Repentance.' This ballad was either not published or has not come down to us.

<sup>1</sup> *Repentance.*

<sup>2</sup> See Cooper's *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, vol. ii. 117-118.



He had now begun his career as a writer, for on the 3rd of October 1580 was entered on the Stationers' Registers the first part of *Mamillia*<sup>1</sup>, but it was not published till nearly three years afterwards. Meanwhile (1583) Greene had proceeded to the degree of M.A., and had migrated from Saint John's to Clare Hall, for what reason does not appear. It would seem that he resided at Clare Hall, for the Dedication to the second part of *Mamillia* (not published till after his death, but licensed on Sept. 6, 1583) is dated 'from my Studie in Clare Hall the vij of Julie,' presumably July 1583, though no year is given<sup>2</sup>. The title of student of Physic which he afterwards (1585) appended to his name on the title-page of *Planetomachia* has, doubtless, no reference to his pursuits at Cambridge.

We have now to examine a singular tradition that Greene entered the Church. Sir Harris Nicholas discovered among the Lansdowne manuscripts (982, art. 102, fol. 187), under the head of 'Additions to Mr. Wood's Report of Mr. Robert Green, an eminent poet who died about 1592,' a reference to a 'document in Rymer's *Fœdera*, from which it appears that a Robert Grene was in 1576 one of the Queen's Chaplains, and that he was presented by Elizabeth to the rectory of Walkington in the diocese of York. The passage in Rymer, which is to be found in the *Fœdera*, vol. xv. p. 765, has been translated by Dyce. This, Hunter thinks, is corroborated by the connexion of some of Greene's early patrons and friends with Yorkshire<sup>3</sup>. But this supposition may be rejected without reserve, for in 1576 Greene was an undergraduate at Cambridge and was within less than a year from his matriculation<sup>4</sup>. This, however, is not the only hypothesis which connects Greene with the Church. Octavius Gilchrist, in his *Examination of Ben Jonson's Enmity towards Shakespeare*, p. 22, states, though without citing his authority, that a Robert Greene

<sup>1</sup> '3rd October, 1580. Thomas Woodcock, Lycensed unto him *Manilia, A lookinge Glasse for ye ladies of England.*' *Manilia* is of course only a slip of the pen, as the second title shows, *Stationers' Register*, Arber Transcript, ii. 378.

<sup>2</sup> 'Master Ponsonbye, Licensede to him under Master Watkins hande a booke entituled *Manilia*, the Secende parte of the *Tryumphe of Pallas*, &c.', *Stat. Regist.*, Arber, ii. 428.

<sup>3</sup> See *Collectanea Hunteriana*, vol. iii. p. 360. They are in manuscript, and are deposited in the British Museum.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. Nov. 1575, while the document appointing Greene to the rectory of Walkington is signed 'tricesimo primo die Augusti.'



was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury in Essex on June 19, 1584, and that he resigned it in the following year. Gilchrist's authority was Newcourt's *Repertorium*, vol. ii. p. 602, and the entry runs as follows :—

‘Tollesbury.

Rob. Grene cl. 19 Jun. 1584. per mort. Searle.

Barth. Moody. cl. 17 Feb. 1585. per resign. Grene.’

Ingleby, Dr. Grosart, Mr. Fleay, and others, have assumed that the identification of the poet with this Greene has been satisfactorily established. Dyce more cautiously expresses no opinion. For my own part, I confess that I am very far from being convinced, and am strongly inclined to doubt the identification. The arguments urged in favour of it are these. We do not know where Greene was at and about the time in question, but we do know that he was engaged on moral and religious works, e. g. publishing *Mamillia*, *The Mirrour of Modesty*, *Arbusto*<sup>1</sup>, such works as would be becoming to a clergyman. Secondly is alleged the evidence afforded by two manuscript notes on the title-page of a quarto of *The Pinner of Wakefield*. The first runs :—

‘Written by . . . . a minister who acted the pinner's pt in it himselfe. Teste W. Shakespeare.’

the second,

‘Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene.’

This, it must be admitted, does not go far. It is in the first place, a loose assertion on the part of some anonymous person, who makes at the same time a statement which is both highly improbable and confirmed by nothing which we know about Greene, and Juby's statement appears not to be a confirmation but a correction of the former. In any case it is hopelessly ambiguous and totally valueless as evidence. There is still less to be said for the passage brought by Dr. Grosart to support this supposition from *Martine Mar-Sixtus*.

In this pamphlet the author is inveighing generally against the degradation of popular literature :—‘We live in a printing age wherein there is no man either so vainely or factiously or filthily

<sup>1</sup> Possibly to this period may belong the translation of a Funeral Sermon by Pope Gregory XIII, and the *Exhortation and fruitful Admonition to vertuous parents and modest Matrons to the bringing up of their children in godly education and household discipline*, by R. G. Printed for Nich. Linge, 1584, 8°. See Dyce, *Greene*, p. 81.

disposed but there are crept out all sorts of unauthorised authors to fill and fit his humour . . . I loath to speake it, every red-nosed rimester is an author, every drunken man's dream is a book,' &c. In what follows he may possibly be referring to Greene, but there is not the smallest reason for supposing that he was referring to Greene in 'every red-nosed rimester'<sup>1</sup> (not 'minister' as Grosart and Storozhenko misquote it). When we remember the scandalously lax way in which Church patronage was bestowed—that benefices were conferred by patrons on their bakers, cooks, and horse-keepers, that some beneficed ministers were neither priests nor deacons, that laymen were frequently presented to livings, and even made prebendaries and archdeacons<sup>2</sup>—it is of course quite possible that Greene may have held this benefice and again rejoined the laity, without his year's residence as a clergyman being known to his contemporaries in London. But this is hardly likely. It would almost certainly have come to the ears of Gabriel Harvey or of some of Greene's numerous assailants; but in the voluminous controversial literature of which Greene was the subject not the faintest reference to his having been in the Church has been found.

Nor is this all. Greene has been so communicative about himself, and especially about what lay on his conscience, that he would hardly have been silent about a circumstance which so greatly aggravated some of his most characteristic vices, profanity and blasphemy. There is really nothing to support this supposition beyond the coincidence in the names, and when we remember how common the name of Robert Greene was at that time, the coincidence can hardly outweigh the probabilities of the contrary conclusion. The period immediately succeeding his taking the M.A. degree was not a very fruitful one. Between that date and what we must assume to be the year of his marriage, 1585, he produced or published, in addition to the works which have been mentioned, only the *First Part of the Tritameron of Love*, *Greene's Carde of Fancie*, *Morando the Tritameron of Love* (First Part), and *Planetomachia*.

Meanwhile the good impressions which had been made by the sermon in St. Andrew's Church had quite worn off. He had met again his old companions, whether in Norwich, or Cambridge, or

<sup>1</sup> See *Martine Mar-Sixtus*, 1591, Epistle Dedicatorie.

<sup>2</sup> For this almost incredible state of things see Furnivall's *Harrison*, part i, pp. 26 seqq. with the references.

London does not appear. Seeing him in a solemn humour they had asked the cause of his sadness. He had explained to them that he had awakened to a sense of the wickedness of his life, and told them of the effect which the sermon had made on him. Upon that they fell upon him 'in a jeasting manner,' calling him 'Puritan and Precisian' with other such 'scoffing terms'.<sup>1</sup> The effect of this was to shame him out of his virtue and to drive him to his old courses again. 'I fell again,' he adds, 'with the Dog to my olde vomit, and put my wicked life in practise and that so throughly as ever I did before.' At the close probably of 1584 or the early part of 1585<sup>2</sup>, he married a gentleman's daughter of good account:— 'But for as much as she would persuade me from my wilful wickedness, after I had a child by her I cast her off, having spent up the marriage money which I obtained by her. Then left I her at six or seven, who went into Lincolneshire and I to London.' Of this lady, beyond the fact that her name seems to have been Dorothy, and that she was virtuous and religious, nothing further is known. Nor has it been ascertained where the marriage took place; probability points to Norwich; it is hardly likely to have taken place in London<sup>3</sup>.

To speculate on the causes of their estrangement would be vain. Men of Greene's temper and with his habits are hardly likely to be happy in married life. I have already pointed out the undesirableness of deducing his autobiography from his novels, and if we may suspect the influence of an Infida or a Lamilia we are not

<sup>1</sup> See the vivid account he gives in the *Repentance*. The whole thing reminds us of Steele and the effect on his companions of the *Christian Hero*.

<sup>2</sup> This is deduced from what he says in the *Repentance*:— 'My deare Wife whose company and sight I have refrained these *six yeares*.' As this was written in 1592, and as he tells us that he lived with his wife 'for a while and had a child by her,' if we assume that he lived with her for about a year, this would make the date the date conjectured in the text. Of course he may have married much earlier: it all depends on what period is indicated by the words 'for a while.'

<sup>3</sup> Collier found, or professed to have found, the following entry in the Register of St. Bartholomew the Less:—

'The xvijth day of Februarie 1586 was maryed: Wilde, otherwise—Greene unto Elizabeth Taylor' (*Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, Intr. p. xxi). Dyce seems to think that this may be the record of Greene's marriage. But his wife's name seems to have been Dorothy as he calls her 'Doll,' though 'Doll' may of course only have been a pet name. But there is no record that Greene was ever known as 'Wilde,' and the date involves difficulties.

authorized to assume it. This, however, seems quite clear, that the memory of his wife ever afterwards haunted him. The same beautiful, pure, and long-suffering figure appears and reappears among the women of his novels and plays, the uncomplaining victim of man's selfishness and cruelty. Such is Isabel in *Never too late*, Bellaria in *Pandosto*, Philomela in *The Lady Fitzwaters Nightingale*, Barmenissa in *Penelope's Web*, Sephestia in *Menaphon*, Mariana in *Perimedes*, Theodora in *Greene's Vision*, and Dorothea in *James IV*.

On arriving in London he set to work, and produced between 1586 and 1590 the *Second Part of Tritameron*, *Penelope's Web*, *Euphues*, his *censure to Philautus*, *Alcida*, *Greene's Metamorphosis*, *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, *Orpharion*, *Pandosto* or *Dorastus and Fawnia*, *The Spanish Masquerado*, *Menaphon*, and *Tullies Love*. He was now one of the most popular writers of his time, and he tells us in the *Repentance* that he was 'in favour with such as were of honorable and good calling.' This is borne out by the dedications to his pieces and the recommendatory verses prefixed to them. Among his patrons were Lady Margaret Derby, Ferdinand Stanley, afterwards fifth Earl of Derby, the Earl and Countess of Cumberland, the Earls of Leicester, Arundel, and Essex, Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, Lord and Lady Fitzwater, of whom, judging from an expression in the dedication to Philomela, his family had been retainers, and the highly respectable Thomas Burnaby. He was on intimate terms with Roger Portington, a gentleman of very good family in Norfolk<sup>1</sup>. Among the men of letters of that time he could number among his intimate acquaintances Watson and Nash, old Johnians, Lodge, whom he seems to have met in 1589, Robert Lee, an actor and dramatist, and he was doubtless well acquainted with Marlowe and Peele. But unhappily though he knew how to get a friend, he had not, he tells us, the gift or reason how to keep one, and he was very soon to estrange almost all who had been intimate with him.

Up to this time he had expressed no compunction for his occupation as a writer of what he calls amorous pamphlets, nor has he expressed any dissatisfaction with his career. We have many glimpses of the wild and riotous life which he was leading. He had formed a connexion with a notorious thief and cut-throat

<sup>1</sup> Professor Storozhenko has collected some interesting information about Greene's patrons and acquaintances. See Grosart edit., vol. i. 20-28.

named Ball, who with the aid of his gang of desperadoes protected him from arrests for debt<sup>1</sup>. This Ball's sister he kept as his mistress, and she bore him a child whom he named, with bitter irony perhaps, *Fortunatus*<sup>2</sup>. Chased from one haunt of squalid profligacy to another, from the Bankside to Shoreditch, and from Shoreditch to Southwark, he made shift to keep out of prison, now by pawning his sword and cloak, and now by 'yarking up some pamphlet,' which his friend Nash says he could do 'in a day and a night as well as in seven yeare.' Nash tells us how he once saw him in a tavern make an apparitor eat his own citation, 'wax and all very handsomely served between two dishes<sup>3</sup>.' One of his haunts was the Red Lattise in Tormoyle Street<sup>4</sup>, where he appears to have been on very pleasant terms with the hostess<sup>5</sup>. There is always a discrepancy hard to reconcile between Greene as he lived and Greene as he appears in his writings, and the discrepancy becomes the more remarkable as we proceed<sup>6</sup>. In 1589 appeared the *Spanish Masquerado*. In

<sup>1</sup> Harvey's *Four Letters*, p. 10. Harvey was the bitterest of Greene's enemies, but his statements are corroborated by other testimony.

<sup>2</sup> This poor child's burial is entered on the Register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. '1593. Fortunatus Grene was buried the same day,' i.e. 12th of August.

<sup>3</sup> *Strange Newes*, sigil E. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Id., sig. C. 3.

<sup>5</sup> See Greene's *Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, p. 2, where his ghost is represented as speaking of 'a potte of that liquor that I was wont to drink with my hostesse at the Red Lattise in Tormoyle Street.'

<sup>6</sup> Harvey gives the following lively picture of poor Greene's life :—

'I was altogether unacquainted with the man and never once saluted him by name : but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living, his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire, unseemely apparell, and more unseemelye Company ; his vaine glorious and Thrasonically bravinge : his piperly Extemporizing and Tarletonizing : his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy : his fine coosening of Juglers and finer juggling with cooseners : hys villainous cogging and foisting : his monstrous swearing and horrible forswearing : his impious profaning of sacred Textes : his other scandalous and blasphemous ravinge : his riotous and outrageous surfeitinge : his continuall shifting of lodgings : his plausible mustering and banquetinge of roysterly acquaintance at his first comminge : his beggarly departing in every hostesses debt : his infamous resorting to the Banckeside, Shoreditch, Southwarke and other filthy hauntes : his obscure lurking in basest Corners : his pawning of his sword, cloake and what not when money came short : his impudent pamphletting, phantasticall interluding and desperate libelling when other coosening shifts failed : his employinge of Ball, (surnamed cuttinge Ball) till he was intercepted at Tiborne to leavy a crew of his trustiest companions to garde him in daunger of arrestes : his keeping of the Aforesaid Balls sister, a sorry ragged queane, of whome hee had his base sonne *Infor-*



this he struck a new note. 'Hitherto Gentlemen,' he says in the address to the Gentlemen Readers, 'I have writte of loves. . . now lest I might be thought to tie myself wholly to amorous conceits I have ventured to discover my conscience in Religion.' It was inspired by the defeat of the Spanish Armada in the preceding year. The same gravity is conspicuous in a treatise published shortly afterwards in 1590, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, entitled *The Royal Exchange*. And now a great change passed over his writings. Up to this time he had adopted for his motto either the full line from Horace *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, a contraction *Omne tulit* or *utile dulci*, which will be found on the title-pages of most of his novels and pamphlets. He was now to adopt another, *Sero sed serio*—and this was to be the symbol of a new life as a writer.

In 1590 appeared a collection of witty but licentious tales entitled 'The Cobler of Canterbury or an Invective against Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie. A merrier jest than a Clownes jigge and fitter for Gentlemen's Humours. Published with the cost of a Dickar of Cowe-hides.' In the Cobler's 'Epistle to the Reader' the purport of the book is described. It contains: 'The tales that were told in the barge between Billingsgate and Gravesend: imitating herein old father Chaucer who with the like method set out his Canterbury Tales. But as there must be admitted no Compare between a cup of Darby ale and a dish of durtie water, so Sir Jeffrey Chaucer is so high above my reach that I take *Noli altum sapere* for a warning and onlie look at him with reverence. Here is a gallimaufrie of all sorts.' It is a collection of six stories which almost rival the most indecent tales of Boccaccio in indecency, but it must be added would do no discredit to him in raciness and wit<sup>1</sup>. This book was, it seems, attributed to Greene, and that it was attributed to him was probably due to the

*tunatus Greene*: his forsaking of his owne wife too honest for such a husband: particulars are infinite: his contemning of Superiours, deriding of other and defying of all good order. . . They that have seene much more than I have heard; (for so I am credibly informed) can relate straunge and almost incredible Comedies of his monstrous disposition, wherewith I am not to infect the aire or defile this paper.' *Second Letter*, Works, i. pp. 168-169.

<sup>1</sup> The only known original copy of this is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian at Oxford. But it has been reprinted and edited by Mr. Frederic Ouvry, London, 1862.



Epistle Dedicatory, 'Robin Good Fellowes Epistle,' Robin being the name by which Greene was known among his boon companions, Good Fellow no doubt being added<sup>1</sup>. That Greene should have taken exception to this imputation is not surprising. Whatever his life had been, he had never prostituted his pen to coarseness and licentiousness. His writings had been Puritanic in their scrupulous abstinence from anything approaching profanity and impurity. He was greatly hurt at the wrong which had been done him and his reputation. And this wrong had a further effect. It led him to reflect on the absence of any serious purpose in his own writings. The only difference after all between the Cobbler's tales and his own was that they pandered to the amusement of the vulgar, and his to the amusement of more refined readers. His conscience reproached him for the abuse of the talents which had been entrusted to him. He would henceforth direct them to nobler uses. If he amused he would instruct; he would turn what the errors and vices of his life had taught him to the profit of his fellow countrymen. All this he embodied in the form of a protest, an apology, and a declaration in a pamphlet, entitled *Greene's Vision*<sup>2</sup>. It is very probable that these serious reflections and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Greene who had in both Academies ta'en  
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine  
To be call'd more than Robin.'

Heywood, *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, edit. 1635, p. 206.

Nash calls Greene a Goodfellow—'a Goodfellowe hee was,' *Strange Newes*, sig. E. 4.

<sup>2</sup> This was published with a false announcement on the title-page that it was 'Written at the instant of his death,' after his death in 1592. It was written, as internal evidence shows, in 1590, *before* the publication of *The Mourning Garment* and *Never too late*, both published in 1590. He says on p. 274, Works, vol. xii: 'Onelie this I must end my *Nunquam Sera est*, and for that I crave pardon' (that is, he must finish one of those amorous pamphlets which he now intended to abandon), 'but for all these follies that I may with the Ninivites shew in sackcloth my hartie repentance, looke as speedily as the presse will serve for my Mourning Garment, a weede that I know is of so plaine a cut that it will please the gravest eie.' The opening sentence also shows that it must have been written directly after the appearance of the *Cobler of Canterbury*, to which it is a reply. It would be very interesting to be able to determine whether the Address to the Gentlemen Readers was written, as it may have been, by himself at the instant of his death, or whether it was written in 1590 under the stress of a severe illness when he thought himself on the point of death, or whether, finally, it was a forgery of the publisher. No doubt this *Vision* was left among the many papers which Chettle tells us were in sundry booksellers' hands (Address to Gentlemen Readers in *Kind-harts Dream*), and then hurried out immediately after his death. It is a proof, I am sorry to say, of the careless-

this determination to devote himself to nobler duties were induced by a fever, which he appears to have contracted about this time and which kept him in the country<sup>1</sup>.

In this interesting work he tells how sad the imputation of having been the author of the *Cobler of Canterbury* had made him, and how in his depression he began 'to call to remembrance what fond and wanton lines had past his pen, how he had bent his course to a wrong shore, sowing his seed in the sand, and so reaping nothing but thorns and thistles.' He then, he says, turned to his standish and wrote the Ode 'Of the vanity of wanton writings<sup>2</sup>.' The composition of this brings home to him the enormity of the offence he had committed in not realizing the seriousness of life's responsibilities, 'that wee were born to profit our Countrie, not only to please ourselves.' Then follows a fervent prayer to God, expressing his remorse for his vicious life and frivolous writings. Falling asleep he has a vision in which he sees two aged men, the one is Chaucer and the other is Gower, both of whom are described in verse, parodying seriously the verse descriptions in the *Cobler of Canterbury*. On complaining to Chaucer of the grievance which was depressing him, namely the fact that he had been represented as the author of 'a booke called the Cobler of Canterburie, a merrie worke made by some madde fellow containing plesant tales, a little tainted with scurilitie such reverend Chaucer as you yourself set forth in your journey to Canterbury.' Chaucer replies in effect that no great wrong had been done him. 'Knowest thou not, Greene, that the waters that flow from Parnassus Founte, are not types to any particular operation? That there are Nine Muses amongst whom as there is a Clio to write grave matters so there is a Thalia to endite pleasant conceits.' And the merry old poet goes on to tell him that there was nothing to be ashamed of in writing wanton stories, that remorse for such things was absurd. 'Therefore, resolve thyself, thou hast done scholler-like in setting forth thy pamphlets and shalt have perpetual fame which is learnings due for thy endeavour.' Upon that Gower rose up 'with a sowre countenance' and rebuked Chaucer for expressing such opinions.

ness of Greene's editors and biographers that they have taken the date of this piece for granted, and not seen that so far from it being his last piece it is the first piece which initiates the period of repentance.

<sup>1</sup> See Latin verses at end of the Address to *Alcida*, Works, ix. 9.

<sup>2</sup> See the Ode.

A dialogue then ensues in which Gower contends that Greene was right in repenting his amorous pamphlets, while Chaucer maintains the opposite opinion. Two excellent stories—the relevance of which to the context is not very apparent—are then told by Chaucer and Gower, the one being humorous, the other serious. These related, Gower turns to Greene and exhorts him to discontinue his idle works and address himself to serious subjects:—‘Give thyself to write either of humanitie and as Tullie did . . . or else of moral virtue, or els penne something of natural philosophie.’ Greene then replies, and thus expresses his palinode:—

‘My pamphlets have passed the presse and some have given them praise, but the gravest sort whose mouths are the trumpets of true report have spoken hardlie of my labours. For which if sorrow may make amendes, I hope to acquite some part of my misse with penance, and in token (Father Gower), that what my tongue speaketh my heart thinketh: I will begin from henceforth to hate all such follies and to write of matters of some import; either Moral to discover the active course of virtue, how man should direct his life to the perfect felicity, or else to discourse as a Naturalist of the perfection that Nature hath planted in her creatures, thereby to manifest the excellent glory of the maker: or some Political Axiomes or Acanonicall preceptes that may both generally and particularly profit the Commonwealth. Henceforth Father *Gower* farewell the insight I had into loves secrets: let Venus rest in her spheare I will be no Astronomer to her influence. Let affection die & perish as a vapour that vanisheth in the aire, my yeares grow towards the grave, and I have had bouts enough with fancy. They which heede Greene for a patron of love and a second Ovid shall now thinke him a Timon of such lineaments and a Diogenes that will barke at every amorous pen. Onely this, Father Gower, I must end my *Nunquam sera est*—and for that I crave pardon: but for all these follies that I may with the Ninivites shew in sackcloth my hartie repentance: looke as speedily as the press will serve for my mourning garment.’

Solomon then appears, and, as the wisest of men, expresses his approval of Greene’s decision, encouraging and confirming it with an appropriate speech. In the concluding paragraph Greene promises his readers that as they ‘had the blossomes of his wanton fancies, so they shall have the fruites of his better labours.’

And he kept his promise. In 1590 appeared his *Mourning Garment*. Both in the Dedication and in the Address to the Gentlemen scholars he emphatically announces his repentance and his determination ‘to turn his wanton works to effective labours,’ and compares himself with the Ninivites who after the ‘threatenings of Jonas had made a jarre in their eares had turned their finest send-all to sackcloth.’ In the same year appeared his *Never too late*. It is curious that in this work he adopts his old motto *Omne tulit*

*punctum*, probably because it was written before his reformation. But as it is an essentially moral tale sent, as the title-page announces, 'as a Powder of Experience to all youthful gentlemen to roote out the infectious follies that over-reaching conceits foster in the spring time of their youth' he does not apologize for it. 'This was immediately succeeded by the second part, *Francesco's Fortunes*, which would not, he says, have been written if it had not been promised at the end of the First Part. In the title-pages he substitutes his new motto *sero sed serio* for his old one. In the following year 1591 he published his *Farewell to Follie*, which he had announced his intention of writing in the concluding paragraph of *Never too late*. It was to follow, he said, *Francesco's Fortunes* — 'and then adieu to all amorous pamphlets.' The Dedication repeats what he had said before. His works, he says, have been accounted follies, and follies are the fruit of youth. But years had now bitten him with experience; age was growing on him bidding him *petere graviora*. The present work was an *ultimum vale* to all youthful vanities, it was the last he ever meant to publish of such superficial labours, it was to conclude his 'amorous pamphlets.'

But he did not keep his word. He had long had by him in manuscript a story which he had written at the request of a great lady, 'a Countesse in this land,' its theme the approval of woman's chastity. He had long been anxious to dedicate something to Lady Fitzwater, to whose husband he was under obligations. He could think of nothing more appropriate than a story delineating the character and celebrating the virtues of a paragon of her sex. He had then determined to revise and complete his novel, and present it publicly to his patroness, 'knowing service done to the wife is gratified in the husband.' But in the Address to the Gentlemen Readers he says he is ashamed of himself for having broken the promises so solemnly made in his *Mourning Garment* and in his *Farewell to Follie*. His only excuse is that the work was written before his vow, and 'published upon duty to so honourable and beautiful a Lady.' He had assuredly no reason to be ashamed of it, for it is one of the most pleasing of his novels. We need not suspect the sincerity of his desire to atone for his follies and vices by turning his experience to the profit of others. That he did not employ his pen, as he at first intended, in didactic treatises is hardly matter for regret. Of all modes of influence

moral precepts and dissertations are the most futile. But men may be warned where they will not be counselled, and Greene now addressed himself to a really useful work. In his later novels he had opened the eyes of young men to the arts of those bad women who had contributed so much to make shipwreck of his own life. He now went on to expose in a series of singularly interesting pamphlets a not less fruitful source of misery and ruin to the youth of those times. The motives which induced him to undertake this exposure are sufficiently indicated by the motto which he prefixed to these pamphlets—*nascimur pro patria*. They are five in number:—*A Notable Discovery of Coosenage now daily practised by sundry lewd persons called Connie-Catchers and Crosse-biters*, 1591; *The Second Part of Conny-Catching Contayning the discovery of certaine wondrous coosenages either superficially past over or utterlie untaught in the first*, 1591; *The Third and last Part of Connie-Catching, With the new devised knavish Art of Foole-taking*, 1592; *A Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher, Discovering the Secret Villanies of alluring Strumpets*, 1592; *The Blacke Bookes Messenger, Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Browne one of the most notable Cut-purses, Cross-biters and Conny-Catchers that ever lived in England*, 1592.

In the preface to the first he tells us that he associated with the scoundrels whose ways and characters he describes ‘not as a companion, but as a spie to have an insight into their knaveries’; and it is appropriately dedicated to those members of the community who would be especially likely to fall victims to the arts of these pests and curses of society, namely to the young gentlemen, merchants, apprentices, farmers, and plain countrymen. It is a complete exposure of the methods of fleecing and robbing the unwary. There are, he begins by saying, three several parties requisite for the art of Cony-Catching; the ‘Setter,’ whose part is to draw the intended victim, the Cony, to drink with him, the Verser, an accomplice whose services are necessary if the Cony is suspicious, and who makes use of the information which the ‘Setter’ has obtained in conversation; and thirdly, there is the ‘Barnachle,’ who comes in as a stranger to the ‘Setter’ and ‘Verser’ and encourages the Cony to take a hand at cards. This leads to an account of the various methods of cheating. Greene then proceeds to the art of ‘Cross-biting,’ which is levying blackmail by representing some courtesan to be the wife or sister of the ‘Cross-biter,’ one of the



most lucrative branches of villainy in those days. The second part unveils the methods and devices of 'Priggars' (horse-stealers), of 'Gripes' and 'Bawkers' (cheaters at Bowles), of 'Nips' and 'Foists,' men who steal purses by cutting them and men who steal them by dexterity of hand; of 'Lifts'—'the Lift is he that stealeth or powleth any plate, juells, bouldes of satten, velvet or such parcels from any place by a slight conveyance under his cloke or so secretly that it may not be espyed,' with their accomplices the 'Marker,' who is 'the receiver of the Lifts luggage,' and the 'Santar,' who comes rapidly up with a pretended message for the 'Marker' and receiving the stolen goods hurries away. We are then initiated into the methods of the 'Courber,' 'he that with a curbe or hooke does pull out of a windowe any loose linnen cloth, apparell or house-hold stuff,' called comprehensively 'snappingses,' with his accomplice the 'Warpe,' who 'hath a long cloak to cover whatsoever he gets,' and who is at hand to make off with what the 'Courber' can bring down.

Lastly comes the 'Discoverie of the Black Art,' that is lock picking, the artists of this accomplishment being the 'Charme,' 'he that doth the feate,' and the 'Stand' 'he that watcheth,' i. e. takes care that no one is observing the operations of his chief. All this is illustrated with very pleasant stories. The 'Thirde Part' is supplementary to the other two, being derived, Greene tells us at the beginning, from notes furnished by a Justice of the Peace whose acquaintance with the inhabitants of Rascaldom must have been almost as extensive as Greene's. This is made up of stories and anecdotes told, it must be owned, with a gusto and raciness which savours sometimes more of sympathy than satire. The 'Disputation between a Hee and a Shee Conny-Catcher,' or 'A Disputation between Lawrence a Foist and faire Nan a Traffique whether a [Harlot] or a Theefe is most prejuditiall,' is simply inimitable. It is plainly a literal transcript from life, the humour of it ghastly enough—being the more effective, as it is obviously neither intended nor perceived by the writer. The dialogue is carried on in bed. That each is at the head of their respective professions is indisputable. Lawrence in a self-complacent review of his life has congratulated himself that his title to supremacy in villainy is not likely to be questioned. But Nan disputes it. Women are infinitely more mischievous and pernicious than men, and surely the palm belongs to the one



who can be proved to have done most evil to individuals and society. I give the conclusion:—

‘Why then Lawrence what say you to me. Have I not proved that in foysting and nipping we excel you, that there is none so great inconvenience in the Commonwealth as grows from [us] first for the corrupting of youth, infecting of age, for breeding of brawles whereof ensues murther, in so much that the ruin of many men comes from us, and the fall of many youths of good hope, if they were not reduced by us doo proclaime at Tyborne that wee be the meanes of their miserie: you men theeves touch the bodie and wealth, but we ruine the soule and endanger that which is more precious than the worldes treasures: you make work only for the gallows, we both for the gallows and the divel, I and for the Surgin too, that some live like loathesome ladzars and die with the French Marbles. Whereupon I conclude that I have wonne the supper.

*Law.* I confesse it, Nan, for thou hast tolde mee such wonderous villanies as I thought never could have been in women, I meane of your profession: why you are Crocodiles when you weepe, Basilisks when you smile, Serpents when you devise, and divel’s cheefest broakers to bring the world to destruction. And so *Nan* lets sit downe to our meate and be merry<sup>1</sup>’

A more vivid and graphic picture of that side of the London life of those times could not possibly be given.

*The Conversion* of an English courtesan which follows the Dialogue was, Greene assures us, not a fiction but a truth, telling the story ‘of one that yet lives not now in another form repentant<sup>2</sup>.’

The last of this series—*The Blacke Bookes Messenger*—purports to be the Confessions of one Ned Browne, ‘One of the most notable Cut-purses, Cross-biters and Conny-Catchers that ever lived in England.’ This scoundrel was a man of gentlemanlike appearance who alternated between London, where he plied his calling, and the Low Countries, where he spent his money. After a life on the model of Lawrence’s in the *Dialogue*, he was finally hanged, for robbing a church, from a window near Arx (Aix-la-Chapelle?) in France. And these confessions he is supposed to have made in a defiant and impenitent spirit just before he was turned, or rather turned himself off. They are evidently imaginary, though no doubt founded on fact, and may be compared with

<sup>1</sup> Works, vol. x. 235.

<sup>2</sup> No one has, I think, noticed that this dialogue was reprinted with some omissions and alterations under another title, *Theeves falling out, True Men come by their Goods, or The Belman wanted a Clapper. A Disputation between a Hee Foyst and a Shee Foyst*. For the names Lawrence and Nan are substituted Stephen and Kate. Another preface takes the place of the old one, signed also R. G. The alterations principally consist in omitting the Latin quotations and mythological allusions, while the *Merry Tale not far from Fetter Lane*, &c. which closes the old edition is omitted. It appeared, I believe, first in 1615, and was reprinted in 1621 and 1637.

Swift's *Last speech and dying words of Ebenezer Elliston*<sup>1</sup>. Greene tells us in the Preface that he had intended to add to Browne's Confessions the *Repentance* of another Conny-Catcher who had lately been executed at Newgate. But on reconsideration he had resolved to defer the publication of the second, as being more important because the man had died 'penitent and passionate,' whereas Browne had died 'resolute and desperate.' He hoped, he said, to make out of the Newgate felon's *Repentance* an edifying work which would be worth the regard of every honest person, which parents might present to their children, and masters to their servants<sup>2</sup>.

It is no wonder that these pamphlets of Greene struck terror into the scoundrels with whom they declared war, and whose villainies they so mercilessly exposed. For he was constantly threatening to divulge their names, and place the rope round their necks by putting the officers of the law on their tracks. He frequently gives their initials, and even leaves a blank with 'I will not betray his name.' On one occasion, in giving an account of their meeting-places, he boldly says that a favourite haunt was the house of Lawrence Pickering, 'a man that hath been if he be not still a notable foist, though a man of good calling and well allied, being brother-in-law to Bull the hangman.' Greene certainly went in danger of his life. The woman whom he had designated Nan had sworn to carry about with her 'a Ham-borough knife' and stab him as soon as she had an opportunity. Her companions had solemnly sworn to dispatch him. On one occasion some fourteen or fifteen of them surrounded the St. John's Head tavern in Ludgate where he seems to have been at supper, and he would have been assassinated had it not been for some citizens and apprentices taking his part. As it was, a gentleman who was with him was severely wounded, and matters were not quiet till two or three of them had been carried off to the

<sup>1</sup> There is, it may be noted, a very curious parallel between Greene's war and methods of warfare with the criminal classes of Elizabethan London and Swift's war with the same class in Dublin. Browne's supposed Confessions and Elliston's are exactly analogous, and had, it appears, the same salutary effect in striking terror into these desperadoes. See Scott's *Swift*, vol. vii. 47-54.

<sup>2</sup> See Epistle to the Reader. But with regard to Ned Browne, Greene either changed his mind or forgot his design, for though Browne begins his confession impenitently and defiantly enough, yet he ends by moralizing on his career and giving very excellent advice.

counter<sup>1</sup>. But Greene was not to be intimidated. 'Let them do what they dare with their bilbowe blades,' he writes, 'I feare them not.'

If we are to believe him, his writings had already had a most salutary effect, and the numbers of these malefactors had been perceptibly decreasing, 'wasting away,' he puts it, 'about London and Tyburn<sup>2</sup>.' He now determined to carry the war to closer quarters. He announced that it was his intention to publish *The Blacke Booke*, which, in addition to giving particulars about other branches of scoundrelldom, such as robbing and fleecing in the suburbs, at fairs and in the assize towns, would specify the houses which received stolen goods. And this, he said, would be succeeded by a 'Beed-roll or Catalogue of all the names of the Foysts, Nyps, Lifts, and Priggars in and about London.' He had been told that he dare not do this: they would soon see, they threatened, whether he would keep his word or not. Nor were his enemies without advocates who could ply a pen almost as skilfully as himself. In the *Second Part of Conny-Catching* he says that they had got a scholar, whose name he knew though he will not divulge it, to make an 'invective' against him. The invective to which he refers is probably a pamphlet which came out in 1592 signed Cuthbert Conny-Catcher, and is entitled *The Defence of Conny-Catching*<sup>3</sup>. It is written with some humour and by no means spitefully, and it gives one particular about Greene which, if it be true, as it probably is, is not to his credit. 'Aske the Queens Players'—so runs the passage—'if you sold them not *Orlando Furioso* for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country sold the same play to the Lord Admirals men for as much more. Was not this plaine Conny-Catching, Maister R. G.?'<sup>4</sup> The *Blacke Booke*, it may be added, was never finished, as Greene's last illness surprised him before he could complete the manuscript<sup>5</sup>. It was the first thing, he added, which he meant to publish after his recovery<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> For the account of this see the *Disputation*, Works, x. 236.      <sup>2</sup> Id.

<sup>3</sup> It is printed in volume xi of Dr. Grosart's edition of Greene's Works.

<sup>4</sup> Greene's Works, vol. xi. 75-76.

<sup>5</sup> Pref. to *The Blacke Bookes Messenger*, Works, xi. 5.

<sup>6</sup> Imitations of Greene's Conny-Catching pamphlets became common. There is no reason for attributing to him, *Nihil Mumchance His Discovery of the Art of cheating or playing of false dice*, in the Malone Collection. It has neither Greene's name nor his motto attached to it.

Greene's extraordinary versatility and rapidity in composition are illustrated by a poem which he composed at the end of 1591. On Nov. 20 died Sir Christopher Hatton, and immediately afterwards Greene hurried out his *Maidens Dream*, a frigid and inflated eulogy dedicated to his memory, and inscribed to the wife of Sir Christopher's nephew, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton. His object in writing it he has himself described. It was to curry favour with her father, and so he has, he says, taken this opportunity to honour him in a manner likely to be acceptable to him by showing duty to him in his daughter.

In February 1592 he edited for his friend Lodge, who had left England in August 1591, and had recently assisted him in writing the *Looking-glasse for London and England*, a novel entitled *Euphues Shadow*. Before leaving England Lodge had entrusted this duty to his friend, and had moreover authorized him to dedicate the work to some appropriate patron. He chose Lord Fitzwater, the husband of the lady to whom he inscribed his own *Philomela*. As this volume appeared under somewhat suspicious circumstances, Collier is inclined to think that Greene himself was the author of *Euphues Shadow*, and that he took advantage of Lodge's absence to use his name, thinking that a work under Lodge's signature would be likely to sell better than one under his own. But there is surely no ground either on external or on internal evidence for doubting what Greene asserts<sup>1</sup>. He was certainly at this time a more popular author than Lodge.

While he was engaged with his Conny-Catching pamphlets he had been engaged also on another brochure, which brought into the field an enemy far more formidable than any of those who had sought his life, and which was to originate the most famous literary controversy of those times. This was *A Quippe for an Upstart Courtier, or A quaint dispute between Velvet breeches and Cloth breeches*, which was entered on the Stationers' Registers July 20, 1592, and published soon afterwards. In its general purport it was simply a satire on the luxury and extravagance of the age, involving as it did the oppression of the poorer classes<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> For Collier's supposition and the very unsatisfactory arguments adduced in favour of it see *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii. 149 note, and *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. i. 264.

<sup>2</sup> The popularity of this pamphlet was extraordinary; it went through several

But the sting lay not in this. Greene made it the occasion for revenging himself and his circle on three brothers who had always stood contemptuously aloof from them and had recently insulted them: these were the Harveys. The eldest is known to fame. This was Gabriel, the friend of Sidney and Spenser, an accomplished scholar, a respectable poet in spite of intolerable pedantry, and at that time a Fellow of Trinity Hall. The second, Richard, had gone into the Church, where he was rector of Chislehurst, and was well known both as a divine and as a student of astrology; and the third, John, had practised as a physician in Norwich but had recently died. The second brother, Richard, who according to Nash was 'a notable ruffian with his pen,' had contributed two pamphlets to the Martin Marprelate Controversy, *Plaine Percival, the Peace-maker of England*, and a *Theological Discourse of the Lamb of God and his enemies*. In the first he had spoken contemptuously of a pamphlet attributed to Lyly<sup>1</sup>, and in the second he had spoken still more contemptuously of Greene and his friends, calling them 'piperly make-plaies and make-bates,' and intimating that if they dared to answer him he would—so Nash translates his threats—'make a bloudie day in Poules Church-yard and splinter their pens till they straddled again as wide as a paire of compasses<sup>2</sup>.' This it was which, according to Nash<sup>3</sup>, brought Greene into the field.

What Greene actually wrote cannot now be ascertained, for the passage which gave particular offence, though certainly published, was immediately suppressed. It consisted only, if Nash is to be credited<sup>4</sup>, of seven or eight lines. That it was a libellous attack on the father of the Harveys we know from Christopher Bird's letter dated Aug. 29, 1592<sup>5</sup>, and from the fact that Gabriel Harvey had commenced legal proceedings before Greene died. The nature of the attack on Richard may be gathered from an allusion in Nash<sup>6</sup>:—'it was not for nothing, brother Richard,

editions in English. In 1621 it was translated into Dutch and published at Leyden, where, Prof. Storozhenko says, it went through several editions also: and he says that it was translated into French. Dr. Grosart notes that he cannot trace any French translation, nor have I been more successful.

<sup>1</sup> *Pappe with a Hatchet*.

<sup>2</sup> *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, sig. V. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Strange Newes*, sig. C. 2, 3.

<sup>4</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 197.

<sup>5</sup> Given in Harvey's *Four Letters*, &c., Works, ii. 159-161.

<sup>6</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 200.



that Greene told you you kist your parishioners' wives with holy kisses,' &c. To this charge it may be added Harvey again refers in the nineteenth of the Sonnets appended to the *Foure Letters*, in a passage which will leave the suspicious a little doubtful as to whether there was not some ground for the charge :—

'Yet fie on lies and fie on false appeales,  
No minister in England lesse affectes  
Those wanton kisses that lewd folly steales  
Than he whom onely Ribaldry suspectes.'

And we judge also that their dead brother was not spared. The suppression of the passage Harvey attributes to Greene's fear of the consequences, adding that he offered ten or, rather than fail, twenty shillings to the printer to cancel it<sup>1</sup>. But Nash attributes it to the influence of Greene's physician, who, though he had no sympathy with the 'fraternitie of fooles,' was unwilling to have a brother-doctor held up to ridicule<sup>2</sup>.

In this miserable affair Greene had probably more provocation than appears. Of one thing we may be quite sure, that it was not, as Nash implies, the sarcasm of Richard and that sarcasm alone which irritated Greene. To borrow a word which did not exist in those days, the Harveys were snobs. Of Gabriel's anxiety to push himself among the aristocracy, to conceal his plebeian origin, and to treat his equals with contempt and insolence there can be no doubt. With all his faults there was nothing of this weakness in Greene, who had himself sprung from the people. He had probably seen through Harvey in the old days at Cambridge, and what now found expression had long been awaiting it<sup>3</sup>. Hatred is inopportune, but contempt can be patient.

### III

We now come to the important but most difficult question of Greene's connexion with the drama and the stage. In whatever year Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* appeared—and it was almost

<sup>1</sup> *Foure Letters*, Works, ii. 162.

<sup>2</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 210.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser indeed praises Harvey for his self-dependence :—

'And as one careless of suspicion,

Ne fawnest for the favour of the great.'—*Sonnet to Harvey*.

but Harvey's whole career refutes this, and Spenser was tarred with the same brush.

certainly in 1587—it initiated the history of our Romantic drama. Between about 1560 and about 1587 that drama had been slowly evolving itself, its stages being marked by such plays as *Gorboduc* and *Jocasta*, *Tancred and Gismund*, by *Promos and Cassandra* with its remarkable preface, by *The Arraignment of Paris*, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, and the earliest of Lyly's comedies. The 'Theatre' in Shoreditch had been built by Burbage in 1576, and the erection of the 'Curtain' followed almost simultaneously, while the inn-yards of the Bell Savage, the Bell, the Cross Keys, the Bull, and 'the playhouse' near St. Paul's were frequently crowded with enthusiastic spectators. Several companies of actors had been formed and were in regular employment. The Queen's men were acting at the 'Theatre,' the Earl of Oxford's men at the 'Curtain.' The Earl of Leicester's men were about to resolve themselves into the famous guild known as Lord Strange's Company. Marlowe, Peele, Lyly, Lodge, Nash, and most probably Shakespeare, were in London eager to turn their hands to anything which would bring them fame and money. The astonishing popularity of *Tamburlaine* was at once an indication of what was likely to be the most profitable walk in literature, and a model for those who aspired to enter on it. We may assume with safety that no extant play of Greene's preceded the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, and that it was as a disciple and imitator of Marlowe that he began his career as a dramatist. But at what date he began to write for the theatres can only be a matter of precarious inference.

It is not a little remarkable that we have no certain evidence that he was engaged in dramatic composition before 1592. The earliest unambiguous reference to a play of his is the entry of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* in Henslowe's Diary on Feb. 19, 1591-2, and the only unambiguous allusion of his own to his work as a dramatist is to be found in the *Groatsworth of Witte* and in the *Repentance* written just before his death. The most garrulous and communicative of men, he never once in his voluminous prose writings refers, except in the two pieces just mentioned, to the fact of his having written plays, unless the two enigmatical passages which I shall examine presently be construed in this sense. Nor is this all. Before 1592 his contemporaries and friends are equally silent about his work as a playwright. In the commendatory verses prefixed to his various novels no

allusion is made to his plays. 'G. B.' in the verses prefixed to *Alcida* (1588) describes him as,

' Rhetor bonus atque poeta,  
Qui sua cum prosis carmina iuncta dedit,'

while the writer signing himself *Alci*—refers again to the mingled prose and verse in his novels<sup>1</sup>, coupling him with Lyly—*alter Tullius Anglorum*—as a poet. Eliote in the verses prefixed to *Perimedes* (1588) is equally silent about his work as a dramatist; and what is most remarkable, Nash in his address in *Menaphon*, though he praises Peele as a dramatist, says no word at all about Greene in this capacity. Thomas Brabine, in his verses prefixed to the same work, contrasts him as the author of *Menaphon* with the author of plays.

Equally silent are Watson, 'G. B.' Burnely and Rainsford in the verses prefixed to *Tullies Love* (1589), and Sidney and Hake in the verses prefixed to *Never too late* (1590). In some cases, it may be justly suggested, the writers are only concerning themselves with the particular work which they are eulogizing, but in many cases they are certainly speaking of Greene's general position in literature. What applies to these writers applies to all Greene's contemporaries. Allusions to his prose writings are common, allusions to his plays before 1592 there are, so far as I can discover, none. It would seem probable from this strange silence, especially on the part of professed eulogists, either that he had made no impression as a dramatist and that praise on this score would be therefore impertinent, or that he cared more for fame as a novelist than for fame as a dramatic poet. It is curious that Peele, in his Prologue to the *Honour of the Garter* (1593), should not mention him, though he mentions Marlowe, and still more singular that the author of *Greenes Funeralls* (1594) should be wholly silent about his dramatic works, though he specifies so many of his novels. I am myself inclined to think that he began to write for the stage not long after the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, that his first play was *Alphonsus*<sup>2</sup>, which was at once an imitation of Marlowe's play and an attempt to rival it, and that it was a failure. But this is only conjecture: let us see what may be advanced in support of it. There can

<sup>1</sup>

' Alter

Tullius Anglorum nunc vivens Lillius, illum  
Consequitur Grenus, praeclarus uterque poeta.'

<sup>2</sup> See Introduction to *Alphonsus*.

be no doubt of one thing, that *Alphonsus* is an imitation, a servile and even absurd imitation, of *Tamburlaine*. The peculiar characteristic of *Tamburlaine* in the eyes of contemporaries was that it was written in stately and sonorous blank verse, and this blank verse Greene undoubtedly imitates in *Alphonsus*. Now in the Address to the Gentlemen Readers in *Perimedes*, published in 1588, Greene thus writes:—

‘I keepe my old course to palter up something in Prose using mine olde poesie still *Omne tulit punctum*, although latelye two Gentlemen Poets made two mad-men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers, and had it in derision for that I could not make my verses jet upon the stage in tragical buskins, everie worde filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heaven with that Atheist *Tamburlan* or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne : but let me rather openly pocket up the Asse at Diogenes hand then wantonly set out such impious instances of intolerable poetrie : such mad and scoffing poets that have propheticall spirits, as bred of Merlin’s race, if there be anie in England that set the end of scollarisme in an English blanck verse, I think either it is the humour of a novice that tickles them with selfe love, or too much frequenting the hot-house, to use the Germane proverb, hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits which wastes *gradatim* as the Italians say *Poco à poco*. If I speake darkely, Gentlemen, and offend with this digression I crave pardon, in that I but answer in print what they have offered on the stage.’

Greene undoubtedly does speak darkly, and we must begin by noting that the allusion to ‘the two madmen of Rome’ cannot now be explained ; it is hopelessly enigmatical. But this seems plain, namely, that his motto *Omne tulit punctum*, and by implication his works bearing that motto, had been sarcastically referred to on the stage, and that he here takes the opportunity ‘to answer in print’ to what his enemies had ‘offered on the stage’ ; this ‘answering in print’ meaning possibly, that instead of writing a play by way of retort he had written a novel and ‘kept his old course to palter up something in prose.’ What he means by having been derided for not having been able to make his verses ‘jet upon the stage in tragical buskins’ is more ambiguous. It may mean that he had been derided for never having attempted to do so, or that he had been derided for having attempted to do so and having failed. The latter interpretation seems to me the most likely for two reasons. It will be remembered that the novels for which he was famous, and which up to the present time he had been engaged in, had been devoted to love. Now in the Prologue to *Alphonsus* he makes Venus say, and Venus is plainly the mouthpiece of the poet :—

'I which was wont to follow Cupid's games  
Will put in use Minerva's sacred Art;  
And this my hand, which used for to pen  
The praise of love and Cupid's peerless power,  
Will now begin to treat of bloudie Mars,  
Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories.'

Now this is just the language which he used afterwards when he resolved to turn from his love pamphlets and amorous follies to devote his pen to serious purposes; in other words, to turn from what he had included under his *omne tulit punctum* motto to what he included under his *sero sed serio* motto. His characteristic writings were evidently associated with his characteristic motto, and nothing therefore is more probable than that he had been sarcastically told to get back to what he had abandoned, 'the praise of love and Cupid's peerless power,' and leave 'bloudie Mars' doughtie deeds and valiant victories' alone; and this would explain his reference to the insult with which his *Omne tulit*, &c. had been treated.

The second argument is furnished by Nash's Address in *Menaphon*, and by the commendatory verses prefixed to that novel. Nash there asks the Gentlemen Students of both universities to welcome his friend Greene, their 'scoller-like shepheard whom they had known ab extremâ pueritiâ,' and 'whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his paines.' He goes on to speak with contempt of those that 'intrude themselves to our eares as the alcumists of eloquence, who, mounted on the stage of arrogance, think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blanke verse.' The plain object of the whole discourse is to pour contempt on Marlowe and the *Tamburlaine* circle, and to contrast them to their disadvantage with the illustrious scholars associated with Saint John's College, Cambridge, and with such translators and poets as Gascoigne, Turberville, Golding, Phaer, Watson, Spenser, Atchelowe, Peele, and Warner. It is an attempt to rally what may be called an Academic party against Marlowe and his partisans, who were now on the flood-tide of the popular success of *Tamburlaine*, and to exalt Greene's novels with their scholarly elaboration and their *temperatum dicendi genus* over 'kill-cow conceits and the spacious volubilities of a drumming decasyllabon.' Though no reference is made to any attempt on the part of Greene to write plays, which is certainly strange, still the impression made is, that it was written to comfort



him for failure. This is confirmed by Brabine's commendatory verses :—

'Come forth, you witts that vaunt the pompe of speech,  
And strive to thunder from a Stageman's throat;  
View Menaphon a note beyond your reach,  
Whose sight will make your drumming descant doate.  
Players avaunt, you know not to delight;  
Welcome sweete shepheard, worth a schollers sight.'

Again, we learn from the close of *Alphonsus* that it was Greene's intention to write a second part, just as Marlowe had done in the case of *Tamburlaine*; but this second part, so far as we know, was never written. The natural deduction from this is, that Greene had failed on the stage and had betaken himself again to prose writing, and that in this resolution he had been confirmed by his friends, who, partly no doubt from jealousy of Marlowe's success, had made Greene and his novels the rallying-point of their war against the triumphant tragedian. The ingenuity of Mr. Fleay<sup>1</sup> has furnished an important piece of collateral evidence in favour of *Alphonsus* having been produced as early as 1588, and even, I cannot but think, in presumption of its having been ridiculed. In Peele's *Farewell* to Sir John Norris and his companions, printed in the spring of 1589, occur these lines :—

'Bid theatres and proud tragedians,  
Bid Mahomets *Poo* and mighty Tamburlaine  
King Charlemayne, Tom Stukeley and the rest  
Adieu.'

Dyce and Mitford, not understanding the word '*Poo*,' supposed that it was a corruption of Scipio—'a great name among old poets and dramatists'—and have so printed it: but Mr. Fleay contends that it is no corruption at all, but a reference to a scene in Greene's *Alphonsus*, where Mahomet speaks out of a brazen head (a poll). It is a little strange that, where in the other cases the reference should be to characters, an incident should in this case be substituted for a character. The scene in Greene's play is a very ridiculous one, and it is just possible that it may have passed into a proverb, and that 'Mahomet's pow,' or poll, may have been a joke as current as Marlowe's 'pampered jades of Asia<sup>2</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicles of English Stage*, vol. ii. 154. Mr. Fleay's conjectural explanation, however ingenious, is far from being conclusive. A play entitled *Scipio Africanus* was, according to his own *Chronicles*, vol. ii. 381, acted by the Children of Paul's in 1580.

<sup>2</sup> Still, against this interpretation it seems to me there is another at least

One other argument may be adduced. To 1587 belongs Greene's first experiment in blank verse, and in 1588 he made two more<sup>1</sup>. These experiments are marked by all the characteristics and the blank verse of *Alphonsus* and the *Looking-Glasse*. It is quite plain that Greene had not learned the secret of Marlowe's music, and that he constructed his blank verse, as all his predecessors had done and as Marlowe frequently does, on the model of the Couplet. The pause is scarcely ever varied, there is a very small percentage of light endings, there are scarcely any dactyls or anapaests, and practically the only method of variation is in the occasional introduction of Alexandrines. In all probability Greene's second play was the *Looking-Glasse*, written in conjunction with Lodge. In the Introduction to this play I have explained at length the reasons for supposing that it was composed between the spring of 1589 and the middle of 1591. There can be no doubt at all that it was composed after 1590, and was one of the first-fruits, and probably the earliest of the first-fruits, of his 'repentance.'

If we are right in conjecturing that his first play had been a failure and had been ridiculed as an unsuccessful imitation of *Tamburlaine*, we may conjecture with equal probability that in his second attempt to try his fortune on the stage he had determined to try it under different conditions. He here appears not in his own person alone, but as a coadjutor with another poet. He enters into no competition with *Tamburlaine*: he is not simply a dramatist, he is a moralist and satirist; he is putting the stage to the same use to which he was putting the press. In one part of the drama he expresses what he was expressing in his serious romances, in another he expresses what he was expressing, or about to express, in his Conny-Catching pamphlets. This drama we know was successful, and emboldened by his success, he doubtless went on to produce his remaining dramas. Possibly his next play was the play which is now lost,

equally probable. Peele's own play of *Mahomet* was, we know, extraordinarily popular, and it would seem from Henslowe's *Diary* that Mahomet's 'head,' presumably head-dress, was a conspicuous feature. In an Inventory of the apparel and property belonging to the Admiral's men there is mentioned 'Old Mahomets head'; it is in reference to a revival of Peele's play. See Fleay, *History of the Stage*, p. 114.

<sup>1</sup> The description of Silvestro's *Ladie* in the *Second Part of The Tritameron of Love*: Bradenent's *Dittie*, and Melissa's *Dittie* in *Perimedes*.

'The Historie of Job.' Judging from internal evidence I should be inclined to place *Orlando Furioso* in the third place among his extant plays. The appearance of Harington's *Ariosto* in 1591, as I have shown in the Introduction, almost certainly suggested it. The opening scene with its couplet refrain reminds us closely of the opening scene in the *Looking-Glasse*, while the blank verse is slightly freer in movement and has certainly a greater variety in the pauses.

The remaining plays present a remarkable contrast to those of the first group, and show how immensely and rapidly Greene improved as a dramatist. *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* probably succeeded *Orlando*, and was in all likelihood written in 1591, and to the same year we may assign with some confidence *James IV of Scotland*, undoubtedly Greene's masterpiece. If he wrote the *Pinner of Wakefield*, the versification places it beyond doubt that it must have been the last of his extant plays.

The order of his plays is, as I said before, purely conjectural, and it may be well, perhaps, if I sum up what is certainly known. We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* was acted, and was not a new play, Feb. 19, 1591-2; that *Orlando Furioso* was acted, and was not a new play, on the 21st of the same month in the same year; that on the 8th of March in the same year the *Looking-Glasse* was acted, and was not a new play; that *George a gren* (presumably the *Pinner of Wakefield*), was acted, and was not a new play, on Dec. 29, 1593. With regard to *James IV*, the earliest reference to it is its entrance on the Stationers' Registers on the 15th of May 1594. Of *Alphonsus* all we know is that it was printed in 1599. The rest is mere conjecture. Nothing therefore can be more slender or unsatisfactory than the evidence which assigns these dramas to Greene. It rests purely on the ascription of them to him with no other testimony, neither his own nor that of any contemporary beside the publisher to support it, on the title-pages of the quartos<sup>1</sup>.

At the beginning of September 1592 it became apparent that Greene's days were numbered, and dismal and tragical indeed

<sup>1</sup> The only exceptions are the *Looking-Glasse*, which is ascribed to Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene in the entry in the Stationers' Registers, and *Orlando Furioso*, which the author of a *Defence of Conny-Catching* (1592) accuses Greene of having sold twice. Allot, it is needless to say, took the title-pages of the Quartos as his authority.

was the closing scene. His end came somewhat suddenly. A month before he was at supper with Nash, Will Monox and others, and partook too plentifully, it seems, of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. The result was a surfeit and a serious illness. Though he showed no appearance of distress to his friends, his doublet being of a most costly and sumptuous kind, and his cloak, 'with sleeves of a grave goose-turd greene,' equally imposing, yet he seems to have been even then in extreme poverty. He was living with a shoemaker and his wife, one Isam near the Dowgate, or possibly when his illness became serious he sought shelter with them, it is not quite clear which. If the letter to his wife appended to the *Repentance* be genuine, we know from his own admission that had it not been for the kindness of these people in taking him in he would have died in the streets. None of his friends, not even Nash, visited him during his month's illness, though they appear to have been aware both of his sickness and his distress<sup>1</sup>. His only companions were his host and hostess, the wretched mother of his natural son, and one Mrs. Appleby. The horrible account which Harvey gives of the filth and squalor of his surroundings, of his sordid mistress, of his having to pawn all he had, and of his being reduced to beg for a pot of Malmsey is, according to Nash, exaggerated, but there is only too much reason to believe that it was substantially true; in any case Nash was not in a position to contradict it<sup>2</sup>. Of one thing there can be no doubt, that though indebted to Isam for board and bed he had to borrow money from him too<sup>3</sup>.

In this forlorn and wretched state he was thrown into the same panic which the sermon at Norwich had thrown him into some years before, but under more alarming conditions—for then he was in health, now he was at the point of death. Not long before his illness he had so shocked some friends in Aldersgate Street by his profane and impious conversation, that though they were of his own fraternity they had wished themselves out of his company. Of Hell, he had said, he had no fear, for if he went there he should find better men than himself, and as for the judgements

<sup>1</sup> Harvey says he 'could not get any of his old acquaintances to comfort or tend him in his extremity,' *Four Letters*, Works, i. 176.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey visited the house and had an interview with Mrs. Isam; and bitterly hostile though he is to Greene, there is no reason to doubt the truth of his statements. Nash never saw him at all.

<sup>3</sup> *Four Letters*, Works, ii. 171.

of God, if he had not more fear for the judges of a worldly bench he should long since have been making merry with other men's money bags<sup>1</sup>. He now remembered these words, and was reflecting sadly on them and on his other follies when he happened to take up 'the booke of *Resolution*<sup>2</sup>.' The book he refers to was a religious work very popular at that time, entitled *A book of Christian Exercise appertaining to Resolution, that is, showing how we should resolve ourselves to become Christians, by R. P.* It was written by Father Parsons. This truly appalling work, which might have shaken the nerves of a much less sensitive sinner than Greene, was written with the object of 'inducing' men to become Christians. If however for the word 'inducing' them to become we substituted 'scaring' them into, it gives us a much better idea of its purport and effect. Indeed it was so alarming to men's consciences and 'dwelt so largely on God's justice and so briefly on his mercy,' that Parsons himself tells us that people were afraid to read it, finding it afflicting, and so he deemed it expedient to issue a second part which should deal with the less painful aspects of Christian exercise<sup>3</sup>. The work is written with great eloquence, and it is easy to understand its effect on a man of Greene's temperament and in his position. Such a terror he says struck 'into my conscience that for very anguish of mind my teeth beat in my head, my looks waxed pale and wan, and fetching a deep sigh I cried unto God and said, if all this be true, oh, what shall become of me?' Then he turned to the more comforting passages which reminded the sinner that if the justice of God was great yet His mercy was great also, and he became calmer. We learn from the Address to *The Groatsworth of Witte* that though he was not sanguine he had not abandoned all hope of recovery. It is not unlikely that the first part of the *Groatsworth of Witte*—the story of Roberto—had been begun before his illness, and that he now added only the conclusion, in which he speaks in his own person and addresses his brother poets, and that he then proceeded to write the *Repentance*.

One of the bitterest forms which his remorse took was the recollection of his conduct to his wife. He wrote her a letter telling her how grievously he had been punished, lamenting that

<sup>1</sup> *Repentance*.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*

<sup>3</sup> See the remarkable preface to *The Second Part of the Christian Exercise appertaining to Resolution*, 1562.



she was not with him that she might witness his inward woe, and recommending their child, who appears to have been with him, to her careful protection<sup>1</sup>. On the night before he died a friend called, and told him that his wife was well, and that she had 'sent her commendations,' possibly in answer to the letter, which gratified him greatly, and he wrote her the following letter:—

'Sweet wife, as ever there was any good will or friendship between thee and mee see this bearer, my Host, satisfied of his debt. I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercie on my soule. Farewell till we meete in Heaven, for on Earth thou shalt never see me more. This 2. of September, 1592, written by thy dying husband, Robert Greene<sup>2</sup>.'

His last hours were spent, as much of his time before had been spent, in fervent prayer, and the next day, September 3, he

<sup>1</sup> This letter is printed at the end of *The Groatsworth of Witte*, and runs thus:

'The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy vnreprooued vertues adde greater sorrow to my miserable state then I can vtter or thou conceiue. Neyther is it lessened by consideration of thy absence (though shame would let mee hardly behold thy face), but exceedingly aggrauated for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy owne selfe reconcile myselfe, that thou mightest wnesse my inward woe at this instant, that haue made thee a wofull wife for so long a time. But equal heauen hath denied that comfort, giuing, at my last neede, like succour as I haue sought all my life: being in this extremitie as voyde of helpe as thou hast beene of hope. Reason would that after so long waste, I should not send thee a childe to bring thee greater charge: but consider hee is the fruite of thy wombe, in whose face regard not the fathers faults so much as thy owne perfections. Hee is yet Greene, and may grow strait, if he be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I feare me) to follow his fathers folly. That I haue offended thee highly, I knowe; that thou canst forgette my iniuries, I hardly beleue: yet perswade I my selfe, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou couldest not but lament it: nay, certainly I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselves about me; euery euill at once plagues me. For my contempt of God I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing no man will beleue me; for my gluttony I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adulterie, vlcereous sores. Thus God hath cast mee downe, that I might bee humbled, and punished me for example of others sinne; and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Sauour, to whom I commend this and commit my soule.

Thy repentant husband for his disloyaltie,

ROBERT GREENE.'

<sup>2</sup> I give the version of the letter as it appears in the *Repentance*. In Harvey's *Four Letters* it runs thus: 'Doll, I charge thee, by the loue of our youth and by my soules rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if hee and his wife had not soccoured me, I had died in the streetes. Robert Greene.' This appears to be Harvey's recollection of the substance of the letter.

breathed his last. Gabriel Harvey has recorded a most pathetic incident in a very brutal way. Just before he died poor Greene—perhaps it was a touch of irony, perhaps a touch of very pardonable vanity—had asked Mrs. Isam to crown him as he lay dead with a garland of bays. This she did, ‘for shee loved him derely.’ And so, says the stupid pedant who tells the story to ridicule it, ‘a tenth Muse honoured him more being dead than all the nine honoured him alive<sup>1</sup>.’ On the following day, September 4, he was buried in the New Churchyard near Bedlam<sup>2</sup>, the cost of his winding sheet, which was four shillings, and his burial, which was six shillings and fourpence, being defrayed by the poor people who had befriended him.

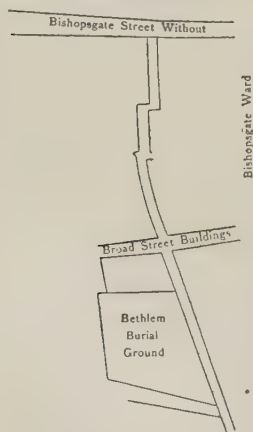
On hearing of his death Gabriel Harvey, who was about to commence an action against him for defamation of character, hurried off to the lodgings which had been occupied by poor Greene, to collect particulars of his last days and death. His base object was to collect materials for an attack on his memory. This attack he soon afterwards published in his *Four letters and certaine sonnets especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused*, which appeared a few weeks after Greene’s death. Before the end of the year<sup>3</sup> Henry Chettle edited and published *The*

<sup>1</sup> For all this see Gabriel Harvey, *Four Letters*, Works, i. 171-3.

<sup>2</sup> This burying-ground was, Stowe tells us, given by Sir Thomas Rowe in 1569. Stowe describes it as ‘parting the Hospital of Bethlem from the Moor-field.’ Maitland’s map of 1754 shows it at the north-west end of Old Bethlem, the site of the present Liverpool Street. In 1863 the North London Railway showed in the *Book of Reference* deposited at the Board of Trade that they would compulsorily buy the land from the Corporation of London, to which Sir Thomas Rowe presented it, for part of the site of the Broad Street Railway Station; so that the exact site where the remains of poor Greene so long reposed is now occupied by the forecourt and offices of the Broad Street terminus of the North London Railway. This little plan will make it clear. The Burial Register of this cemetery appears to be lost or hopelessly mislaid, for after the most careful search in all likely quarters I can find no traces of it. For the interesting information in this note I am indebted to Mr. R. T. Lister,

the accomplished and courteous Librarian of the Board of Trade.

<sup>3</sup> It was entered on the Stationers’ Registers, Sept. 20.



*Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*, and Cuthbert Burby *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Maister of Arts*.

Of *The Groatsworth* no copy of the original edition is known to be in existence, but there is no reason to believe that the edition of 1596, the earliest we have, differed in any respect from the first. About one part of this work a controversy soon rose. Marlowe was by no means pleased with the liberty which had been taken with his character, and Shakespeare appears to have taken, and very naturally taken, exception to the cruel attack which had been made on him<sup>1</sup>. What Peele thought, or what 'young Juvenal,' whether Nash or Lodge, thought of the passages referring to them we have no means of knowing. In any case Chettle found it expedient to apologize to Shakespeare, or to the person, whoever he was, satirized as the 'upstart crowe.' And this he did in his *Kind-harts Dreame*, published in the following year, and did very handsomely. With regard to Marlowe, after observing that he had no desire to make his acquaintance though he revered his learning, he assures him that he had struck out a passage or some passages in which he thought Greene had written in irritability, or which in any case, even if justified, would be 'intolerable.' He then goes on to say that every word in the pamphlet was Greene's, not his nor Nash's as some had asserted; that he had indeed written it out in a legible hand for the printer 'as Greene's hand was none of the best,' and that he had struck out words but not added a single one. There is no reason to doubt the truth of what Chettle says, for, though he was a poor man, he had the reputation of being both respectable and honest. Why Greene should have attempted to rally Peele

<sup>1</sup> 'There is an upstart crowe beautified with our feathers that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum* is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie.' It is not of course absolutely certain that this reference is to Shakespeare, but as probability, as Bishop Butler says, is the guide of life, so it must be the guide in otherwise insoluble literary or historical problems, and probability points undoubtedly to Shakespeare. The passage still remains obscure, for it seems impossible to determine certainly whether the reference is to plagiarism in composition or to reputation as an actor: perhaps it has a double reference; the passage in Chettle's apology supports both views. The author of *Greenes Funeralls*, sig. C,<sup>4</sup> appears however to support the first interpretation:—

'Greene gave the ground to all that work upon him,  
Nay more, the men that so eclipsed his fame  
Purloynde his plumes; can they deny the same?'

and Marlowe against Shakespeare is by no means clear. There is no evidence to show that he was ever on friendly terms with Marlowe. The source of the quotation may point to Shakespeare's recensions of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*. But this is mere speculation: Greene had certainly been jealous of Marlowe, and perhaps he was now jealous of Shakespeare who was coming into prominence<sup>1</sup>.

Meanwhile (1593) Nash had come into the field against Gabriel Harvey, and the *Four Letters and certain Sonnets* were answered in *Strange Newes, of the intercepting of Certain Letters, &c*<sup>2</sup>. But Nash is plainly more anxious to fight his own battle than to fight Greene's. If he does not exactly leave his old friend in the lurch, his defence is so lukewarm that it might as well have not been attempted. He had already in the preceding year angrily disclaimed all share in the composition of the *Groatsworth*, which he had called 'a scald triviall and lying pamphlet'<sup>3</sup>. His object in *Strange Newes* is evidently to make the best of poor Greene without denying his infirmities, and to show that he was neither responsible for his conduct nor on intimate terms with him. 'What Greene was let some other answer for him as much as I have done. I had no tuition over him.' 'Nor was I,' he says in another place, 'Greene's companion any more than for a carouse or two.' The utmost he says for him is that he had more virtues than vices, and had always behaved as a gentleman when he had been in his company: but he is careful to add 'Something there was which I have heard not seene, that hee had not that regard to his credit which had been requisite he should'<sup>4</sup>. The truth is that Nash, who in 1592 was the guest of Archbishop Whitgift at Croydon, had, as the official antagonist of Martin Marprelate, to be careful about his social reputation, and was anxious not to be associated too closely with a Bohemian like Greene<sup>5</sup>.

Of the authenticity of the *Groatsworth* there can be no question, but on the authenticity of the *Repentance* some doubts have

<sup>1</sup> On all this see Dr. Ingleby's Introduction to *The Groatsworth and Kind-harts Dreame. Shakespeare Allusion Books*, part i.

<sup>2</sup> Nash's *Works* (Grosart), ii.

<sup>3</sup> Epistle prefixed to *Pierce Penniless Supplication, &c.*, Works, ii. 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Four Letters Confuted*, Works, ii. 283.

<sup>5</sup> Ingleby, Introduction to *Shakespeare Allusion Books*, part i, p. xlv.

very naturally been thrown. The circumstances under which it appeared are certainly pregnant with suspicion. There is no indication in the *Groatsworth* either that he had written this autobiography or that he intended to write it. Chettle, who appears to have had the handling of his papers, says nothing about it, indeed he distinctly states that the *Groatsworth* was Greene's last book<sup>1</sup>. There was every temptation to hurry out such a publication, for Greene, being a very popular writer, his wretched death was much talked about. The sole sponsor for the work was Cuthbert Burby<sup>2</sup>, at that time a young and struggling publisher who was naturally anxious to seize this opportunity for bringing himself into prominence, nor does he give any particulars as to how it came into his possession. It bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the *Confessions of Ned Browne* published by Greene not long before<sup>3</sup>. On the other hand, we

<sup>1</sup> Address to the Readers in *Groatsworth*.

<sup>2</sup> He was apprenticed to William Wright for eight years in Dec. 1583, *Arber's Transcripts of Stat. Regist.*, ii. 127, and he took up his freedom on Jan. 13, 1592, *Id.* vol. ii. 710; the first work registered by him for publication being on May 1, 1592, *Id.* Index, vol. v.

<sup>3</sup> Compare the following passages: 'My parents who for their gravitie and honest life were well knowne and esteemed amongst their neighbours,' *Repent.* 'Knowe therefore that my parents were honest, of good reporte and no little esteeme amongst their neighbours,' *Ned Browne.* 'But as out of one self same clod of clay there sprouts both stinking weedes and delightful flowers, so from honest parents often grow most dishonest children: for my father had care to have me in my nonage brought up at schoole that I might, &c.,' *Repent.* '(My parents) sought of good nature and education would have served to have me made an honest man, but as one self same ground brings forth flowers and thistles so of a sound stock proved an untoward syon, and of a vertuous ffather a most vicious sonne. It bootes little to rehearse the sinnes of my nonage,' *Ned Browne.* 'Young yet in yeares though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad in that was profitable. Whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundrie hath in godliness,' *Repent.* 'For when I came to eighteen years old what sinne was it that I would not commit with greediness. Why I held them excellent qualities, and accounted him unworthy to live that could not or durst not live by such damnable practises,' *Ned Browne.* 'Nor let them haunt the companie of harlots whose throats are smooth as oyl, but their feet lead the steps unto death and destruction, for they like Syrens with their sweete inchaunting notes soothed me up in all kind of ungodliness,' *Repent.* 'Beware of whores, for they be Syrens that drawe men on to destruction, their sweet words are enchantments, their eyes allure and their beauties bewitch,' *Ned Browne.* 'So that by their foolish persuasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learnt went quite out of my remembrance, and I fel againe with the dog to my olde



know from Chettle in the Address to his *Kind-harts Dreame* that Greene had left many papers in the hands of the booksellers. The words are important:—‘About three months since died Mr. Robert Greene leaving many papers in sundry Booke-sellers’ hands, among other his *Groatsworth of Witte.*’ *The Repentance* appeared before the *Kind-harts Dreame*, but Chettle says not a word impugning its authenticity, though it would have been quite easy for him to do so both in his Address and in the speech which he places in Greene’s mouth. Again, the letter to Greene’s wife, written on the night before his death, does not appear in the *Groatsworth*, but in *The Repentance*. The version which Gabriel Harvey gives in his *Firste Letter* he tells us he had himself seen, for it was shown to him by Mrs. Isam in Greene’s autograph, and this version is plainly an abstract from memory of the letter which appears in *The Repentance*. Again, Burby is quite likely to have negotiated for Greene’s papers, as he had not long before published the *Thirde Part of Conny Catching*. It was accepted as genuine by the author of *Greenes Funeralls*, 1594, who has translated into English sapphics the prayer given at the end, and by T. B., the translator of *The French Academy* (1596), who refers to it and quotes an anecdote from it<sup>1</sup>. Nor was its authenticity questioned, so far as we know, by any one in those times. Again, the internal evidence seems conclusive in favour of its substantial genuineness. The particulars about Greene’s life are not likely to have been invented, and are amply corroborated by other testimony; its diction, its tone, its style generally, have all the characteristics of Greene’s acknowledged writings. Beyond belief in its substantial authenticity it would not perhaps be prudent to go. It is not very likely that it came from Greene’s pen in the exact form in which we have it now; it was no doubt either compiled from his papers or taken down from his dictation to undergo afterwards the process of ‘editing.’ We have already noticed the curious resemblance that it bears to the *Confessions of Ned Browne*, and

vomit,’ *Repent*. ‘So given over by God into a reprobate sense I had no feeling of goodnes, but with the dog fell to my olde vomit,’ *Ned Browne*.

<sup>1</sup> The following is the entry in the Stationers’ Registers: ‘John Danter. Entred for his Copie under th[e] [h]andes of Master Watkins and Master Stirrop, a booke entituled *The Repentance of a Cony Catcher, with the life and death of [blank] Mourton and Ned Browne, twoo notable Cony catchers, the one latelie executed at Tyborne, the other at Aix in Ffrance.*’

it will be remembered that Greene had in preparation the confessions of another malefactor, which he intended to publish separately. The second confession never appeared, though it seems to have been written<sup>1</sup>, and I am half inclined to think that *The Repentance* may have been interpolated with passages taken from that work. But this is conjecture. The latter part describing poor Greene's last hours has all the marks of genuineness, and was probably derived from the women who attended him.

Harvey had no doubt been greatly provoked by Greene, but his conduct in attacking a dead man was generally reprobated. Nash, in spite of his lukewarmness in defending Greene's character, flamed out on this point in honest indignation, 'Out upon thee for an arrant dog-killer—strike a man when he is dead!' adding in a well-known quotation, 'So hares may pull dead lions by the beard'.<sup>2</sup> 'There is no glory gained by breaking a dead man's skull.' '*Adversus mortuos bellum suscipere inhumanum est*,' writes and quotes Chettle<sup>3</sup>. Still more indignant is Meres<sup>4</sup>:—'As Achilles tortured the deade bodie of Hector, and as Antonius and his wife Fulvia tormented the lifeless corps of Cicero, so Gabriel Harvie hath showed the same inhumanitie to Greene that lies full low in his grave.' Harvey no doubt remembered, though he should have forgotten, that the grave had been no barrier to the calumny of Greene, who, in attacking the Harveys had made no distinction between the dead and the living.

In appearance, Greene was comely and attractive. Chettle describes him as 'of face amiable, of body well-proportioned.' He wore his hair longer than was at that time considered to be consistent with propriety<sup>5</sup>, and he seems to have prided himself on his beard, which his friend Nash describes as 'a jollie long red peake like the spire of a steeple,' adding that 'hee cherished it continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewell it was so sharpe and pendant'.<sup>6</sup> He dressed richly and fashionably<sup>7</sup>, which gave academic Harvey a handle for commenting

<sup>1</sup> Cited by Dyce, *Account of Greene*, p. 2 (one vol. edit.).

<sup>2</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 198.

<sup>3</sup> *Kind-harts Dreame* (*Shakespeare Allusion Books*, p. 60).

<sup>4</sup> *Wits Treasury*, fol. 286.

<sup>5</sup> So Harvey speaks of his 'ruffianly hair,' and Chettle of his attire, 'after the habit of a scholler-like gentleman onely his haire was somewhat long.'

<sup>6</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 220.

<sup>7</sup> Id. pp. 221-2.

on his 'unseemly apparell.' For his braving and roistering manners our only authority is his enemy Harvey. Both Chettle and Nash have spoken of his gentlemanlike manners<sup>1</sup>. His habits were extremely convivial; he was what was called in those days a 'good fellow,' 'of singular pleasance the very supporter,' to borrow Chettle's expression. Nash tells us that he 'made no account of winning credit by his works; . . . his only care was to have a spell in his purse to conjure up a good cup of wine with at all times.' That he was the monster of iniquity depicted by his enemies and depicted by himself is refuted by his writings. Measured by a Puritan standard as he has measured himself, or measured by the moral standard of the present day, his life might no doubt be represented to be all that he and his enemies have represented it. But a man, to be judged fairly, must be judged by the standards of his time. That standard has been indicated by Nash:—'Debt and deadly sinne,' he bluntly says, 'who is not subject to? with any notorious crime I never knew him tainted<sup>2</sup>.' He was a man of sensitive conscience with a strong tendency perhaps to religious hypochondria, like Bunyan. *The Groatsworth of Witte* and *The Repentance* remind us closely of *Grace Abounding*. The contrast between the looseness of his life and the purity of his writings, between his unfeigned desire to serve the cause of Virtue and to promote the welfare of his fellow citizens, and his lapses to the very last into lawlessness and profligacy, were simply the struggle in a very weak man of two equally undisciplined natures. Of what was the best in him he was not the master; of what was worst in him he was not the slave. And he acted and fared as such men, in different degrees and under different conditions, will always act and fare.

#### IV

Greene's services to English Literature were great. If he was not the father of the English novel, he carried it much further than it had been carried before. Many of his novels are overloaded with ornament, stagnate in prolix discussions, and

<sup>1</sup> Nash, who had no reason to praise him, says: 'He might have writ another Galatæo of manners, for his manners every time I came in his company,' *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 283.

<sup>2</sup> Id. p. 220.

are little better than tedious moral dissertations. But the best are really interesting, and the best of all is *Pandosto*. The first and second parts of *Never too late*, and a *Groatworth of Witte* have high merit. They are not, it is true, remarkable for their subtle or even vivid delineation of character : they strike no deep chords, they have no profound reflections ; but they are transcripts from life and are full of beauty and pathos.

Greene followed Sannazzaro in interspersing prose with poetry ; and it is in his prose writings that all his non-dramatic poetry is, with the exception of his *Maidens Dreame*, to be found. Greene's best lyrics are not equal to the best lyrics of Lodge and Barnfield. In spontaneity and grace Rosalynda's Madrigal is incomparably superior to Menaphon's song. In finish and felicity of expression Menaphon's picture of the maid with the dallying locks must yield to Rosader's picture of Rosalynda ; and, charming as Greene's octosyllabics always are, they have not the charm of Barnfield's 'Nightingale's Lament.' But Greene's ordinary level is, I venture to think, far above the ordinary level of both those poets. For one poem which we pause over in theirs, there are half a dozen which we pause over in his. He has moreover much more variety. What could be more exquisite, simple though it be even to homeliness, than Sephestia's song in *Menaphon* ? The tranquil beauty of the song beginning 'Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content' in the *Farewell to Follie* and of Barmenissa's song in *Penelope's Web* fascinates at once and for ever. His fancy sketches are delightful. The pictures of Diana and her bathing nymphs invaded by Cupid in the little poem entitled 'Radagon in Dianam,' the picture of the journeying Palmer in *Never too late*, of Phillis in the valley in *Tullies Love*, of

'The God that hateth sleepe  
Clad in armour all of fire  
Hande in hande with Queene Desire,'

in the Palmer's Ode, are finished cameos of rare beauty. Not less charming are the love poems ; and among them is one real gem—the song in *Pandosto*, 'Ah, were she pitiful as she is faire.' The powerful 'Sonnetto' in *Menaphon* beginning 'What thing is love' reminds us closely of the still more powerful hundred and twenty-ninth sonnet of Shakespeare, and perhaps suggested it.

Like most of the erotic poetry of the Renaissance Greene's poems owe as a rule more to art than to nature. Some of them are studies from the Italian, others from the French. Occasionally they appear to have derived their colouring and their imagery from the Apocryphal books of the Bible. In Menaphon's Eclogue there is indeed, as in Spenser's marriage songs, an oriental gorgeousness. But the element predominating in them is Classicism, and Classicism of the Italian and French type. They remind us sometimes of Bembo and Sannazzaro, and sometimes of Desportes and Ronsard.

Greene's plays have all the appearance of having been composed carelessly, and with great rapidity, and in addition to this they have plainly been printed from stage copies, in which the original manuscript was no doubt submitted to all those outrages on the part of managers and actors so common, or rather so habitual, in those times<sup>1</sup>. The only play in which he has done himself justice as a dramatic artist is *James IV*, and this with *Orlando* and *The Pinner* is the play which has suffered most from corruption. It is the only play in which we can study Greene's method of dramatic composition by comparison of the raw material with the artistic fabric. And it certainly gives us a very favourable idea of Greene's skill, and even genius, as a playwright, and justifies us in believing that he might and ought to have attained a much higher rank among the artists of the drama.

To the composition of his plays Greene brought the same qualities which are conspicuous in his novels and his poems—the same sympathetic insight into certain types of character and certain phases of life; the same faculty of pictorial as distinguished from dramatic representation; the same refined pathos; the same mingled artificiality and simplicity; the same ornate and fluent eloquence of style. But he brought little else. Such qualities never have sufficed and never could suffice to produce dramas of the first order. In Greene's hands they have sufficed to produce two dramas, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and *James IV of Scotland*, which are among the most pleasing productions of Elizabethan genius: and it would not perhaps be going too far to

<sup>1</sup> The probable relation of the texts, as we have them now, to the original texts may be seen by comparing the Alleyn MS. with the printed copy, and when we think that this applies not to Greene only but to all his contemporaries, we may judge of our position generally with respect to original texts.



add a third—assuming that Greene wrote it—the *Pinner of Wakefield*. His tragedies *Alphonsus* and *Orlando Furioso* may be dismissed as almost beneath criticism; they are redeemed from absolute contempt by little more than a few passages of rhetorical merit. Nor is the *Looking-Glasse* entitled to higher praise. Had this group of dramas perished it would have been no loss to our Literature, but it would have been some loss to our students of dramatic history.

Greene's true position among dramatists was indicated by Elizabethan critics. About his tragedies Meres is silent, but he ranks him among the best 'Comedians' of his age. It is not too much to say that the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and of *James IV of Scotland* stands in the same relation to Romantic Comedy as the author of *Tamburlaine* and *Edward II* stands to Romantic Tragedy and History. If, historically speaking, it is only a step from *Edward II* to *Henry V*, it is, historically speaking, only a step from *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and *James IV* to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and to *As you like it*. We have only to glance at the condition of Comedy before it came into Greene's hands to see how great was the revolution accomplished by him. On the popular stage it had scarcely cast off the trammels of the old barbarism. It still clung to the old stanzas or lumbering rhymes as in the *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, *Damon and Pythias*, and *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*; or if, as in *The Knack to know a Knaves* and in *The Taming of a Shrew*, it employed blank verse, it was blank verse often hardly distinguishable from prose. It still clung to the old buffoonery, as in Kemp's *Merriments of the Men of Gotham*. It still remained unilluminated by romance or poetry. In the theatre of the Classical school, on the other hand, it was as yet little more than an academic *epideixis* in prose, as it was with Lyly, or a mere version from the Italian as it had been with Gascoigne. We open Greene's Comedies, and we are in the world of Shakespeare; we are with the sisters of Olivia and Imogen, with the brethren of Touchstone and Florizel, in the homes of Phebe and Perdita. We breathe the same atmosphere, we listen to the same language.

It was Greene who first brought comedy into contact with the blithe bright life of Elizabethan England, into contact with poetry, into contact with romance. He took it out into the woods and

the fields and gave it all the charm of the idyll ; he filled it with incident and adventure and gave it all the interest of the Novel. A freshness as of the morning pervades these delightful medleys. Turn where we will—to the loves of Lacy and Margaret at merry Fressingfield ; to the wizard Friar and his magic cell at Oxford ; to the wretched Miles and his dismal catastrophe ; to Oberon with his fairies and antics revelling round him ; to Dorothea and Nano in the forest ; to the waggeries of Slipper and Miles—everywhere we find the same light and happy touch, the same free joyous spontaneity. His serious scenes are often admirable. What could be more touching than Margaret's vindication of Lacy when the prince threatens him in *Friar Bacon*, or the reconciliation of James and Dorothea at the close of *James IV*? The scene, again, in the second Act of the same play when Eustace meets Ida, or, in another vein, the scene between James, the Bishop of St. Andrews, and Ateukin, and the scene where Dorothea receives proof of her husband's treachery, are all excellent. Greene's plots are too loosely constructed, his characters as a rule too sketchy, and his range too limited to entitle him to a high place among dramatists. And yet as we read these medleys, and compare them with such plays as *Mucedorus*, the *Faire Emm*, the two plays the *Downfall* and *Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, and *The Old Wives Tale*, we feel not only the immense superiority of Greene, but how closely we are standing to the Romantic Comedies and Tragi-comedies of Shakespeare.

In Greene's women, in Margaret, for example, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, and in Ida and Dorothea in *James IV*, we see in outline the women most characteristic of Shakespeare's Romantic Comedy, while Slipper, Nano, and Miles are undoubtedly the immediate prototypes of Launce, of Launcelot, and of Touchstone. In style he was undoubtedly one of Shakespeare's masters. Could any one who compares the versification and diction of Greene's medleys fail to be struck with the similarity between them and the earlier comedies of Shakespeare, a similarity to be found in no equal degree in any other plays preceding or contemporary with the Master's earlier works. It seems to me indeed that Shakespeare owes as much in Romantic Comedy to Greene as he owed to Marlowe in history and tragedy. In the rhymed couplets and in the blank verse of his earlier comedies the direct influence of Greene is quite unmistakable. Nor is

this all. On the prose dialogue of Greene and Lyly there can be no doubt that he modelled that of his earlier plays.

There are many testimonies, both in his own and in the succeeding generation, to the eminence and popularity of Greene<sup>1</sup>. He is not indeed mentioned by Peele in the *Ad Maecenatem Prologus* prefixed to *The Honour of the Garter* (1593), though a place is found for Marlowe, and for poets like Fraunce, Phaer, and Watson; nor is he found in the *Epistle Dedicatory to Sir Robert Cotton* in Camden's *Remaines* (1605), where Marlowe is also omitted, though Daniel, Campion, Drayton, Chapman, and Marston are included: and what is certainly very strange, there is no reference to him either in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* or in *The Returne*. But the author of *Greenes Funeralls* speaks of him with enthusiastic admiration, and pays a just tribute to the moral tendency of his writings. Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) ranks him among the poets who are the glory of England (see Mere's Works, ed. 1598, fol. 282). In *Englands Parnassus* there are no less than thirty-two quotations derived, or purporting to be derived, from his writings<sup>2</sup>. There is a testimony to his popularity in Samuel Rowland's *Tis merrie when Gossips meet* (1602), where in a conference between a Gentleman and a Prentice, the Gentleman asks, 'Can'st help me to all Greene's books in one volume: but I will have them, every one, not any wanting,' the Prentice replying that he had 'most of them but I lack *Conny-Catching* and some half dozen others'—a proof that some of Greene's writings had already become scarce. In Ben Jonson's reference to him in *Every Man Out of his Humour* (1599) (II. 1), —'Fast. She does observe as pure a phrase and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the *Arcadia. Car.* Or rather in Greene's works whence she may steal with more security.'—Dyce sees an insinuation that Greene had gone out of fashion, adding however that there is ample testimony that he had not: perhaps Jonson was only referring to the voluminousness of Greene's writings. In *The Silent Woman* (IV. 11) he

<sup>1</sup> See *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. i. pp. 84–85.

<sup>2</sup> Of these, however, three belong to Spenser. Allot, the editor of that Anthology is, it may be observed, a most misleading guide. He quotes, for example, two passages from Greene's *Menaphon*, assigning one to Lodge and another to 'E. O.' But the frequency with which he quotes Greene is conclusive proof of the importance attached by him to Greene's writings.

certainly implies that the *Groatsworth* was still popular. Overbury in his *Characters* gives emphatic witness to his popularity (he is probably referring to his novels), for in his 'Character of a Chambermaid' he says: 'she reads Greene's works over and over' (*Characters*, edit. Rimbault, p. 101). Taylor the Water Poet, in his *Praise of Hemp-seed* (Works, ed. 1630, p. 72), gives him a place among the most distinguished of English poets. In the well-known passage in Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, published in 1635, where he contrasts the honour done to poets by the Romans in adding dignity to their names with the vulgar and derogatory curtailments of their names by the English, instancing Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and many more of their most distinguished contemporaries, he also instances Greene:—

'Greene, who had in both Academies ta'en  
Degree of master, yet could never gaine  
To be call'd more than Robin, who had he  
Profess'd aught but the muse, serv'd and been free,  
After a seven years Prenticeship might have,  
With credit too, gone Robert to his grave<sup>1</sup>.'

And lastly, Anthony Wood describes him as the 'author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time,' adding that they 'made much sport and were valued among scholars, but since they have been mostly sold on ballads-mongers' stalls.' During the latter half of the seventeenth century, like Marlowe, Lyly, and all the predecessors of Shakespeare, he fell entirely into oblivion till the revival in the nineteenth century of an interest in our early dramatists.

## V

It now remains to say a few words about the plays which have been popularly attributed to Greene. In one of Malone's quartos of *Mucedorus*, that of 1668, he has written, 'This piece I have lately discovered was written by Robert Greene;' but he does not show in what way he had discovered it. This, however, he presumably explains—for he gives no other account of his alleged discovery—in his *Life of Shakespeare*: 'Chettle,' he says, 'in a miscellaneous piece consisting of prose and verse, entitled *England's Mourning Garment*, shadows Marlowe the poet under the name of Musaeus, because he had translated the poem of *Hero and Leander*, attributed to Musaeus, and Robert Greene under the name of Musidore,

<sup>1</sup> *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, lib. iv. edit. 1635, p. 206.

from having been the author of *Mucedorus*<sup>1</sup>. Malone could not have been aware that *England's Mourning Garment* was written to celebrate the death of Elizabeth, and must consequently have been produced eleven years after Greene's death and ten years after Marlowe's. The Musaeus who is spoken of was probably Chapman, and the Musidore probably Lodge. To Malone's baseless hypothesis, and to that baseless hypothesis alone, is to be attributed the assignation of *Mucedorus* to Greene, who was doubtless as innocent of its composition as Shakespeare was. It would be idle to discuss the subject further; no scene or passage in *Mucedorus* has any trace of Greene's hand in it<sup>2</sup>.

But a better case has been made out for Greene's claim to another play. In 1594 was printed *The First Part of the Tragical raigne of Selimus, sometime Emperor of the Turkes and grandfather to him that now reigneth. Wherein is shewne how hee most cruelly raised warres against his owne father Bajazet and prevailing therein in the end caused him to be poysoned. Also with the murdering of his two brethren Corcut and Acomat*. This was reissued in 1638 with a fresh title-page, in which was inserted after the title of the play 'written by T. G.' These initials Langbaine filled in thus—'Thomas Goffe, author of *The Raging Turk*, and *The Courageous Turk*.' But Goffe, having been born in 1591, was only three years of age when the first edition of the play was printed. This play Dr. Grosart has so confidently assigned to Greene that he has included it in his edition of Greene's works. I by no means share in Dr. Grosart's confidence, and in discussing his arguments I am at the same time explaining my reasons for not including *Selimus* among Greene's works. Dr. Grosart's arguments are twofold; he adduces external evidence in favour of his contention, and internal.

His external evidence begins weakly with an hypothesis, namely that the initials 'T. G.' on the title-page of the 1638 quarto may be an unlucky misprint for 'R. G.'—that argument may pass for what it is worth. Next he points out that Robert Allot, whom he unluckily confounds with Robert Allot the publisher, has in

<sup>1</sup> See Boswell's edition of Malone, 1821, vol. ii. p. 251.

<sup>2</sup> For the question of *Mucedorus* see Wagner, *Jahrbuch*, vol. x. 1876, and vol. xiv. 1879; Simpson's Paper, *Some Plays attributed to Shakespeare*, in New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874. Mr. Fleay's *English Drama*, vol. ii. p. 49 seqq.



his *Englands Parnassus* assigned to Greene 'two passages' (as a matter of fact he has assigned to him six passages), one consisting of seven and the other of five lines, which are found in *Selimus*, thereby showing that Allot supposed that Greene was the author of *Selimus*. Allot, it is shown, was well acquainted with Greene's writings, as he takes no fewer than 'thirty-nine' quotations from them: he was a contemporary of Greene, and was probably acquainted with Greene's friends, and must therefore have had access to the best information. This would undoubtedly be a very strong presumption in favour of the theory if Allot could be depended upon, but he cannot. He has in many cases, where it is possible for us to detect him, mis-assigned his quotations. He has, for example, attributed Gaunt's dying speeches in Shakespeare's *Richard II* to Drayton, as well as the opening lines of Spenser's *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and two passages from Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat* to Greene. It is therefore impossible to allow very much weight to Allot's authority; unsupported by corroboration it is almost worthless. Dr. Grosart's next piece of evidence is that Thomas Creede, the publisher of *Selimus*, was also the publisher of *James IV* and *Alphonsus*, and that he published the three with the same device on the title-page. But unfortunately for Dr. Grosart, Thomas Creede was a regular publisher of plays, and published many others with the same device. The fact that he published *James IV* and *Alphonsus* with Greene's name, and published *Selimus* as anonymous, seems to be a very strong presumption that the play was not Greene's, for Greene's name at that time was a name to conjure with. The internal evidence adduced by Dr. Grosart is even less satisfactory than the external. He quotes the following lines, and tells us that this passage alone would have 'determined my assigning *Selimus* to Greene':—

'The sweet content that country life affords  
 Passeth the royal pleasures of a king;  
 For there our joys are interlaced with fears,  
 But here no fear nor care is harboured  
 But a sweet calm of a most quiet state.'

'Every one,' he says, 'who knows Greene, knows that over and over he returns on anything of his that caught on, sometimes abridging and sometimes expanding, as in this of "sweet content,"' and he then places side by side with it the well-known verses in

the *Farewell to Follie* 'Sweet are the thoughts.' But such sentiments are simply commonplaces with the Elizabethan poets, and are no more peculiar to Greene than the letters of the alphabet which form his name. His next argument is derived from the fact that at the close of *Alphonsus* he promises to conclude his hero's life in a second part, and that as he did not do so, he probably wrote *Selimus* instead. Hypothesis, it may be submitted, is not argument. Next Dr. Grosart points out that both *Selimus* and *Alphonsus* 'develop themselves on Eastern and Turkish ground,' and 'that the character-names of *Alphonsus* are echoed in *Selimus*; that the plot unfolds itself along the same lines; that Greene's "repentant note" is heard in such a passage as lines 235, 444; that there is a blending of rhyme and blank verse, couplet and alternate rhyming old-fashioned stanza form.' The first argument has no weight at all. Plays on these oriental subjects were common. We know of Peele's extraordinarily popular play, not now extant, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Faire Greek*. We have Preston's *Cambyses*, we have *Soliman and Persida*, and in Mr. Fleay's lists will be found the titles of many plays dealing presumably with oriental subjects. That the plot unfolds itself along the same lines is probably to be explained by the fact that the plot could not well unfold itself on any other lines. That the 'repentant note' is heard is preposterous<sup>1</sup>; that the plays resemble each other in metrical structure is untrue. The greater part of *Selimus* is in rhyme, and many portions of it in alternate rhymes and in rhymed stanzas, even the stanza royal being used. Indeed it seems perfectly clear that the play was originally one of the old-fashioned rhymed plays, and that it had been re-cast and interpolated with blank verse in consequence of the popularity of Marlowe's innovations. In *Alphonsus* the per-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grosart finds these lines in *Selimus*, spoken of course dramatically :—

'Now Selimus consider who thou art.  
Long hast thou marched in disguis'd attire,  
But now unmask thyself and play thy part  
And manifest the heat of thy desire.  
Nourish the coals of thine ambitious fire,  
And think that then thy empire is most sure  
When men for fear thy tyranny endure,  
Think that to thee there is no worst reproach  
Than filial duty in so high a place,'

and in this we are to see one of Greene's 'autobiographic' touches!

centage of rhymes, many of which appear to be accidental, is very small indeed, and there are no rhymed stanzas at all.

Dr. Grosart next points out that in both plays are found 'semi-parodyings of Marlowe.' Considering that *Alphonsus* is a servile and *Selimus* in some slight degree an imitation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, the circumstance is not very striking. Next Dr. Grosart gives a list of verbal coincidences to be found in passages in *Selimus* and in passages in Greene's acknowledged writings—and to this he attaches great importance. Of these there is not one which might not be found in the writings of Greene's contemporaries, indeed the majority of them are ordinary Elizabethan words and phrases, such as 'armestrong,' 'forged,' 'gentles,' 'gratulate,' 'harbinger,' 'misconsters,' 'negromancy,' 'overslipt,' 'ought' for owed—that is, nine out of the twelve he gives.

The presumptions in favour of the author of *Locrine* having been the author of *Selimus* are infinitely more cogent than the arguments adduced in favour of Greene having been the author of *Selimus*: or, to put it in other words, if Greene was the author of *Selimus*, he must have been, according to Dr. Grosart's reasoning, the author of *Locrine*, and it would be most illogical to assign one to him and not assign the other. Take first the parallels to be found in the two plays:—

'Ah cruel tyrant and unmerciful,  
More bloodie than the Anthropophagi  
That fill their hungry stomachs with mens flesh.'

*Selimus*, 1347-9.

'Or where the bloodie Anthropophagi  
With greedie jaws devour the wandering wights.'

*Locrine*, iii, v.

'Even as the great Aegyptian crocodile,  
Wanting his praie, with artificial tears  
And fained plaints his subtill tongue doth file  
T' entrap the silly wandering traveller  
And move him to advance his footing neare,  
That when he is in danger of his clawes  
He may devour him with his famished jawes.'—*Sel.* 375-82.

'High on a bank by Nilus boisterous streames  
Tearfully sate the Aegyptian crocodile,  
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long teeth  
The broken bowels, &c.'—*Loc.* iii. Prol.

'Send out thy furies from thy firie hall,  
The pitiless Erynnis arm'd with whippes,  
And all the damnd monsters of black hell.'—*Sel.* 1248-50.

- 'Come fierce Erynnis, horrible with snakes,  
Come ugly furies, armed with your whippes.'—*Loc.* iii. vi.
- 'Avernus jaws and loathesome Tænarus.'—*Sel.* 1244.
- 'And I will post to hell-mouth Tænarus.'—*Loc.*
- 'If Selimus were once your emperor  
I'de dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre  
And mow their hartlesse squadrons to the ground.'  
*Sel.* 418-21.
- 'How bravely this young Briton Albanact  
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of war,  
. . . . .  
Moving the massy squadrons off the ground.'—*Loc.* ii. v.
- 'When Briareus arm'd with a hundred hands  
Flung forth a hundred mountains at great Jove,  
And when the monstrous giant Monichus  
Hurl'd mount Olympus at great Mars, his targe,  
And darted cedars at Minerva's shield.'—*Sel.* 2434-8.
- 'As when Briareus arm'd with a hundred hands  
Flung forth a hundred mountains at great Jove,  
As when the monstrous giant Monichus  
Hurl'd mount Olympus at great Maris targe  
And shot huge cedars at Minerva's shield.'—*Loc.* ii. v.
- 'But thou canst better use thy bragging blade  
Than thou canst rule thy overflowing tongue.'—*Sel.* 2467-8.
- 'And but thou better use thy bragging blade  
Than thou dost rule thy overflowing tongue.'—*Loc.* ii. iv.
- 'Chiefe patronesse of Rhamus golden gates.'—*Sel.* 608.
- 'If she that rules faire Rhamnus' golden gate.'—*Loc.* ii. i.
- 'Now sit I like the arme-strong son of Jove.'—*Sel.* 1599.
- 'The arme-strong offspring of the doubled night  
Stout Hercules.'—*Loc.* iii. iv.

So again in *Locrine*, iii. i:—

- 'The arme-strong Hercules.'  
    'Whose lasting praise  
Mounteth to highest heaven with golden wings.'—*Sel.* 1968.
- 'The Trojan's glory flies with golden wings.'—*Loc.* i. i.
- 'Methinkes I feele a cold run through my bones.'—*Sel.* 1179.
- 'A chilling cold possesseth all my bones.'—*Loc.* i. i.
- 'Then one of Hydra's heads is cleane cut off.'—*Sel.* 1619.
- 'Crop off so vile an hydra's hissing heads.'—*Loc.* iii. i.
- 'Of Sisyphus and of his backward stone.'—*Sel.* 354.
- 'Or roll the stone with wretched Sisyphus.'—*Loc.* iii. ii.

I have given the last two parallels just to illustrate the parallels in the selection of mythological personages introduced. The

blank verse in both plays is in scheme and rhythm simply indistinguishable, and is formed so closely on that of the ordinary rhymed stanzas that the ear scarcely distinguishes the difference. Two illustrations may suffice:—

‘Look how the earth clad in her summer pride  
Embroydereth her mantle gorgeously  
With fragrant hearbes and flowers gaily dide  
Spreading abroad her spangled tapistrie.’—*Sel.* 25-9.

‘The plains my Lord garnish’d with Flora’s wealth  
And overspread with parti-coloured flowers  
Do yield sweet contentation to my minde.  
The airie hills enclos’d with shadie groves,  
The groves replenisht with sweete chirping birds,  
The birds resounding heavenly melody,  
Are equal to the groves of Thessalye.’—*Loc.* ii. i.

Again:—‘He that will stop the brooke must then begin  
When Summer’s heat had dried up the spring,  
And when his pittering streams are low and thin:  
For let the winter aid unto them bring  
He grows to be of wat’ry flouds the king,  
And though you damme him up with loftie rankes,  
Yet will he quickly overflow his banckes.’—*Sel.* 431-7.

‘The silent springs dance downe with murmuring streames  
And water all the ground with crystal waves.  
The gentle blasts of Eurus modest wind  
Moving the pattering leaves of Sylvan’s woods  
Do equal it with Tempe’s paradise:  
And thus consorted all to one effect  
Do make me think these are the happie isles.’—*Loc.* ii. i.

In both plays low comic scenes in prose, having a close resemblance to each other, are interpolated, but in the case of *Selimus* only towards the end. There are other points of resemblance in *minutiae* which it is not necessary to discuss here. But the truth is that arguments like these are futile, and I have merely parodied Dr. Grosart’s arguments in favour of Greene being the author of *Selimus*, by similar and more apparently cogent arguments for the author of *Locrine* being the author of *Selimus*, to show how hopeless it is to arrive at any certain conclusion. *Selimus* is plainly the recast of an earlier play, and was published anonymously in 1594. *Locrine* is professedly the recast of an earlier play, the setter-forth and corrector being according to the title-page W.S., and was published anonymously by the same publisher as *Selimus* in 1595: and that is all we know of the two plays. What reminds



us of Greene may have been interpolated from Greene's MSS.<sup>1</sup> I maintain then that, if the question is to be argued on such evidence as is now attainable, the presumption is in favour of the author of *Selimus* having been the author of *Locrine*; the two plays must stand or fall together. Whether Greene wrote them or had any hand in them is in my opinion much too doubtful to justify any editor including either of them in Greene's Works.

Whether Greene had any hand in the two plays recast by Shakespeare in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, namely *The First Part of the Contention*, and the *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, will probably always be among the insoluble problems of criticism. The evidence in favour of his connexion with them, though very far from satisfactory, is not improbable. He may have been engaged in more plays than have been preserved under his name. It is possible that his dramatic activity extended over at least four years, and his facility in composition was notorious. 'He was,' says Nash, 'chiefe agent for the companie for hee writ more than four other<sup>2</sup>,' and again, 'In a night and a day he would have yarked you up a pamphlet as well as in seven yeare.' The author of *Greene's Newes both from Heaven and Hell* speaks of him as 'one that was wont to solicit your mindes with many pleasant conceits, and to fit your fancies at least everie quarter of the yeare with strange and quaint devices<sup>3</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> In these plays there are only a few close parallels with Greene's accepted writings, for instance, 'The armestrong offspring of the doubled night,' which occurs in *Menaphon*, Works, vi. 83, 'The armestrong darlinge of the doubled night;' another is

'And teach them that the Scythian emperor  
Leads Fortune tyed on a chaine of gold  
Constraining her to yield unto his will,'—*Locrine*, ii. i:

compared with

'I clap up Fortune in a cage of golde  
To make her turie her wheele as I think best.'

*Alphonsus*, iv. iii:

and both of them occur in *Locrine*, though one slightly varied occurs also in *Selimus*. The second is of course imitated from Marlowe:—

'I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chain  
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about.'

First Part *Tamb.* i. ii.

Again in *Locrine*, ii. v:—

'I'll pass the Alps to wat'ry Meroe,'

it occurs with a variation in *Orl. Fur.* iv. i.

'I'll pass the Alps and up to Meroe.'

<sup>2</sup> *Strange Newes*, Works, ii. 197; *Id.* 221.

<sup>3</sup> Page 1.

So Gabriel Harvey : ' the scribbling hand that never linnes putting forth new and newerst bookes <sup>1</sup>. ' Though, as we have already seen, the famous passage in the *Groatsworth* is ambiguous, in spite of the light apparently thrown on it by Chettle and ' R. B., ' still in *Greenes Funeralls* the quotation of a line which is almost certainly a parody of a line in the *True Tragedie* <sup>2</sup> points to some association with that play. It is also noteworthy that Greene, as we know from Nash, wrote, and wrote much, for the Lord Pembroke's men, the company associated with these plays. But beyond this every step which we take is taken in thick darkness, not irradiated, but rendered visible by the spluttering pyrotechny of meteoric theories and bavin conjecture.

These unsatisfactory facts are certain, that the two plays were printed anonymously, the one in 1594 the other in 1595, when Greene's name on the title-page would have been advantageous to publishers ; that no contemporary or subsequent tradition associated Greene with the plays ; that if he wrote them he must have almost certainly written them—as internal evidence seems to show—with Marlowe, and yet though he *appears* to have been complaining of the wrong done him and his friend by a plagiarist, he says in his address to Marlowe not a word about having been associated with him in dramatic work, though he refers in the same address to this association with Lodge (or Nash).

All that can be done to throw light on this problem has been done most ably by Miss Jane Lee<sup>3</sup>, who has submitted Greene's plays to a careful scrutiny to see what analogies may be found in phraseology and other characteristics, between the compositions which are accepted as Greene's and these two plays. The results however have been anything but satisfactory. If similarities in point of style, of verbal expression, of thought or sentiment afforded any sure test she has gone far to show that Marlowe must have had a hand in the composition of the dramas in question. But nothing which she adduces from Greene at all

<sup>1</sup> *Four Letters*, Letter Three.

<sup>2</sup> Not certainly, for though the line is found there it may have come from some other play.

<sup>3</sup> See her admirable papers on the ' Authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., ' New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1875-6, pp. 219-306, with Dr. Furnivall's supplementary remarks. And on this question see the sensible dissertation in Dr. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*, edit. 1899, vol. ii. pp. 58 seqq.

strengthens her case, or resolves itself into anything more than what might be mere coincidence, or what he shares in common with other contemporaries. And the truth is that these tests are most fallacious. We know that the Elizabethan dramatists, especially those of the older schools, borrowed without scruple from one another; and in this particular problem the difficulty is increased by the presence of unknown quantities, particularly Peele, and by the impossibility of determining the dates of the two plays. As an editor of Greene it has been my duty to study this question carefully, and I may perhaps be permitted to say that after weighing such evidence as is accessible, the balance of probability seems to me to incline in favour of Greene having had a hand in their composition, but in what parts and to what extent can only be a subject of precarious conjecture. And precarious conjecture I take to be no part of an editor's duty. That Greene had any hand in *The Troublesome Raign of King John*, as Mr. Fleay conjectures, is an hypothesis so absolutely baseless that it does not come within the pale of discussion.

Nor, again, is there any foundation for what Dr. Farmer seems to imply (*Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. xix. p. 500), that Greene had written, or had assisted in writing, a play on the subject of Henry VIII. He had evidently confounded him with a Robert Greene whom Stow, in a list of authors prefixed to the 1601 edition of his *Annales*, enumerates among the authorities for that work, and whose name he cites three or four times in the margin in the accounts of the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI. It is quite possible, indeed, that Stow's Greene was the poet, but hardly likely; it is still less likely that, assuming Stow's Robert Greene to be our Greene, Stow derived his information from any drama or work in verse.

## INTRODUCTION TO ALPHONSVS

IT is impossible to determine with certainty the date either of the composition or of the first appearance of this play, as we have no record of either. It was printed by Thomas Creede, in quarto, in 1599, 'As it hath bene sundrie times acted.' Lowndes, and other bibliographers following him, catalogue a quarto dated 1597, but this is either an error or the quarto has long disappeared; there is no record that it has ever been inspected. From internal evidence I am inclined to think that this play was produced early in 1591, in any case that its composition was subsequent to the publication of Spenser's *Complaints* in that year, and that it was Greene's first unassisted dramatic composition<sup>1</sup>. The Prologue recalls, in various ways, so strongly the poems in Spenser's volume, that the resemblance is hardly likely to be accidental. In *The Tears of the Muses*, Spenser, like Greene, laments the lethargy and decline of poetry, contrasting both with its former glory. In both poets Calliope particularly deplores the neglect into which her province has fallen. Again, the reference to Virgil's *Culex*, which Spenser's translation had just brought into prominence, and the reference to Augustus's days (see the first line of Spenser's translation), point to the same conclusion. There are also minor points of resemblance; cf. Venus's lines (98-100)—

'Then sound your pipes, and let us bend our steps  
Unto the top of high Parnassus hill,  
And there together,' &c.

and Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat* (st. iv)—

'Wherefore ye sisters, which the glorie bee  
Of the Pierian streams, fayre Naiades,  
Go too: and, dauncing all in companie,  
Adorne that God.'

while the expression 'silly flie' is also in Spenser's *Visions of the World's Vanitie*, iv. 5. The passage—

'I know full oft you haue in Authors red  
The higher tree the sooner is his fall,  
And they which first do flourish and beare sway,  
Upon the sudden vanish cleane away.' (59-62.)

<sup>1</sup> *The Looking-Glasse*, written in conjunction with Lodge, may have preceded it. See General Introduction.

looks like a reminiscence of *The Ruines of Time*, *The Visions of the World's Vanitie*, and *The Ruines of Rome*, while Greene's appeal to Virgil: 'O Virgil, Virgil, wert thou now alieue,' may be compared with the appeal to the same poet, *Ruines of Rome*, xxv. 9-11—

'Or that at least I could, with pencil fine,  
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palaces,  
By paterne of great Virgil's spirit diuine.'

It would also seem that Greene's Prologue is an answer to Spenser's despairing view of the prospects of poetry. Spenser's Calliope deplors the absence of heroes and heroic material; Greene finds in his theme, Alphonsus, exactly what Spenser's Calliope requires. Spenser's Calliope threatens to remain silent for ever because the degeneracy of the age affords no worthy theme; Greene's Calliope, finding a worthy theme in Alphonsus, resolves to break her long silence and renew her strains. The greater part of Spenser's volume, as the very title implies, had been inspired by Melpomene; and in Greene Melpomene is represented as vocal, and as taunting Calliope with silence. Again, *A Maidens Dreame*, which appeared at the end of 1591, is not only in the same metre as *The Ruines of Time*, but, in some respects (as a comparative study will show) recalls it and other poems in Spenser's volume, at times rather closely. All this may, of course, be mere coincidence, and is far from affording conclusive proof that Spenser's volume influenced Greene in composing the Prologue to *Alphonsus*, but it affords at least a fair degree of presumptive evidence that Greene was acquainted with these poems of Spenser, and had them in his mind. But assuming that these parallels are reminiscences of Spenser's poems, we must of course remember that, however probable, it does not necessarily follow that Greene had derived them from the printed volume. Some, if not all, of Spenser's poems had been written, and were apparently in circulation, long before their appearance in 1591. This is clear not merely from internal evidence, but from the Printer's Address to the Reader prefixed to the volume of 1591. He had, he says, 'got into' his 'hands such small poems of the same Author's as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands: and not easie to bee come by, by himself, some of them hauing bene diuerslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure ouer sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these few parcels present.' And that Spenser's poems were current in literary circles at a period long prior to their publication is proved probably by Marlowe's incorporation at the end of the fourth Act of the second part of *Tamburlaine* of the simile of the almond-tree in *Faerie Queene*, I. vii. st. 32, and certainly by Abraham Fraunce's citation of a portion of the thirty-fifth stanza of the fourth canto of the second book in his *Arcadian Rhetoricke* (1588). See too the passage in scene vii of Peele's *David*



and *Bethsabe*, 'As when the sun attird in glistering robe,' which is taken from *Faerie Queene*, I. v. st. 2.

That it was Greene's earliest attempt at dramatic composition seems to me in the highest degree probable from internal evidence. It is impossible not to suppose that Greene is speaking of himself when he put these lines in the mouth of Venus, especially when we read them in the light of what he says in the prefaces to his *Mourning Garment* and *Farewell to Follie*—

'And this my hand, which vsed for to pen  
The praise of loue and Cupids peerles power,  
Will now begin to treat of bloudie Mars,  
Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories.' (37-40.)

He evidently intended to enter the field against Marlowe, to fight him, so to speak, with his own weapons. *Alphonsus* is an extravagant imitation of the two parts of *Tamburlaine*, such as might be expected from a mere tiro in dramatic composition. The career of Alphonsus, his conquests, his partition of those conquests, his marriage with Iphigina at the climax of his success, his character, his language—in all this we have *Tamburlaine*—and *Tamburlaine* crudely—over again. *Amurack* is partly *Tamburlaine* and partly *Bajazet*. *Albinus* and *Laelius* revolt from *Flaminius* and join *Alphonsus* as partners in his fortunes, just as *Theridamas* in Marlowe revolts from *Persia* to cast in his lot with *Tamburlaine*. *Laelius*, *Miles*, and *Albinus* are invested by *Alphonsus* with the crowns of *Naples*, *Milan*, and *Arragon*, just as *Theridamas*, *Techelles*, and *Usumcasane* are invested by *Tamburlaine* with the crowns of *Argier*, *Fez*, and *Morocco*. And just as *Tamburlaine* will not crown *Zenocrate* 'vntil with greater honours I be graced,' so *Alphonsus* reserves no realm for himself except the vast realm which, still unconquered, he is determined to subdue. Parallels in detail are very numerous. Among the most striking are *Alphonsus*, iv. iii. (1481-2)—

'*Alph.* I clap vp Fortune in a cage of gold,  
To make her turne her wheele as I thinke best.'

First part *Tamburlaine*, i. ii—

'*Tamb.* I hold the fates bound fast in iron chain,  
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about.'

The words of *Albinus* when he receives the crown of *Arragon*, *Alphons.* iii. i (766-9)—

'Thou King of heauen, which by thy power diuine,  
Dost see the secrets of each liuers heart,  
Beare record now with what vnwilling mind,  
I do receiue the Crowne of Aragon.'

compared with the words of Amyras when he steps into the chariot of his father Tamburlaine, and receives the crown (second part *Tamburlaine*, v. 3)—

‘Heavens witness me with what a broken heart  
And damned spirit I ascend this seat.’

*Alphons.* iii. ii (836–9)—

‘You, Baiazet, go poste away apace  
To Siria, Scythia, and Albania,  
To Babylon, with Mesopotamia,  
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands.’

*Tamburl.* i. i—

‘We here do crown thee monarch of the East,  
Emperor of Asia and Persia,  
Great lord of Media and Armenia,  
Duke of Africa and Albania,  
Mesopotamia, and of Parthia.’

In the third Act of *Alphonsus* Amurack’s blasphemous defiance of Mahomet has its exact counterpart in Tamburlaine’s speech against the prophet in the first scene of the fifth Act of Marlowe’s play (second part), just as the speech of Alphonsus to Iphigina beginning, ‘Nay, virgin, stay,’ in the fifth Act of *Alphonsus* is plainly imitated from Tamburlaine’s speech to Zenocrate beginning ‘Disdain’s Zenocrate,’ in the second scene of the first Act of *Tamburlaine* (first part).

The play is not so much a drama as a phantasmagorical medley. To truth to nature and life it makes no pretence. No character is conceived with any reality, no character is even faintly discriminated. What merits it has are purely of the epical and rhetorical order. It is just the kind of drama which the author of such works as Greene had hitherto produced might, with *Tamburlaine* and with the popular dramas of that School before him as models, have been expected to concoct.

But the chief argument for this being the earliest of Greene’s dramas, or at least of his extant dramas, is derived from the versification. In *Orlando*, and more particularly in *James IV* and in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Greene had learned to give variety to his blank verse by the employment of light and weak endings, of tribrachs, anapaests, and dactyls, by the introduction of Alexandrines and lines of eleven syllables, and by varying the pauses. But he had not learned this secret when he wrote *Alphonsus*. His earliest extant attempt at blank verse is to be found in the second part of the *Tritameron of Love*, 1587 (Works, iii. 123), where the lines never, with one exception, vary from ten syllables and the end-stopped scheme. The next specimen is in *Perimedes*, 1588 (Works, vii. 79–80), and the blank verse here differs in no respect from the preceding. Nor is there any advance in *Alphonsus*, where it is marked by the same

intolerable monotony; and remains, in Nash's phrase, the same 'drumming decasyllabon.' The play contains upwards of nineteen hundred lines, but there is not, with one ambiguous exception, a single Alexandrine in it; and the deviations from the strictly decasyllabic metre where they cannot be explained by slurring would not amount to more than three. The cadence is scarcely ever varied by any of the expedients which Marlowe employed for harmonizing heroic blank verse. All Greene seems to have caught from Marlowe in the way of metrical variation is the occasional introduction of rhyming couplets.

Another argument in support of my contention that it is the earliest of his extant dramas is afforded by the stiffness and cumbrousness of the style and composition, as compared with that of his other plays. Thus we have the habitual insertion of 'for' before the infinitive mood, an archaism which occurs no less than fifty-eight times in the course of the play. In his other plays this is used very sparingly: it only occurs, for example, three times in *Orlando Furioso* and eight times in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. Again, the play teems with awkward inversions, such as 'troubled been,' 'closely ouerthwart vs stand,' 'must wonder needs,' 'needs I must,' 'I banished am,' 'Medea absent is.' The forms 'whereas' and 'whenas' are as a rule used for the simple 'where' and 'when.' The forms 'greenish' and 'hardish' are used for 'green' and 'hard,' just as 'to becommen' is used for 'to become.' The blank verse throughout has evidently been composed with difficulty, and these licences are employed to facilitate its composition. No one indeed who compares the diction, style, and versification of this play with those of the others, could doubt for a moment that it must, with the possible exception of *The Looking-Glasse* written in conjunction with Lodge, have preceded them.

It seems to me, therefore, in a high degree probable that *Alphonsus* was written not earlier than the beginning of 1591, and that it is not only the earliest of Greene's extant dramas, but that it was his first attempt at dramatic composition<sup>1</sup>. If Mr. Fleay be correct

<sup>1</sup> Professor Storozhenko and others have assumed that Greene began his dramatic career in 1587, and that *Alphonsus* appeared in that year. This is deduced from a garbled misrepresentation, as Dr. Grosart has well pointed out, of a passage in the preface to *Penelope's Web* and from a somewhat ambiguous passage in the preface to *Perimedes* 1588, which runs: 'I keepe my old course to palter vp something in Prose, vsing my old poesie still, *Onne tulit punctum*, although lately two Gentlemen Poets made two mad men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers and had it in derision for that I could not make my verses iet vpon the stage in tragical buskins, euerie word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo. Bell, daring God out of heauen with that atheist Tamburlan or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne, but let me rather openly pocket vp the asse at Diogenes' hand than wantonly set out such impious instances of intolerable poetrie: such mad and scoffing poets that have propheticall spirits as bred of Merlin's race, if there be anie in England that set the end of scollarism in an English blanck verse.' What this passage

in his conjecture that 'Mahomet's Poo,' in Peele's *Farewell*, is a reference to this play, then it must have been written earlier; but on this point see General Introduction.

It may be objected to the late period assigned to the composition of *Alphonsus* that *Tamburlaine* was produced in or about 1587, and that it was rather late to be parodying the play in 1591. But it must be remembered that *Tamburlaine*, ever since its first appearance, had been a stock piece on the stage, as it long continued to be, and that it was not printed till the autumn of 1590, when additional prominence was thus given to it.

*Alphonsus* has, like *James IV of Scotland*, so little relation to historical fact that it is scarcely possible to identify the Alphonsus who gives it its title. There can, however, be little doubt that Greene's hero, so far as he corresponds to reality, is Alphonso the First of Naples and the Fifth of Arragon (1385-1454), though Greene was quite capable of confounding him, as perhaps he did, with Alphonso I, King of Arragon and Navarre, surnamed El Batallador, who died in 1134. But the latter king had no association with Naples, the conquest of which was a central incident in the career of Alphonso V, and is a central

seems to mean is surely not that Greene had been derided for having attempted to make his verses jet upon the stage in tragical buskins, but that he had never attempted to do so; he is taunted not with failure in what he had attempted, but for never having attempted at all. There is not the smallest evidence for assuming that Greene had written for the stage before 1591. In his novels and pamphlets before that date he is constantly referring to his writings, but he never mentions any dramas. In the Dedication, for instance, prefixed to his *Mourning Garment*, in referring to his works he says not a word about any writings for the stage. Had Greene produced anything for the stage, Nash in his Address prefixed to *Menaphon* (1589) could hardly have failed to refer to the fact; on the contrary, he exalts Greene's writings not produced for the stage over the writings in blank verse produced for the stage: so also does Thomas Brabine in the Commendatory Verses prefixed to *Menaphon*—

'Come forth, ye wits, that vaunt the pompe of speach  
And strue to thunder from a stage mans throate,  
View Menaphon, a note beyond your reach.'

To the same effect also are Uphear's Verses. Equally silent as to any dramatic production are all the writers of Commendatory Verses. See particularly John Eliote's French Sonnet, prefixed to *Perimedes* (1588), and the Latin verses of G. B. prefixed to *Alcida* (1588), who speaking of Greene's relation to his predecessors in literature, says—

'Grenus adest tandem, rhetor bonus atque poeta,  
Qui sua cum prosis carmina iuncta dedit.'

Everything, indeed, points to the conclusion that up to 1590 or 1591 there was rivalry between Greene and his clique, who courted popularity as writers of prose fiction and lyrical and pastoral poetry, and Marlowe and his School, who courted popularity by blank-verse plays; that Greene was taunted because he did not write for the stage; and that he retorted by ridiculing those who did. Greene afterwards, finding that plays were more popular than novels, joined the dramatists, and began by parodying the most popular of contemporary plays.

incident in Greene's play. All Greene wanted was a hero in whom he could find, or whom he could transform into, an analogy to Marlowe's Tamburlaine, and him he found in Alphonso V. It is not at all unlikely that he consulted the Memoirs of Alphonso V by Barthlemy Fazio, printed in 1560 and again in 1563, *Bartholomaei Facii De Rebus Gestis ab Alphonso Primo Neapolitanorum Rege Commentariorum Libri decem*, the opening paragraph of which work bears some resemblance to Greene's Prologue by Venus—

'Etsi nonnullos viros haec aetas tulit qui, praestanti ingenio atque doctrinâ praediti, tum ad alia quaeque tum ad res gestas scribendas peridonei existimari possunt, fuerantque, et nostrâ et patrum nostrorum memoriâ, aliquot populi ac principes clari qui magna ac laudabilia facinora gessere, ea tamen est apud plerosque nouarum rerum negligentia vt perpauci ad scribendam historiam sese conferant. Sunt enim qui cum legerint aut Alexandri aut Caesaris aut populi Romani facta, haec noua ac recentia non multum delectent. Namque ita se res habet, vt quae nobis notiora et familiariora sunt haec in minore pretio nescio quomodo habeamus.'

He may also have consulted, though this is not likely, a little work by Albertus Timannus, printed in 1573, *De Alfonso Rege Aragonum et Neapolis Oratio*. But Greene's Alphonsus bears the same relation to the Alphonsus of Fazio and Timann as the Alexander of the *Alexandreis* bears to the Alexander of Plutarch, of Arrian, and of Quintus Curtius. His narrative is pure fiction, wreathed round a framework of fact so slender that when discovered it is scarcely discernible. Beyond the fact that Alphonso conquered Naples and had relations with Milan and with the Turks, there is nothing in the incidents or in the characters which corresponds with reality.

The text of the Quarto, of which there are two copies, one in the Duke of Devonshire's Library and one which belonged to Dyce, now in the Dyce and Forster Library at South Kensington, is remarkably free from corruptions.



THE  
COMICALL

HISTORIE OF  
ALPHONSVS KING OF ARAGON

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted*

---

MADE BY R. G.

---



LONDON

*Brinted\** by THOMAS CREEDE

1599

\* So in 2

## <sup>1</sup> <DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CARINUS, *the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon.*

ALPHONSUS, *his son.*

FLAMINIUS, *King of Arragon.*

BELINUS, *King of Naples.*

DUKE OF MILAN.

ALBINUS.

FABIUS.

LAELIUS.

MILES.

AMURACK, *the Great Turk.*

ARCASTUS, *King of the Moors.*

CLARAMONT, *King of Barbary.*

CROCON, *King of Arabia.*

FAUSTUS, *King of Babylon.*

BALIAZET.

*Two Priests of Mahomet.*

*Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.*

FAUSTA, *wife to Amurack.*

IPHIGINA, *her daughter.*

MEDEA, *an enchantress.*

MAHOMET (*speaking from the brazen head*).

VENUS.

*The NINE MUSES.*>

<sup>1</sup> Not in Q, adapted from Dyce.

THE  
COMICALL HISTORIE OF ALPHONSVS  
KING OF ARRAGON

ACT I.

〈PROLOGUE.〉

*After you haue sounded thrise, let Venus be let downe from the top of  
the Stage, and when she is downe, say :*

Poets are scarce, when Goddesses themselues  
Are forst to leaue their high and stately seates,  
Placed on the top of high *Olympus* Mount,  
To seeke them out, to pen their Champions praise.  
The time hath bene when *Homers* sugred Muse 5  
Did make each Eccho to repeate his verse,  
That euery coward that durst crack a speare,  
And Tilt and Turney for his Ladies sake,  
Was painted out in colours of such price  
As might become the proudest Potentate. 10  
But now a dayes so yrksome idless' slights,  
And cursed charmes haue witch'd each students mind,  
That death it is to any of them all,  
If that their hands to penning you do call :  
Oh *Virgil, Virgil*, wert thou now aliue, 15  
Whose painfull pen in stout *Augustus* dayes,  
Did daigne to let the base and silly fly  
To scape away without thy praise of her.  
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,  
*Alphonsus* fame vnto the heauens should clime : 20  
*Alphonsus* fame, that man of *Ioue* his seed,  
Sprung from the loines of the immortall Gods,  
Whose sire, although he habit on the Earth,

*For the Quartos see Introduction, p. 76. Both are cited as Q : S. K. is Dyce's  
Quarto in the South Kensington Museum*

11 idless' Dyce : Idels Q                      17 fly Dyce : flea Q

May claime a portion in the fierie Pole,  
 As well as any one what ere he be. 25  
 But, setting by *Alphonsus* power diuine,  
 What Man aliue, or now amongst the ghoasts,  
 Could counteruaile his courage and his strength?  
 But thou art dead, yea, *Virgil*, thou art gon,  
 And all his acts drownd in obliuion. 30  
 And all his acts drownd in obliuion?  
 No, *Venus*, no, though Poets proue vnkind,  
 And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,  
 Yet rather then they shall be cleane forgot,  
 I, which was wont to follow *Cupids* games 35  
 Will put in vre *Mineruaes* sacred Art;  
 And this my hand, which vsed for to pen  
 The praise of loue and *Cupids* peerles power,  
 Will now begin to treat of bloudie *Mars*,  
 Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories. 40

*Enter Melpomine, Clio, Errato, with their sisters, playing all vpon sundrie Instruments, Calliope onely excepted, who comming last, hangeth downe the head, and plaies not of her Instrument.*

But see whereas the stately *Muses* come,  
 Whose harmony doth very far surpasse  
 The heavenly Musick of *Appolloes* pipe!  
 But what meanes this? *Melpomine* her selfe  
 With all her Sisters sound their Instruments, 45  
 Onely excepted faire *Calliope*,  
 Who, comming last and hanging downe her head,  
 Doth plainly shewe by outward actions  
 What secret sorrow doth torment her heart.

*Stands aside.*

*Mel. Calliope*, thou which so oft didst crake 50  
 How that such clients clusted to thy Court  
 By thicke and threefold, as not any one  
 Of all thy sisters might compare with thee:  
 Where be thy schollers now become, I troe?  
 Where are they vanisht in such suddain sort, 55  
 That, while as we do play vpon our strings,

You stand still lazing, and haue nought to do?

*Clio. Melpomine*, make you a why of that?

I know full oft you haue <in> Authors red,  
The higher tree the sooner is his fall, 60  
And they which first do flourish and beare sway,  
Vpon the sudden vanish cleane away.

*Cal.* Mocke on apace; my backe is broad enough  
To beare your flouts, as many as they be.  
That yeare is rare that nere feeles winters stormes: 65  
That tree is fertile which nere wanteth frute;  
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store  
Which neuer wanteth clients at her doore.  
But yet, my sisters, when the surgent seas  
Haue ebde their fill, their waues do rise againe 70  
And fill their bankes vp to the very brimmes:  
And when my pipe hath easd her selfe a while,  
Such store of suters shall my seate frequent,  
That you shall see my schollers be not spent.

*Errato.* Spent (quoth you) sister? then we were to blame, 75  
If we should say your schollers all were spent:  
But pray now tell me when your painfull pen  
Will rest enough?

*Mel.* When husbandmen sheere hogs.

*Ven.* <coming forward>. *Melpomine, Errato*, and the rest, 80  
From thickest shrubs dame *Venus* did espie  
The mortall hatred which you ioyntly beare  
Vnto your sister high *Calliope*.  
What, do you thinke if that the tree do bend,  
It followes therefore that it needs must breake? 85  
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,  
It neuer shall be able for to sound?  
Yes, *Muses*, yes, if that she wil vouchsafe  
To entertaine Dame *Venus* in her schoole,  
And further me with her instructions, 90  
She shall haue schollers which wil daine to be  
In any other *Muses* Companie.

*Calliope.* Most sacred *Venus*, do you doubt of that?  
*Calliope* would thinke her three times blest

59 in *Dyce*

64 flours? *Q* (*SK*)

75 too *Q*



For to receiue a Goddes in her schoole, 95  
 Especially so high an one as you,  
 Which rules the earth, and guides the heauens too.  
*Ven.* Then sound your pipes, and let vs bend our steps  
 Vnto the top of high *Parnassus* hill,  
 And there together do our best deuoyr 100  
 For to describe *Alphonsus* warlike fame :  
 And, in the maner of a Comedie,  
 Set downe his noble valour presently.  
*Calli.* As *Venus* wils, so bids *Calliope*.  
*Melpo.* And as you bid, your sisters do agree. 105  
*Exeunt.*

〈SCENE I. *Near Naples.*〉

*Enter Carinus the Father, and Alphonsus his sonne.*

*Carinus.* My noble sonne, since first I did recount  
 The noble acts your predecessors did  
 In *Aragon*, against their warlike foes,  
 I neuer yet could see thee ioy at all,  
 But hanging downe thy head as malcontent, 110  
 Thy youthfull dayes in mourning haue bene spent.  
 Tell me, *Alphonsus*, what might be the cause  
 That makes thee thus to pine away with care?  
 Hath old *Carinus* done thee any offence  
 In reckning vp these stories vnto thee? 115  
 What, nere a word but Mumme? *Alphonsus*, speake,  
 Vnles your Fathers fatall day you seeke.  
*Alphon.* Although, deare father, I haue often vowde  
 Nere to vnfold the secrets of my heart  
 To any man or woman, who some ere 120  
 Dwels vnderneath the circle of the skie :  
 Yet do your words so coniure me, deare sire,  
 That needs I must fulfil that you require.  
 Then so it is: amongst the famous tales  
 Which you rehearst done by our sires in warre, 125  
 When as you came vnto your fathers daies,  
 With sobbing notes, with sighs and blubbring teares,  
 And much ado, at length you thus began:

99 *Pernassus Q*

*S. D. Clarinus Q*

110 malcontent; *Q*

'Next to *Alphonsus* should my father come  
 For to possesse the Diadem by right 130  
 Of *Aragon*, but that the wicked wretch  
 His yonger brother, with aspiring mind,  
 By secret treason robd him of his life,  
 And me his sonne of that which was my due.'  
 These words, my sire, did so torment my mind, 135  
 As had I bene with *Ixion* in hell,  
 The rauening bird could neuer plague me worse:  
 For euer since my mind hath troubled bene  
 Which way I might reuenge this traiterous fact,  
 And that recouer which is ours by right. 140  
*Cari.* Ah, my *Alphonsus*, neuer thinke on that,  
 In vain it is to striue against the streame;  
 The Crowne is lost, and now in hucksters hands,  
 And all our hope is cast into the dust:  
 Bridle these thoughts, and learne the same of me,— 145  
 A quiet life doth passe an Emperie.  
*Alphon.* Yet, noble father, ere *Carinus* brood  
 Shall brooke his foe for to vsurpe his seate,  
 Heele die the death with honour in the field,  
 And so his life and sorrowes briefly end. 150  
 But did I know my froward fate were such  
 As I should faile in this my iust attempt,  
 This sword, deare father, should the Author be  
 To make an end of this my Tragedie.  
 Therefore, sweet sire, remaine you here a while, 155  
 And let me walke my Fortune for to trie:  
 I do not doubt but ere the time be long,  
 Ile quite his cost, or else my selfe will die.  
*Cari.* My noble sonne, since that thy mind is such  
 For to reuenge thy fathers foule abuse, 160  
 As that my words may not a whit preuaile  
 To stay thy iourney, go with happie fate,  
 And soone returne vnto thy fathers Cell,  
 With such a traine as *Iulius Cesar* came  
 To noble *Rome*, when as he had atchieu'd 165  
 The mightie Monarch of the triple world.

165 atchin'd Q

Meane time *Carinus* in this sillie groue  
 Will spend his daies with praiers and orisons,  
 To mightie *Ioue*, to further thine intent:  
 Farewell, deare Sonne, *Alphonsus*, fare you well.

170  
*Exit.*

*Alphon.* And is he gone? then hie, *Alphonsus*, hie,  
 To trie thy fortune where thy fates do call:  
 A noble mind disdaines to hide his head,  
 And let his foes triumph in his ouerthrow.

*Enter Albinus.*

(*Alphonsus make as though thou goest out.*)

*Albinus say:*

*Albi.* What loytring fellow haue we spied here? 175  
 Presume not, villaine, further for to go,  
 Vnles you do at length the same repent.

*Alphonsus comes towards Albinus.*

*Alphon.* 'Villain' saist thou? nay, 'vilain' in thy throat:  
 What knowst thou, skipiack, whom thou vilain calst?

*Albi.* A common vassall I do villaine call. 180

*Alphon.* That shall thou soone approoue, persuaue thy self,  
 Or else Ile die, or thou shalt die for me.

*Albi.* What, do I dreame, or do my dazeling eies  
 Deceiue me? Ist *Alphonsus* that I see?  
 Doth now *Medea* vse her wonted charmes 185  
 For to delude *Albinus* fantasie?

Or doth black *Pluto*, King of darke *Auerne*,  
 Seeke <for> to flout me with his counterfait?  
 His bodie like to *Alphonsus* framed is;  
 His face resembles much *Alphonsus* hewe; 190

His noble mind declares him for no les<s>  
 Tis he indeed. Wo worth *Albinus*,  
 Whose babling tong hath causde his owne annoy.  
 Why doth not *Ioue* send from the glittring skies  
 His Thunderbolts to chastice this offence? 195

168 orison *Dyce*: horizons *Q*      *S. D.* *Alphonsus . . . out not ital., as part*  
*of text Q*      188 for *conj. Dyce*

Why doth dame *Terra* cease with greedie iawes  
To swallow vp *Albinus* presently?

What, shall I flie and hide my trayterous head,  
From stout *Alphonsus* whom I so misusde?

Or shall I yeeld? Tush, yeelding is in vaine:

200

Nor can I flie, but he will follow me.

Then cast thy selfe downe at his graces feete,

Confesse thy fault, and readie make thy brest

To entertaine thy well deserued death.

*Albinus kneeles downe.*

*Alph.* What newes, my friend? why are you so blanke,  
That earst before did vaunt it to the skies?

205

*Albi.* Pardon, deare Lord! *Albinus* pardon craues

For this offence, which, by the heauens I vowe,

Vnwisittingly I did vnto your grace;

For had I knowne *Alphonsus* had bene here,

210

Ere that my tongue had spoke so trayterously,

This hand should make my very soule to die.

*Alphon.* Rise vp, my friend, thy pardon soon is got:

*Albinus rises vp.*

But, prithie, tell me what the cause might be,

That in such sort thou erst vpbraidest me?

215

*Albi.* Most mightie Prince, since first your fathers sire

Did yeeld his ghost vnto the sisters three,

And olde *Carinus* forced was to flie

His natie soyle and royall Diadem,

I, for because I seemed to complaine

220

Against their treason, shortly was forewarnd

Nere more to haunt the bounds of *Aragon*,

On paine of death; then like a man forlorne,

I sought about to find some resting place,

And at the length did happe vpon this shore,

225

Where shewing forth my cruell banishment,

By King *Belinus* I am succoured.

But now, my Lord, to answere your demaund:

It happens so, that the vsurping King

Of *Aragon*, makes warre vpon this land

230

- For certaine tribute which he claymeth heere:  
 Wherefore *Belinus* sent me round about  
 His Countrey for to gather vp 〈his〉 men  
 For to withstand this most iniurious foe;  
 Which being done, returning with the King, 235  
 Dispightfully I did so taunt your grace,  
 Imagining you had some souldier bene,  
 The which, for feare, had sneaked from the campe.
- Alphon.* Inough, *Albinus*, I do know thy mind:  
 But may it be that these thy happie newes 240  
 Should be of truth, or haue you forged them?
- Albi.* The gods forbid that ere *Albinus* tongue  
 Should once be found to forge a fayned tale,  
 Especially vnto his soueraigne Lord:  
 But if *Alphonsus* thinke that I do faine, 245  
 Stay here a while, and you shall plainely see  
 My words be true, when as you do perceiue  
 Our royall armie march before your face;  
 The which, if please my Noble Lord to stay,  
 Ile hasten on with all the speed I may. 250
- Alphon.* Make haste, *Albinus*, if you loue my life:  
 But yet beware, when as your Armie comes,  
 You do not make as though you do me know,  
 For I a while a souldier base will be,  
 Vntill I finde time more conuenient 255  
 To shew, *Albinus*, what is mine intent.
- Albi.* What ere *Alphonsus* fittest doth esteeme,  
*Albinus* for his profit best will deeme. *Exit.*
- Alphon.* Now do I see both Gods and fortune too  
 Do ioyne their powers to raise *Alphonsus* fame: 260  
 For in this broyle I do not greatly doubt  
 But that I shall my Couzens courage tame.  
 But see whereas *Belinus* Armie comes,  
 And he him selfe, vnlesse I gesse awrie:  
 Who ere it be, I do not passe a pinne, 265  
*Alphonsus* meanes his souldier for to be. 〈*He stands aside.*〉



〈SCENE II. *The Camp of Belinus.*〉

*Enter Belinus King of Naples, Albinus, Fabius, marching with their souldiers 〈and make a stand〉.*

*Beli.* Thus farre, my Lords, wee trained haue our Campe  
 For to encounter haughtie *Arragon*,  
 Who with a mightie power of stragling mates  
 Hath trayterously assayled this our land, 270  
 And burning Townes, and sacking Cities faire,  
 Doth play the diuell where some ere he comes.  
 Now, as we are informed of our Scoutes,  
 He marcheth on vnto our cheefest Seate,  
*Naples*, I meane, that Citie of renowne, 275  
 For to begirt it with his bands about:  
 And so at length, the which high *Ioue* forbid,  
 To sacke the same, as earst he other did.  
 If which should happe, *Belinus* were vndone,  
 His countrey spoyld, and all his subiects slaine. 280  
 Wherefore your Soueraigne thinketh it most meet  
 For to preuent the furie of the foe,  
 And *Naples* succour, that distressed Towne,  
 By entring in, ere *Aragon* doth come,  
 With all our men, which will sufficient be 285  
 For to withstand their cruell batterie.

*Albi.* The sillie serpent, found by Country swaine,  
 And cut in pieces by his furious blowes,  
 Yet if her head do scape away vntoucht,  
 As many write, it very stranglye goes 290  
 To fetch an herbe, with which in litle time  
 Her battered corpes againe she doth conioyne:  
 But if by chance the ploughmans sturdie staffe  
 Do happe to hit vpon the Serpents head,  
 And bruse the same, though all the rest be sound, 295  
 Yet doth the Sillie Serpent lie for dead,  
 Nor can the rest of all her body serue  
 To finde a salue which may her life preserue.  
 Euen so, my Lord, if *Naples* once be lost,  
 Which is the head of all your graces land, 300

Easie it were for the malicious foe  
 To get the other Cities in their hand :  
 But if from them that *Naples* Towne be free,  
 I do not doubt but safe the rest shall bee.  
 And therefore, Mightie King, I thinke it best,  
 To succour *Naples* rather than the rest.

305

*Beli.* Tis brauely spoken; by my Crowne I sweare,  
 I like thy counsell, and will follow it.

*Point toward Alphonsus.*

But harke, *Albinus*, dost thou know the man,  
 That doth so closely ouerthwart vs stand?

310

*Albi.* Not I, my Lord, nor neuer saw him yet.

*Beli.* Then, prithee, goe, and aske him presently,  
 What countrey man he is, and why he comes  
 Into this place? perhaps he is some one,  
 That is sent hither as a secret spie  
 To heare and see in secret what we do.

315

*Albinus and Fabius go toward Alphonsus.*

*Albi.* My friend, what art thou, that so like a spie  
 Dost sneake about *Belinus* royall Campe?

*Alphon.* I am a man.

*Fabi.* A man? we know the same:

320

But prithee, tell me, and set scoffing by,  
 What country man thou art, and why you come,  
 That we may soone resolute the King thereof?

*Alphon.* Why, say, I am a souldier.

*Fabi.* Of whose band?

325

*Alphon.* Of his that will most wages to me giue.

*Fabi.* But will you be

Content to serue *Belinus* in his wars?

*Alphon.* I, if he'll reward me as I do deserue,  
 And grant what ere I winne, it shall be mine  
 Incontinent.

330

*Albi.* Beleeue me, sir, your seruice costly is:

But stay a while, and I will bring you word  
 What King *Belinus* sayes vnto the same.

327, 328 But . . . wars as in *Dyce*, one line in *Q* 329 he'll *Dyce* (who also gives a separate line to I): he will *Q* 330, 331 And . . . incontinent as in *Dyce*, one line in *Q*

(Albinus *go towards* Belinus.)*Beli.* What newes, *Albinus*? who is that we see? 335*Albi.* It is, my Lord, a souldier that you see,  
Who faine would serue your grace in these your warres,  
But that, I feare, his seruice is too deare.*Beli.* Too deare, why so? what doth the souldier craue?*Albi.* He craues, my Lord, all things that with his sword 340  
He doth obtaine, what euer that they be*Beli.* Content, my friend; if thou wilt succour me,  
What ere you get, that challenge as thine owne,  
Belinus giues it franckly vnto thee,  
Although it be the Crowne of *Aragon*. 345Come on, therefore, and let vs hie apace  
To *Naples* Towne, whereas by this I know  
Our foes haue pitcht their tents against our walles.*Alphon.* March on, my Lord, for I will follow you,  
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long, 350  
I shall obtaine the Crowne of *Aragon*.*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## OF THE HISTORIE OF ALPHONSVS.

*Enter* Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, Alphonsus, *with the souldier; as soone  
as they are in, strike vp alarum a while, and then enter* Venus.

## 〈PROLOGVE.〉

*Venus.* Thus from the pit of pilgrimes pouertie  
*Alphonsus* ginnes by step and step to climbe  
Vnto the toppe of friendly Fortunes wheele:  
From banisht State, as you haue plainely seene, 355  
He is transformed into a souldier's life,  
And marcheth in the Ensigne of the King  
Of worthy *Naples*, which *Belinus* hight;  
Not for because that he doth loue him so,  
But that he may reuenge him on his foe. 360  
Now on the toppe of lustie barbed steed

S. D. Belinus *Dyce*: Alphonsus *Q*, which also prints this S. D. as part of  
*Alb.'s preceding speech* 349-51 Assigned to Belinus in *Q* S. D.  
*printed at end of Act I in Q*

He mounted is, in glittering Armour clad,  
 Seeking about the troupes of *Aragon*,  
 For to encounter with his traiterous Neece.  
 How he doth speed, and what doth him befall, 365  
 Marke this our Act, for it doth shew it all.

*Exit Venus.*

〈SCENE I. *A Battle Field.*〉

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Flaminius at one doore, Alphonsus at another: they fight; Alphonsus kill Flaminius, and say:—*

*Alphon.* Go packe thou hence vnto the *Stigian* lake,  
 And make report vnto thy trayterous sire  
 How well thou hast enioyed the Diadem  
 Which he by treason set vpon thy head. 370  
 And if he aske thee who did send thee downe,  
*Alphonsus* say, who now must weare thy Crowne.

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Laelius, who seeing that his King is slaine, vpbraides Alphonsus in this sort.*

*Laeli.* Traytor, how darest thou looke me in the face,  
 Whose mightie King thou trayterously hast slaine?  
 What, dost thou thinke *Flaminius* hath no friends 375  
 For to reuenge his death on thee againe?  
 Yes, be you sure that, ere you scape from hence,  
 Thy gasping ghost shall beare him companie,  
 Or else my selfe, fighting for his defence,  
 Will be content by those thy hands to die. 380

*Alphon.* *Laelius*, fewe words would better thee become,  
 Especially as now the case doth stand:  
 And diddest thou know whom thou dost threaten thus,  
 We should you haue more calmer out of hand:  
 For, *Laelius*, know that I *Alphonsus* am, 385  
 The sonne and heire to olde *Carinus*, whom  
 The trayterous father of *Flaminius*  
 Did secretly bereaue his Diadem.  
 But see the iust reuenge of mightie *Ioue*!  
 The father dead, the sonne is likewise slaine 390  
 By that mans hand who they did count as dead,  
 Yet doth suruiue to wear the Diadem,  
 When they themselues accompany the ghosts  
 Which wander round about the *Stigian* fieldes.

*Laelius gaze vpon Alphonsus.*

Muse not hereat, for it is true, I say, 395

I am *Alphonsus*, whom thou hast misusde.

⟨*Laelius.*⟩ The man whose death I did so oft lament?

*Kneele down.*

Then pardon me for these vncurteous words,

The which I in my rage did vtter forth,

Prickt by the dutie of a loyall mind: 400

Pardon, *Alphonsus*, this my first offence,

And let me die if ere I flight againe.

*Alphon.* *Laelius*, I faine would pardon this offence,

And eke accept thee to my grace againe,

But that I feare that, when I stand in need 405

And want your helpe, you will your Lord betray:

How say you, *Laelius*, may I trust to thee?

*Laelius.* I, noble Lord, by all the Gods I vowe;

For first shall heauens want stars, and foming seas

Want watry drops, before Ile traytor be 410

Vnto *Alphonsus*, whom I honour so.

*Alphon.* Well then, arise; and for because Ile trie

If that thy words and deeds be both alike,

Go haste and fetch the youthes of *Aragon*,

Which now I heare haue turned their heeles and fled; 415

Tell them your chance, and bring them back again

Into this wood; where in ambushment lie,

Vntill I send or come for you myselfe.

*Laelius.* I will, my Lord.

*Exit Laelius.*

*Alphon.* Full little thinks *Belinus* and his Peeres 420

What thoughts *Alphonsus* casteth in his mind;

For if they did, they would not greatly haste

To pay the same the which they promist me.

*Enter Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, with their souldiers, marching.*

*Beli.* Like simple sheep, when shepheard absent is

Farre from his flock, assaild by greedie wolues, 425

Do scattring flie about, some here, some there,

To keepe their bodies from their rauening iawes,



So do the fearefull youths of *Aragon*  
 Run round about the greene and pleasant plaines,  
 And hide their heads from Neapolitans: 430

Such terror haue their strong and sturdie blowes  
 Strooke to their hearts, as for a world of gold  
 I warrant you they will not come againe.  
 But, noble Lords, where is the Knight become  
 Which made the blood besprinkle all the place 435  
 Whereas he did encounter with his foe?

My friend *Albinus*, know you where he is?

*Albi.* Not I, my Lord, for since in thickest rankes  
 I sawe him chase *Flaminius* at the heeles,  
 I neuer yet could set mine eyes on him. 440

*Albinus spies out Alphonsus, and shewes him to Belinus.*

But see, my Lord, whereas the warriour stands,  
 Or else my sight doth faile me at this time.

*Beli.* Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,  
 Hath slaine the King, or else some other Lord:  
 For well I wot, a carkas I do see 445  
 Hard at his feete, lie strugling on the ground.

*Belinus and Albinus go towards Alphonsus.*

Come on, *Albinus*, we will trie the truth.

*Belinus say to Alphonsus.*

Haile to the noble victor of our foes.

*Alphon.* Thanks, mightie Prince, but yet I seek not this,  
 It is not words must recompence my paine, 450  
 But deeds: when first I tooke vp Armes for you,  
 Your promise was, what ere my sword did winne  
 In fight, as his *Alphonsus* should it craue.

*Shewe Belinus Flaminius, who lyeth all this while dead at his feete.*

See then where lies thy foe *Flaminius*,  
 Whose Crowne my sword hath conquered in the field: 455  
 Therefore, *Belinus*, make no long delay,  
 But that discharge you promist for to pay.

*Beli.* Will nothing else satisfie thy conquering mind  
 Besides the Crowne? Well, since thou hast it wonne,  
 Thou shalt it haue, though farre against my will. 460

*Alphonsus sit in the Chaire ; Belinus takes the Crowne off of Flaminius head, and puts it on that of Alphonsus.*

Here doth *Belinus* Crowne thee with his hand  
The King of *Aragon*. What, are you please?

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes within.*

*Alphon.* Not so, *Belinus*, till you promise me  
All things belonging to the royall Crowne  
Of *Aragon*, and make your Lordings sweare 465  
For to defend me to their vtmost power  
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.

*Beli.* Marke, what belonged erst vnto the Crowne  
Of *Aragon*, that challenge as thine owne ;  
*Belinus* giues it franckly vnto thee, 470  
And sweares by all the powers of glittering skies  
To do my best for to maintaine the same :  
So that it be not preiudiciall  
Vnto mine honour, or my Countrey soyle.

*Albi.* And by the sacred seate of mightie *Ioue* 475  
*Albinus* sweares that first heele die the death,  
Before heele see *Alphonsus* suffer wrong.

*Fabi.* What erst *Albinus* vowd we ioyntly vow.

*Alphon.* Thanks, mightie Lords, but yet I greatly feare  
That very fewe will keepe the oathes they sweare. 480  
But what, *Belinus*, why stand you so long,  
And cease from offering homage vnto me?  
What, know you not that I thy soueraigne am,  
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,  
And now confirmed by your solemne oathes? 485  
Feed not thy selfe with fond perswasions,  
But presently come yeeld thy Crowne to me,  
And do me homage, or by heauens I sweare  
Ile force thee to it maugre all thy traine.

*Beli.* How now, base brat! what, are thy wits thine owne, 490  
That thou darest thus abraide me in my land?  
Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,  
Or else by *Ioue* Ile make thee to repent  
That ere thou settest thy foote in *Naples* soyle.

471 sweares *Dyce*: sweare *Q*

*Alph.* 'Base brat,' sayest thou? as good a man as thou. 495  
 But say I came but of a base descent,  
 My deeds shall make my glory for to shine  
 As cleare as *Luna* in a winters night.  
 But, for because thou braggest so of thy birth,  
 Ile see how it shall profit thee anon. 500

*Fabi.* *Alphonsus*, cease from these thy threatning words,  
 And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,  
 Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.

*Alphon.* How now, sir boy, wil you be pratling too?  
 Tis best for thee to hold thy tatling tongue, 505  
 Vnlesse I send some one to scourge thy breech;  
 Why, then, I see, tis time to looke about,  
 When euery boy *Alphonsus* dares controll:  
 But be they sure, ere *Phoebus* golden beames  
 Have compassed the circle of the skie, 510  
 Ile clog their toongs, since nothing else will serue  
 To keep those vilde and threatning speeches in.  
 Farwell, *Belinus*, loke thou to thy selfe:  
*Alphonsus* meanes to haue thy Crowne ere night.

*Exit Alphonsus.*

*Beli.* What, is he gone? the diuel break his necke, 515  
 The fiends of hell torment his traiterous corpes.  
 Is this the quittance of *Belinus* grace,  
 Which he did shewe vnto that thankles wretch,  
 That runnagate, that rachell, yea, that theefe?  
 For well I wot, he hath robd me of a Crowne. 520  
 If euer he had sprung from gentle blood,  
 He would not thus misuse his fauourer.

*Albi.* 'That runnagate,' 'that rachel,' 'yea, that thief'?  
 Stay there, sir King, your mouth runnes ouer much;  
 It ill becomes the subiect for to vse 525  
 Such trayterous termes against his soueraigne,  
 Know thou, *Belinus*, that *Carinus* sonne  
 Is neither rachel, <no>, nor runnagate.  
 But be thou sure that ere the darksome night  
 Do driue God *Phoebus* to his *Thetis* lap, 530

519 rakehell *Dyce* here and in ll. 523 and 528: in all three places rachell  
 or rachel Q 524 there *Dyce*: their Q 528 no *Ed.*: a runagate conj. *Dyce*

Both thou and all the rest of this thy traine,  
Shall well repent the words which you haue saine.

*Beli.* What, traiterous villain, dost thou threaten me?

Lay hold on him, and see he do not scape;

Ile teach the slaue to know to whom he speakes. 535

⟨*Albi.*⟩ To thee I speake, and to thy fellowes all:

And though as now you haue me in your power,

Yet doubt I not but that in little space

These eyes shall see thy treason recompens:

And then I meane to vaunt our victorie. 540

*Beli.* Nay, proud *Albinus*, neuer build on that,

For though the Gods do chance for to appoynt

Alphonsus victor of *Belinus* land,

Yet shalt thou neuer liue to see that day;—

And therefore, *Fabius*, stand not ling(e)ring, 545

But presently slash off his trayterous head.

*Albi.* Slash off his head? as though *Albinus* head

Were then so easie to be slashed off.

In faith, sir, no; when you are gone and dead,

I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring. 550

*Beli.* Why, how now, *Fabius*? what, do you stand in doubt

To do the deed? what feare you? who dares seeke

For to reuenge his death on thee againe,

Since that *Belinus* did commaund it so?

Or are you waxt so daintie, that you dare 555

Not vse your sword for staining of your hands?

If it be so, then let me see thy sword,

And I will be his butcher for this time.

*Fabius giue Belinus thy sword drawne; Belinus say as followeth.*

Now, sir *Albinus*, are you of the minde

That erst you were? what, do you looke to see 560

And triumph in *Belinus* ouerthrow?

I hope the very sight of this my blade

Hath chaungde your minde into an other tune.

*Albi.* Not so, *Belinus*, I am constant still;

My minde is like to the Asbeston stone, 565

Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire,

536-40 *Albi. Dyce: continued to Belinus Q*

565 *Abeston Q*

540 our *Dyce: of our Q*

Denieth to becommen colde againe.

Euen so am I, and shall be till I die ;

And though I should see *Atropos* appeare,

With knife in hand, to slit my threed in twaine, 570

Yet nere *Albinus* should perswaded be

But that *Belinus* he should vanquisht see.

*Beli.* Nay, then, *Albinus* since that words are vaine

For to perswade you from this heresie :

This sword shall sure put you out of doubt. 575

*Belinus offers to strike off Albinus head: strike vp alarum; enter Alphonsus and his men; flie Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonsus and Albinus.*

### 〈SCENE II.〉

*Enter Laelius, Miles, and his seruants.*

*Laeli.* My noble Lords of *Aragon*, I know

You wonder much what might the occasion be

That *Laelius*, which earst did flie the field,

Doth egge you forwards now vnto the warres ;

But when you heare my reason, out of doubt 580

Yowle be content with this my rash attempt.

When first our King, *Flaminius* I do meane,

Did set vpon the Neapolitans,

The worst of you did know and plainly see

How farre they were vnable to withstand 585

The mightie forces of our royall Campe,

Vntill such time as froward fates we thought,—

Although the fates ordaind it for our gaine,—

Did send a straunger stout, whose sturdie blowes

And force alone did cause our ouer throw. 590

But to our purpose ; this same martiall Knight

Did hap to hit vpon *Flaminius*,

And lent our King then such a friendly blow

As that his gasping ghost to Lymbo went :

Which when I sawe, and seeking to reuenge, 595

My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize

As neuer King nor Keisar got the like.

*Mi.* *Laelius*, of force we must confesse to thee,

567 Denieth Dyce : Deineth Q S. D. Enter, &c. printed in Q as part  
of the S. D. which ends Sc. I Miles Dyce : Micos Q



We wondred all, when as you did perswade  
 Vs to returne vnto the warres againe ; 600  
 But since our maruell is increased much  
 By these your words, which sound of happinesse,  
 Therefore, good *Laelius*, make no tarrying,  
 But soone vnfolde thy happie chaunce to vs.

*Lae.* Then, friends and fellow souldiers, hark to me. 605  
 When *Laelius* thought for to reuenge his King  
 On that same Knight, in steed of mortall foe  
 I found him for to be our cheefest friend.

*Mi.* Our cheefest friend? I hardly can beleëue 610  
 That he, which made such bloudie massacres  
 Of stout Italians, can in any poynt  
 Beare friendship to the Countrey or the King.

*Lae.* As for your King, *Miles*, I hold with you,  
 He beare no friendship to *Flaminius*,  
 But hated him as bloudie *Atropos*. 615  
 But for your countrey, *Laelius* doth auowe  
 He loues as well as any other land :

Yea sure he loues it best of all the world :  
 And, for because you shall not thinke that I  
 Do say the same without a reason why, 620  
 Know that the Knight *Alphonsus* hath to name,  
 Both Sonne and heire to olde *Carinus*, whom  
*Flaminius*' sire bereaued of his Crowne :

Who did not seeke the ruine of our host  
 For any enuie he did beare to vs, 625  
 But to reuenge him on his mortall foe ;  
 Which by the helpe of high celestiall *Ioue*  
 He hath atchieu'd with honour in the field.

*Mi.* *Alphonsus*, man? Ile nere perswaded be  
 That ere *Alphonsus* may suruiue againe, 630  
 Who with *Carinus* many yeares agoe  
 Was said to wander in the *Stigian* fieldes.

*Laeli.* Truth, Noble *Miles* : these mine eares haue heard,  
 For certaintie reported vnto me,  
 That olde *Carinus* with his peerlesse sonne 635  
 Had felt the sharpnesse of the sisters' sheeres ;  
 And had I not of late *Alphonsus* seene  
 In good estate, though all the world should say

He is aliue, I would not credit them :

But, fellow souldiers, wend you backe with me, 640

And let us lurke within the secret shade

Which he himselfe appointed vnto vs :

And if you find my words to be vntroth,

Then let me die to recompence the wrong.

*Strike vp alarum : Enter Albinus with his sword drawne, and say—*

*Albi. Laelius*, make haste : souldiers of *Aragon*, 645

Set lingring by, and come and helpe your King,

I meane *Alphonsus*, who, whilest that he did

Pursue *Belinus* at the very heeles,

Was suddenly enuironed about

With all the troupes of mightie *Millaine* land. 650

*Mi.* What newes is this? and is it very so?

Is our *Alphonsus* yet in humane state,

Whom all the world did iudge for to be dead?

Yet can I scarce giue credit to the same :

Giue credit? yes, and since the *Millain* Duke 655

Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,

Ere *Cynthia*, the shining lampe of night,

Doth scale the heauens with her horned head,

Both he and his shall very plainly see

The league is burst, that caused long the glee. 660

*Lae.* And could the traytor harbor in his brest

Such mortall treason gainst his soueraigne,

As when he should with fire and sword defend

Him from his foes, he seekes his ouerthrow?

March on, my friends : I nere shall ioy at all, 665

Vntill I see that bloudie traytor's fall.

*Exeunt.*

*Strike vp alarum : flie Belinus, follow Laelius : flie Fabius, follow Albinus : flie the Duke of Millaine, follow Miles.*

### ACT III.

#### ⟨PROLOGVE.⟩

*Strike vp alarum : Enter Venus.*

⟨*Venus.*⟩ No sooner did *Alphonsus* with his troupe

Set on the souldiers of *Belinus'* band,

But that the furie of his sturdie blowes

Did strike such terror to their daunted mindes 670  
 That glad was he which could escape away,  
 With life and limme, forth of that bloudie fray.  
*Belinus* flies vnto the Turkish soyle,  
 To craue the aide of *Amuracke* their King:  
 Vnto the which he willingly did consent, 675  
 And sends *Belinus*, with two other Kings,  
 To know god *Mahomet's* pleasure in the same:  
 Meane time the Empresse by *Medea's* helpe  
 Did vse such charmes that *Amuracke* did see,  
 In soundest sleepe, what afterward should hap. 680  
 How *Amuracke* did recompence her paine,  
 With mickle more, this Act shall shew you plaine.

*Exit Venus.*

〈SCENE I.〉

*Enter one, carrying two crownes vpon a Crest: Alphonsus, Albinus,  
 Laelius and Miles, with their souldiers.*

*Alph.* Welcome, braue youthes of *Aragon*, to me,  
 Yea welcome, *Miles*, *Laelius* and the rest,  
 Whose prowesse alone hath bene the onely cause 685  
 That we, like victors, haue subdued our foes.  
 Lord, what a pleasure was it to my minde  
 To see *Belinus*, which not long before  
 Did with his threatnings terrifie the Gods,  
 Now scudde apace from warlike *Laelius'* blowes. 690  
 The Duke of *Millaine*, he increast our sport,  
 Who doubting that his force was ouerweake  
 For to withstand, *Miles*, thy sturdie arme,  
 Did give more credence to his frisking skippes  
 Then to the sharpnesse of his cutting blade. 695  
 What *Fabius* did to pleasure vs withall,  
*Albinus* knows as well as I my selfe:  
 For well I wot, if that thy tyred steed  
 Had bene as fresh and swift in foote as his,  
 He should haue felt, yea knowne for certaintie, 700  
 To checke *Alphonsus* did deserue to die.  
 Breefly, my friends and fellow peeres in armes,  
 The worst of you deserue such mickle praise

692 Who *sugg. Dyce*: When *Q*      703 deserue *Dyce*: doo deserue *Q*

As that my tongue denies for to set forth  
 The demie parcell of your valiant deeds; 705  
 So that, perforce, I must by dutie be  
 Bound to you all for this your curtesie.

*Mi.* Not so, my Lord; for if our willing armes  
 Haue pleased you so much as you do say,  
 We haue done nought but that becommeth vs 710  
 For to defend our mightie soueraigne.  
 As for my part, I count my labour small,  
 Yea though it had bene twice as much againe,  
 Since that *Alphonsus* doth accept thereof.

*Alphon.* Thanks, worthie *Miles*: least <that> all the world 715  
 Should count *Alphonsus* thanklesse for to be,  
*Laelius* sit downe, and *Miles* sit by him,  
 And that receiue the which your swords haue wonne.

*Sit downe Laelius and Miles.*

First, for because thou, *Laelius*, in these broyles,  
 By martiall might, didst proude *Belinus* chase 720  
 From troupe to troupe, from side to side about,  
 And neuer ceast from this thy swift pursute  
 Vntill thou hadst obtain'd his royall Crowne,  
 Therefore, I say, Ile do thee nought but right,  
 And giue thee that <the> which thou well hast wonne. 725

*Set the Crowne on his head.*

Here doth *Alphonsus* Crowne thee, *Laelius*, King  
 Of *Naples* Towne, with all dominions  
 That earst belonged to our trayterous foe,  
 That proud *Belinus*, in his regiment.

*Sound trumpets and Drummes.*

*Miles*, thy share the *Millaine* Dukedome is, 730  
 For, well I wot, thy sword deseru'd no lesse;

*Set the Crowne on his head.*

The which *Alphonsus* frankly giueth thee,  
 In presence of his warlike men at armes;  
 And if that any stomacke this my deed,  
 Alphonsus can reuenge thy wrong with speed. 735

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

715 lest that *conj. Walker*: but lest *conj. Dyce* 725 the *conj. Walker*

Now to *Albinus*, which in all my toyles  
 I haue both faithfull, yea, and friendly found:  
 Since that the gods and friendly Fates assigne  
 This present time to me to recompence  
 The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,  
 Sit downe by them, and on thy faithfull head

*Take the Crowne from thy owne head.*

Receiue the Crowne of peerlesse *Aragon*.

*Albi.* Pardon, deare Lord, *Albinus* at this time;  
 It ill becomes me for to weare a Crowne  
 When as my Lord is destitute him selfe.  
 Why, high *Alphonsus*, if I should receiue  
 This Crowne of you, the which high *Ioue* forbid,  
 Where would your selfe obtaine a Diadem?  
*Naples* is gone, *Millaine* possessed is,  
 And nought is left for you but *Aragon*.

*Alphon.* And nought is left for me but *Aragon*?  
 Yes, surely, yes, my Fates have so decreed,  
 That *Aragon* should be too base a thing  
 For to obtaine *Alphonsus* for her King.  
 What, heare you not how that our scatter'd foes,  
*Belinus*, *Fabius*, and the *Millaine* Duke,  
 Are fled for succour to the *Turkish* Court?  
 And thinke you not that *Amurack* their King,  
 Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,  
 Seeke to reuenge *Belinus* ouerthrow?  
 Then doubt I not but, ere these broyles do end,  
*Alphonsus* shall possesse the Diadem  
 That *Amurack* now weares vpon his head.  
 Sit downe therefore, and that receiue of mee  
 The which the Fates appointed vnto thee.

*Albi.* Thou King of heauen, which by thy power diuine  
 Dost see the secrets of each liuers heart,  
 Beare record now with what vnwilling mind  
 I do receiue the Crowne of *Aragon*.

*Albinus sit downe by Laelius and Miles; Alphonsus set the Crowne  
 on his head, and say—*

*Alphon.* Arise, *Albinus*, King of *Aragon*,  
 Crowned by me, who, till my gasping ghost



Do part asunder from my breathlesse corpes,  
Will be thy shield against all men alieu  
That for thy Kingdome any way do striue.

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

Now since we haue, in such an happie houre, 775  
Confirmd three Kings, come, let vs march with speed  
Into the Citie, for to celebrate  
With mirth and ioy this blisfull festiuall.

*Exeunt omnes.*

{SCENE II. *Palace of Amurath at Constantinople.*}

*Enter Amurack the great Turke, Belinus, Fabius, Arcastus King of  
Moore, Claramount King of Barbery, Baiazet a Lord, with their  
train.*

*Anu.* Welcome, *Belinus*, to thy cosens Court,  
Whose late arriual in such posting pace 780  
Doth bring both ioy and sorrow to vs all:  
Sorrow, because the Fates haue bene so false,  
To let *Alphonsus* driue thee from thy land,  
And ioy, since that now mightie *Mahomet*  
Hath giuen me cause to recompence at full 785  
The sundry pleasures I receiu'd of thee.  
Therefore, *Belinus*, do but aske and haue,  
For *Amurack* doth grant what ere you craue.

*Beli.* Thou second Sun, which with thy glimsing beames  
Doest clarifie each corner of the earth, 790  
*Belinus* comes not, as earst *Mydas* did  
To mightie *Bacchus*, to desire of him  
That what so ere at any time he toucht  
Might turned be to gold incontinent.  
Nor do I come as *Iuppiter* did erst 795  
Vnto the Pallace of *Amphitrion*,  
For any fond or foule concupiscence,  
Which I do beare to *Alcumenaes* hew.  
But as poore *Saturne*, forst by mightie *Ioue*  
To flie his Countrey, banisht and forlorne, 800  
Did craue the aide of *Troos*, King of *Troy*,  
So comes *Belinus* to high *Amurack*:  
And if he can but once your aide obtaine,

He turnes with speed to *Naples* backe againe.

*Amu.* My aide, *Belinus*? do you doubt of that?

805

If all the men at armes of *Affrica*,

Of *Asia* likewise, will sufficient be

To presse the pompe of that vsurping mate,

Assure thy selfe, thy Kingdome shal be thine,

If *Mahomet* say I vnto the same:

810

For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,

And find such spoiles in ransacking their Tents

As neuer any Keisar did obtaine,

Yet would I not set foote forth of this land,

If *Mahomet* our iourney did withstand.

815

*Beli.* Nor would *Belinus*, for King *Croesus*' trash,

Wish *Amurack* {so} to displease the Gods,

In pleasuring me in such a trifling toy.

Then, mightie Monarch, if it be thy will,

Get their consents, and then the act fulfill.

820

*Amu.* You counsel well; therefore, *Belinus*, haste,

And, *Claramount*, go beare him companie,

With King *Arcastus*, to the Citie walles:

Then bend with speed vnto the darksome groue,

Where *Mahomet* this many a hundred yeare

825

Hath prophesied vnto our auncesters.

Tell to his Priests that *Amurack* your King

Is now selecting all his men at armes

To set vpon that proud *Alphonsus*' troupe.

The cause you know, and can enforme him well,

830

That makes me take these bloudie broyles in hand:

And say, that I desire their sacred God,

That *Mahomet* which ruleth all the skies,

To send me word, and that most speedely,

Which of vs shall obtaine the victory.

835

*Exeunt omnes, præter Baiazet and Amurack.*

You, *Baiazet*, go poste away apace

To *Siria*, *Scythia*, and *Albania*,

To *Babylon*, with *Mesopotamia*,

*Asia*, *Armenia*, and all other lands

Which owe their homage to high *Amurack*:

840

817 so conj. Dyce

830 him Q: them Dyce

Charge all their Kings with expedition  
 To gather vp the cheefest men at armes  
 Which now remaine in their dominions,  
 And on the twentie<th> day of the same month,  
 To come and wait on *Amurack* their King, 845  
 At his chiefe citie *Constantinople*.  
 Tell them, moreouer, that who so doth faile,  
 Nought else but death from prison shall him baile.

*Exit Baiazet.*

*As soone as he is gone, sound musicke within.*

What heauenly Musicke soundeth in my eare?  
 Peace, *Amurack*, and hearken to the same. 850

*Sound musicke, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleepe.*

*Enter Medea, Fausta the Emprise, Iphigina her daughter.*

*Medea.* Now haue our charmes fulfild our minds full well;  
 High *Amurack* is lulled fast a sleepe,  
 And doubt I not but, ere he wakes againe,  
 You shall perceiue *Medea* did not gibe,  
 When as she put this practise in your mind: 855  
 Sit, worthie *Fausta*, at thy spowse his feete.

*Fausta and Iphigina sit downe at Amuracks feete.*

*Iphigina,* sit thou on the other side:  
 What ere you see, be not agast thereat,  
 But beare in mind what *Amurack* doth chat.

*Medea do ceremonies belonging to coniuring, and say.*

Thou which wert wont in *Agamemnons* dayes 860  
 To vtter forth *Apolloes* Oracles  
 At sacred *Delphos*, *Calchas* I do meane,  
 I charge thee come; all lingring set aside,  
 Vnles the pennance you thereof abide.  
 I coniure thee by *Plutoes* loathsome lake, 865  
 By all the hags which harbour in the same,  
 By stinking *Stix*, and filthie *Flegeton*,  
 To come with speed, and truly to fulfill  
 That which *Medea* to thee streight shall will.

*Rise Calchas vp, in a white surplice and a Cardinals Myter, and say.*

*Cal.* Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make an end 870

844 twentieth *Dyce*: twentieth *Q* S.D. *surplice*] Cirples *Q*

Of troubling vs with these thy cursed Charmes?  
 What meanst thou thus to call me from my graue?  
 Shall nere my ghost obtaine his quiet rest?

*Me.* Yes, *Calchas*, yes, your rest doth now approach;

*Medea* meanes to trouble thee no more, 875

When as thou hast fulfilled her mind this once.

Go, get thee hence to *Pluto* backe againe,

And there enquire of the Destinies

How *Amurack* shall speed in these his warres:

Peruse their bookes, and marke what is decreed 880

By *Ioue* himselfe, and all his fellow Gods:

And when thou knowst the certaintie thereof,

By fleshlesse visions shewe it presently

To *Amuracke*, in paine of penaltie.

*Cal.* Forst by thy charme, though with vnwilling Minde, 885

I hast to hell, the certaintie to finde.

*Calchas sinke downe where you came vp.*

*Me.* Now, peerles Princes, I must needs be gon;

My hastie businesse calls me from this place.

There resteth nought, but that you beare in minde

What *Amuracke* in this his fit doth say: 890

For marke, what dreaming, Madam, he doth prate,

Assure your selfe, that that shalbe his fate.

*Fau.* Though very loth to let thee so depart,

Farewell, *Medea*, easer of my hart. *Exit Medea.*

*Sound Instruments within: Amurack as it were in a dreame, say.*

*Amu.* What, *Amurack*, doest thou begin to nod? 895

Is this the care that thou hast of thy warres?

As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,

To egge thy souldiers forward in thy warres,

Thou sittest moping by the fireside?

See where thy Vicerioies grouell on the ground; 900

Looke where *Belinus* breatheth forth his ghost;

Behold by millions how thy men do fall

Before *Alphonsus*, like to sillie sheepe.

And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?

No, proud *Alphonsus*, *Amurack* doth flie 905

To quaille thy courage, and that speedilie.

*Sound Instruments a while within, and then Amuracke say.*

And doest thou think, thou proud iniurious God,  
*Mahound* I meane, since thy vaine prophesies  
 Led *Amurack* into this dolefull case,  
 To haue his Princely feete in irons clapt, 910  
 Which erst the proudest kings were forst to kisse,  
 That thou shalt scape vnpunisht for the same?  
 No, no, as soone as by the helpe of *Ioue*  
 I scape this bondage, downe go all thy groues,  
 Thy alters tumble round about the streets, 915  
 And whereas erst we sacrificde to thee,  
 Now all the *Turks* thy mortall foes shall bee.

*Sound Instruments a while within, Amuracke say.*

Behold the Iemme and Iewel of mine age,  
 See where she comes, whose heauenly maiestie  
 Doth far surpasse the braue and gorgeous pace 920  
 Which *Cytherea*, daughter vnto *Ioue*,  
 Did put in vre when as she had obtaind  
 The golden Apple at the shepheards hands.  
 See, worthie *Fausta*, where *Alphonsus* stands,  
 Whose valiant courage could not daunted be 925  
 With all the men at armes of *Affrica*;  
 See now he stands, as one that lately sawe  
*Medusa's* head, or *Gorgons* hoarie hue.

*Sound Instruments a while within, Amurack say.*

And can it be that it may happen so?  
 Can Fortune proue so friendly vnto me 930  
 As that *Alphonsus* loues *Iphigina*?  
 The match is made, the wedding is decreed.  
 Sound trumpets, ho! strike drums for mirth and glee:  
 And three times welcome sonne in lawe to mee.

*Fausta rise vp as it were in a furie, wake Amuracke, and say.*

*Fau.* Fie, *Amurack*, what wicked words be these? 935  
 How canst thou looke thy *Fausta* in her face,  
 Whom thou hast wronged in this shamefull sort?  
 And are the vowes so solemnely you sware



Vnto *Belinus*, my most friendly neece,  
 Now washt so clearly from thy traiterous heart? 940  
 Is all the rancor which you earst did beare  
 Vnto *Alphonsus* worne so out of mind,  
 As, where thou shouldest pursue him to <the> death,  
 You seeke to giue our daughter to his hands?  
 The Gods forbid that such a hainous deed 945  
 With my consent should euer be decreed:  
 And rather then thou shouldst it bring to passe,  
 If all the armie of *Amazones*  
 Will be sufficient to withhold the same,  
 Assure thy selfe that *Fausta* meanes to fight 950  
 'Gainst *Amuracke*, for to maintaine the right.

*Iphi.* Yea, mother, say,—which *Mahomet* forbid,—  
 That in this conflict you should haue the foyle,  
 Ere that *Alphonsus* should be cald my spowse,  
 This heart, this hand, yea, and this blade, should be 955  
 A readier meanes to finish that decree.

*Amuracke rise in a rage from thy chaire.*

*Amu.* What threatning words thus thunder in mine eares?  
 Or who are they amongst the mortall troupes,  
 That dares presume to vse such threats to me?  
 The prowdest Kings and Keisers of the land 960  
 Are glad to feed me in my fantasie:  
 And shall I suffer, then, each pratling dame  
 For to vpbraide me in this spightfull sort?  
 No, by the heauens, first will I lose my Crowne,  
 My wife, my children, yea, my life and all: 965  
 And therefore, *Fausta*, thou which *Amuracke*  
 Did tender erst, as the apple of mine eye,  
 Auoyd my Court, and if thou lou'st thy life,  
 Approach not nigh vnto my regiment.  
 As for this carping gyrl *Iphigina*, 970  
 Take her with thee to beare thee company,  
 And in my land, I reede, be seene no more,  
 For if you do, you both shall die therefore.

*Exit Amurack.*

*Fau.* Nay, then, I see, tis time to looke about,

Delay is dangerous, and procureth harme: 975  
 The wanton colt is tamed in his youth :  
 Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and greene ;  
 And plurisies, when they begin to breed,  
 With little care are driuen away with speed.  
 Had *Fausta* then, when *Amuracke* begunne 980  
 With spightfull speeches to controll and checke,  
 Sought to preuent it by her martiall force,  
 This banishment had neuer hapt to me.  
 But the *Echinus*, fearing to be goard,  
 Doth keepe her younglings in her paunch so long, 985  
 Till, when their prickles be waxen long and sharpe,  
 They put their damme at length to double paine :  
 And I, because I loathed the broyles of *Mars*,  
 Bridled my thoughts, and pressed downe my rage ;  
 In recompence of which my good intent 990  
 I have receiu'd this wofull banishment.  
 Wofull, said I? nay, happie I did meane,  
 If that be happie which doth set one free :  
 For by this meanes I do not doubt ere long  
 But *Fausta* shall with ease reuenge her wrong. 995  
 Come, daughter, come : my minde foretellet me  
 That *Amuracke* shall soone requited be.

⟨*Exeunt.*⟩

⟨SCENE III. *A Groue.*⟩

⟨*Enter Fausta with Iphigina ; Medea meete her and say.*⟩

*Me. Fausta*, what meanes this sudden flight of yours?  
 Why do you leaue your husbands princely Court,  
 And all alone passe through these thickest groues, 1000  
 More fit to harbour brutish sauadge beasts  
 Then to receiue so high a Queene as you?  
 Although your credit would not stay your steps  
 From bending them into these darkish dennes,  
 Yet should the daunger, which is imminent 1005

979 care *Dyce* : ease *Q* 997, 8 *Between these lines Q has only this S. D. :*  
 ‘ Make as though you were a going out, *Medea* meete her and say.’

To euery one which passeth by these pathes,  
 Keepe you at home with fayre *Iphigina*.  
 What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?  
 I greatly feare some hap hath hit amis.

*Fau.* No toy, *Medea*, tickled *Fausta's* head, 1010  
 Nor foolish fancie ledde me to these groues,  
 But earnest businesse egges my trembling steps  
 To passe all dangers, what so ere they be.  
 I banisht am, *Medea*, I, which erst  
 Was Empresse ouer all the triple world, 1015  
 Am banisht now from pallace and from pompe.  
 But if the Gods be fauourers to me,  
 Ere twentie dayes I will reuenged be.

*Me.* I thought as much, when first from thickest leaues  
 I saw you trudging in such posting pace. 1020  
 But to the purpose: what may be the cause  
 Of this <so> strange and sudden banishment?

*Fau.* The cause, aske you? a simple cause, God wot:  
 'Twas neither treason, nor yet felonie,  
 But for because I blamde his foolishnes. 1025

*Me.* I heare you say so, but I greatly feare,  
 Ere that your tale be brought vnto an end,  
 Youle proue your selfe the author of the same.  
 But pray, be brieft, what follie did your spowse?  
 And how will you reuenge your wrong on him? 1030

*Fau.* What follie, quoth you? such as neuer yet  
 Was heard or seene, since *Phoebus* first gan shine.  
 You know how he was gathering in all haste  
 His men at armes, to set vpon the troupe  
 Of proude *Alphonsus*; yea, you well do know 1035  
 How you and I did do the best we could  
 To make him shew vs in his drowsie dreame  
 What afterward should happen in his warres.  
 Much talke he had, which now I have forgot.  
 But at the length, this surely was decreed, 1040  
 How that *Alphonsus* and *Iphigina*  
 Should be conioynd in *Iuno's* sacred rites.  
 Which when I heard, as one that did despise  
 That such a traytor should be sonne to me,

- I did rebuke my husband *Amuracke*: 1045  
 And since my words could take no better place,  
 My sword with helpe of all *Amazones*  
 Shall make him soone repent his foolishnes.
- Me.* This is the cause, then, of your banishment?  
 And now you go vnto *Amazone* 1050  
 To gather all your maydens in array,  
 To set vpon the mightie *Amuracke*?  
 Oh foolish Queene, what meant you by this talke?  
 Those prattling speeches haue vndone you all.  
 Do you disdaine to haue that mightie Prince, 1055  
 I meane *Alphonsus*, counted for your sonne?  
 I tell you, *Fausta*, he is borne to be  
 The ruler of a mightie Monarchie.  
 I must confesse the powers of *Amuracke*  
 Be great; his confines stretch both far and neare; 1060  
 Yet are they not the third part of the lands  
 Which shall be ruled by *Alphonsus* hands:  
 And yet you daine to call him sonne in law.  
 But when you see his sharpe and cutting sword  
 Piercing the heart of this your gallant gyrl, 1065  
 Youle curse the houre wherein you did denay  
 To ioyne *Alphonsus* with *Iphigina*.
- Fau.* The Gods forbid that ere it happen so.
- Me.* Nay, neuer pray, for it must happen so.
- Fau.* And is there, then, no remedie for it? 1070
- Me.* No, none but one, and that you have forsworn.
- Fau.* As though an oath can bridle so my minde  
 As that I dare not breake a thousand oathes  
 For to eschew the danger imminent.  
 Speake, good *Medea*, tell that way to me, 1075  
 And I will do it, what so ere it be.
- Me.* Then, as already you haue well decreed,  
 Packe to your countrey, and in readinesse  
 Select the armie of *Amazones*:  
 When you haue done, march with your female troupe 1080  
 To *Naples* Towne, to succour *Amuracke*:  
 And so, by marriage of *Iphigina*,  
 You soone shall driue the danger cleane away.
- Iphigi.* So shall we soone eschew *Caribdis* lake,

And headlong fall to *Syllaes* greedie gulph. 1085  
 I vowd before, and now do vow againe,  
 Before I wedde *Alphonsus*, Ile be slaine.  
*Me.* In vaine it is, to striue against the streame ;  
 Fates must be followed, and the Gods decree  
 Must needs take place in euery kinde of cause. 1090  
 Therefore, faire maide, bridle these brutish thoughts,  
 And learne to follow what the fates assigne.  
 When *Saturne* heard that *Iuppiter* his sonne  
 Should driue him headlong from his heauenly seat  
 Downe to the bottome of the darke *Auerne*, 1095  
 He did command his mother presently  
 To do to death the young and guiltlesse childe :  
 But what of that? the mother loathd in heart  
 For to commit so vile a massacre ;  
 Yea, *Ioue* did liue, and, as the fates did say, . 1100  
 From heauenly seate draue *Saturne* cleane away.  
 What did auaille the Castle all of Steele,  
 The which *Acrisius* caused to be made  
 To keepe his daughter *Danae* clogged in?  
 She was with childe for all her Castles force ; 1105  
 And by that childe *Acrisius*, her sire,  
 Was after slaine, so did the fates require.  
 A thousand examples I could bring hereof ;  
 But Marble stones <do> need no colouring,  
 And that which euery one doth know for truth 1110  
 Needs no examples to confirme the same.  
 That which the fates appoint must happen so,  
 Though heauenly *Ioue* and all the Gods say no.  
*Fau.* *Iphigina*, she say(e)th nought but truth ;  
 Fates must be followed in their iust decrees : 1115  
 And therefore, setting all delayes aside,  
 Come let vs wend vnto *Amazon*e,  
 And gather vp our forces out of hand.  
*Iphi.* Since *Fausta* wils, and fates do so command,  
*Iphigina* will neuer it withstand. 1120

*Exeunt omnes.*

1095 Auarne Q 1108 A thousand Q : Thousand *sugg. Dyce* 1109 do need  
*sugg. Dyce* : need *Dyce* : needs Q : *Query* needeth 1114 sayeth *Dyce* : sayth Q



## ACT IV.

## 〈PROLOGVE.〉

*Enter Venus.*

Thus haue you seene how *Amuracke* himselfe,  
*Fausta* his wife, and euey other King  
 Which hold their scepters at the *Turke* his hands,  
 Are now in armes, entending to destroy,  
 And bring to nought, the Prince of *Aragon*. 1125  
 Charmes haue been vsde by wise *Medeas* art,  
 To know before what afterward shall hap;  
 And King *Belinus* with high *Claramount*,  
 Ioynd to *Arcastus*, which with Princely pompe  
 Doth rule and gouerne all the warlike *Moores*, 1130  
 Are sent as Legats to god *Mahomet*,  
 To know his counsell in these high affaires.  
*Mahound*, prouokte by *Amurackes* discourse,  
 Which, as you heard, he in his dreame did vse,  
 Denies to play the Prophet any more; 1135  
 But, by the long intreatie of his Priests,  
 He prophesies in such a craftie sort  
 As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.  
 Yet poore *Belinus*, with his fellow Kings,  
 Did giue such credence to that forged tale 1140  
 As that they lost their dearest liues thereby,  
 And *Amuracke* became a prisoner  
 Vnto *Alphonsus*, as straight shall appeare.

*Exit Venus.*〈SCENE I. *Temple of Mahomet.*〉

*Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind  
 the Stage, out of the which cast flames of fire, drums rumble within:  
 Enter two Priests.*

1. *Pr.* My fellow Priest of *Mahounds* holy house,  
 What can you iudge of these strange miracles 1145  
 Which daily happen in this sacred seate?

*Drums rumble within.*

Harke what a rumbling ratleth in our eares.

Act III Q 1123 holds Q 1129 *Arcastus Dyce*: *Alphonsus Q*  
 1144 *Priest Dyce*: *Priests Q*

*Cast flames of fire forth of the brazen head.*

See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth  
Of *Mahomet*, that God of peereles power.

Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,  
What *Mahomet* by these his signes doth craue. 1150

2. *Pr.* Thrise ten times *Phoebus* with his golden beames  
Hath compassed the circle of the skie,  
Thrise ten times *Ceres* hath her workemen hir'd,  
And fild her barnes with frutefull crops of Corne, 1155  
Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life:  
Yet in this time I neuer heard before  
Such feareful sounds, nor saw such wondrous sights;  
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,  
What *Mahomet* by these his signes doth craue. 1160

*Speake out of the brazen Head.*

*Ma.* You cannot tell, nor will you seeke to know:  
Oh peruerse Priest(s), how carelesse are you waxt,  
As when my foes approach vnto my gates,  
You stand still talking of 'I cannot tell':  
Go, packe you hence, and meete the *Turkish* Kings 1165  
Which now are drawing to my Temple ward:  
Tell them from me, God *Mahomet* is dispos'd  
To prophesie no more to *Amuracke*,  
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free,  
As that it needs must chat and raile at me. 1170

*Kneele downe both.*

1. *Pr.* Oh *Mahomet*, if all the solemne prayers  
Which from our childhood we haue offered thee,  
Can make thee call this sentence backe againe,  
Bring not thy Priest(s) into this dangerous state:  
For when the *Turke* doth heare of this repulse, 1175  
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.

*Ma.* (*speaking out of the Brazen Head*). Thou sayest truth, go  
call the Princes in:

Ile prophesie vnto them for this once,  
But in such wise as they shall neither boast,  
Nor you be hurt in any kinde of wise. 1180

1162, 74 Priests *Dyce*: Priest *Q*

*Enter Belinus, Claramount, Arcastus, go both the Priests to meet them ;  
the first say.*

1. *Pr.* You Kings of *Turkie*, *Mahomet* our God,  
By sacred science hauing notice that  
You were sent Legats from high *Amuracke*  
Vnto this place, commaunded vs, his Priests,  
That we should cause you make as mickle speed 1185  
As well you might, to heare for certaintie  
Of that shall happen to your King and ye.

*Beli.* For that intent we came into this place ;  
And sithens that the mightie *Mahomet*  
Is now at leisure for to tell the same, 1190  
Let vs make haste and take time while we may,  
For mickle daunger hapneth through delay.

2. *Pri.* Truth, worthy King, and therfore you your selfe,  
With your companions, kneele before this place,  
And listen well what *Mahomet* doth say. 1195

*Kneele all downe before the brasen head.*

*Beli.* As you do will, we ioyntly will obey.

*Ma.* *(speaking out of the Brazen Head).* Princes of *Turkie*, and  
Embassadors

Of *Amuracke* to mightie *Mahomet*,  
I needs must muse that you, which erst haue bene  
The readiest souldiers of the triple world, 1200  
Are now become so slacke in your affaires,  
As, when you should with bloudie blade in hand  
Be hacking helmes in thickest of your foes,  
You stand still loytering in the *Turkish* soyle.  
What, know you not, how that it is decreed 1205  
By all the gods, and chiefly by my selfe,  
That you with triumph should all Crowned bee?  
Make haste *(then)* Kings, least when the fates do see  
How carelesly you do neglect their words,  
They call a Counsell, and force *Mahomet* 1210  
Against his will some other things to set.  
Send *Fabius* backe to *Amuracke* againe,  
To haste him forwards in his enterprise ;

S. D. them *Ed.* : him *Q* 1208 then *conj.* *Dyce* : repeat haste or read ye  
Kings, *conj.* *Walker* 1209 carlesly *Q*

And march you on, with all the troupes you haue,  
To *Naples* ward, to conquer *Aragon*.

1215

For if you stay, both you and all your men  
Must needs be sent downe straight to *Lymbo* den.

2. *Pri.* Muse not, braue Kings, at *Mahomets* discourse,

For marke what he forth of that mouth doth say,

Assure your selues it needs must happen so.

1220

Therefore make hast, go mount you on your steeds,

And set vpon *Alphonsus* presently:

So shall you reape great honor for your paine,

And scape the scourge which els the Fates ordaine.

*Rise all vp.*

*Beli.* Then, proud *Alphonsus*, looke thou to thy Crowne: 1225

*Belinus* comes, in glittering armor clad,

All readie prest for to reuenge the wrong

Which not long since you offred vnto him;

And since we haue God *Mahound* on our side,

The victorie must needs to vs betide.

1230

*Cla.* Worthie *Belinus*, set such threats away,

And let vs haste as fast as horse can trot

To set vpon presumptuous *Aragon*.

You *Fabius*, hast, as *Mahound* did commaund,

To *Amuracke* with all the speed you may.

1235

*Fabi.* With willing mind I hasten on my way.

*Exit Fabius.*

*Beli.* And thinking long till that we be in fight,

*Belinus* hastes to quaille *Alphonsus* might.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## 〈SCENE II.〉

*Strike vp alarum a while. Enter Carinus.*

*Cari.* No sooner had God *Phoebus* brightsome beames

Begun to diue within the Westerne seas,

1240

And darksome *Nox* had spread about the earth

Her blackish mantle, but a drowsie sleepe

Did take possession of *Carinus* sence,

And *Morpheus* shewd me strange disguised shapes.

Me thought I saw *Alphonsus*, my deare sonne,

1245

1220 selues *Dyce*: selfe *Q*

1244 *Morpheus Dyce*: *Morphei Q*

Plast in a throane all glittering cleare with gold,  
 Bedeckt with diamonds, pearles and precious stones,  
 Which shind so cleare, and glittered all so bright,  
*Hyperions* coach that well be termd it might.

Above his head a canapie was set, 1250

Not deckt with plumes, as other Princes vse,  
 But all beset with heads of conquered kings,  
 Enstald with Crowns, which made a gallant shew,  
 And strooke a terror to the viewers harts.

Vnder his feete lay grouelling on the ground 1255

Thousand of Princes, which he in his warres  
 By martiall might did conquer and bring lowe :  
 Some lay as dead as either stock or stone,  
 Some other tumbled, wounded to the death ;  
 But most of them, as to their soueraigne king,  
 Did offer duly homage vnto him.

1260

As thus I stood beholding of this pompe,  
 Me thought *Alphonsus* did espie me out,  
 And, at a trice, he leauing throane alone,  
 Came to imbrace me in his blessed armes.

1265

Then noyse of drums and sound of trumpets shrill  
 Did wake *Carinus* from this pleasant dreame.  
 Something, I know, is now foreshewne by this :  
 The Gods forfend that ought should hap amis.

*Carinus walke vp and downe. Enter the Duke of Millain in  
 Pilgrims apparell, and say.*

*Du.* This is the chance of fickle Fortunes wheele ; 1270

A Prince at morne, a Pilgrim ere it be night :

I, which erewhile did daine for to possesse

The proudest pallace of the westerne world,

Would now be glad a cottage for to finde

To hide my head ; so Fortune hath assignde. 1275

Thrise *Hesperus* with pompe and peerelesse pride

Hath heau'd his head forth of the Easterne Seas,

Thrise *Cynthia*, with *Phoebus* borrowed beames,

Hath shewn her bewtie through the darkish clowdes,

Since that I, wretched Duke, haue tasted ought, 1280

Or drunke a drop of any kinde of drinke.

1249 coach *Dyce* : couch *Q*

1280 Duke *Dyce* : Dulce *Q*



Instead of beds set forth with Ibonie,  
 The greenish grasse hath bene my resting place,  
 And for my pillow stuffed † with downe,  
 The hardish hillockes haue sufficed my turne. 1285  
 Thus I, which erst had all things at my will,  
 A life more hard then death do follow still.

*Cari.* *(aside)*. Me thinks I heare, not very far from hence,  
 Some wofull wight lamenting his mischance:  
 Ile go and see if that I can espie 1290  
 Him where he sits, or ouerheare his talke.

*Du.* Oh *Millaine*, *Millaine*, litle dost thou thinke,  
 How that thy Duke is now in such distresse;  
 For if thou didst, I soone should be releast  
 Forth of this greedie gulph of miserie. 1295

*Ca.* *(aside)*. The *Millaine* Duke: I thought as much before,  
 When first I glaunst mine eyes vpon his face:  
 This is the man which was the onely cause  
 That I was forst to flie from *Aragon*.  
 High *Ioue* be prais'd, which hath allotted me 1300  
 So fit a time to quite that iniurie.—  
 Pilgrime, God speed.

*Du.* Welcome, graue sir, to me.

*Cari.* Me thought as now I heard you for to speak  
 Of *Millaine* land: pray, do you know the same? 1305

*(Du.)* I, aged father, I haue cause to know  
 Both *Millaine* land and all the parts thereof.

*Cari.* Why then, I doubt not but you can resolute  
 Me of a question that I shall demaund.

*Du.* I, that I can, what euer that it be. 1310

*Cari.* Then, to be brieft, not twentie winters past,  
 When these my lims, which withered are with age,  
 Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,  
 I still desirous, as young gallants be,  
 To see the fashions of *Arabia*, 1315  
 My natiue soyle, and in this pilgrims weed,  
 Began to trauell through vnkennd lands.  
 Much ground I past, and many soyles I saw;  
 But when my feete in *Millaine* land I set,

1284 soft with downe *conj.* Walker: *Query* with soft downe 1306 DUK.  
*Dyce*: CA. Q

Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw 1320  
As neuer in my life I found the like.

I pray, good sir, what might the occasion bee,  
That made the *Millains* make such mirth and glee?

*Du.* This solemne ioy wherof you now do speak,  
Was not solemnized, my friend, in vaine; 1325  
For at that time there came into the land  
The happiest tidings that they ere did heare;  
For newes was brought vpon that solemne day  
Vnto our Court, that *Ferdinandus* proud  
Was slaine himselfe, *Carinus* and his sonne 1330  
Were banisht both for euer from *Aragon*;  
And for these happie newes that ioy was made.

*Cari.* But what, I pray, did afterward become  
Of old *Carinus* with his banisht sonne?  
What, heare you nothing of them all this while? 1335

*Du.* Yes, too too much, the *Millain* Duke may say.  
*Alphonsus* first by secret meanes did get  
To be a souldier in *Belinus* warres,  
Wherein he did behaue himselfe so well  
As that he got the Crowne of *Aragon*; 1340  
Which being got, he dispossess also  
The King *Belinus* which had fostered him.  
As for *Carinus* he is dead and gone:  
I would his sonne were his companion.

*Cari.* A blister build upon that traytors tongue! 1345  
But, for thy friendship which thou shewedst me,  
Take that of me, I frankly giue it thee. [*Stab him.*  
Now will I haste to *Naples* with all speed,  
To see if *Fortune* will so fauour me  
To view *Alphonsus* in his happie state. 1350

*Exit Carinus.*

### 〈SCENE III.〉

*Enter Amuracke, Crocon King of Arabia, Faustus, King of Babilon,  
Fabius, with the Turkes Ganesaries.*

*Amu.* *Fabius*, come hither: what is that thou sayest?  
What did god *Mahound* prophecie to vs?  
Why do our Viceroyes wend vnto the warres

Before their King had notice of the same?

What, do they thinke to play bob foole with me?

1355

Or are they waxt so frolicke now of late,

Since that they had the leading of our bands,

As that they thinke that mightie *Amuracke*

Dares do no other then to soothe them vp?

Why speakest thou not? what fond or franticke fit

1360

Did make those carelesse Kings to venture it?

*Fa.* Pardon, deare Lord; no franticke fit at all,

No frolicke vaine, nor no presumptuous mind,

Did make your Vicerioies take these wars in hand;

But forst they were by *Mahounds* prophecie

1365

To do the same, or else resolute to die.

*Amu.* So, sir, I heare you, but can scarce beleuee

That *Mahomet* would charge them go before,

Against *Alphonsus* with so small a troupe,

Whose number farre exceeds King *Xerxes* troupe.

1370

*Fa.* Yes, Noble Lord, and more then that, hee said

That, ere that you, with these your warlike men,

Should come to bring your succour to the field,

*Belinus*, *Claramount*, and *Arcastus* too

Should all be crownd with crownes of beaten gold,

1375

And borne with triumphes round about their tents.

*Amu.* With triumph, man? did *Mahound* tell them so?

Prouost, go carrie *Fabius* presently,

Vnto the Marshalsie; there let him rest,

Clapt sure and safe in fetters all of steele,

1380

Till *Amuracke* discharge him from the same.

For be he sure, vnles it happen so

As he did say *Mahound* did prophesie,

By this my hand forthwith the slaue shall die.

*Lay hold of Fabius, and make as though you carrie him out; Enter  
a {messenger} souldier and say.*

*Mess.* Stay, Prouost, stay, let *Fabius* alone:

1385

More fitteth now that euery lustie lad

Be buckling on his helmet, then to stand

In carrying souldiers to the Marshalsie.

- Amu.* Why, what art thou, that darest once presume  
For to gainsay that *Amuracke* did bid? 1390
- Messen.* I am, my Lord, the wretcheds<t> man aliue,  
Borne vnderneath the Planet of mishap;  
Erewhile, a souldier of *Belinus* band,  
But now—
- Amu.* What now? 1395
- Mess.* The mirror of mishap;  
Whose Captaine is slaine, and all his armie dead,  
Onely excepted me, vnhappie wretch.
- Amu.* What newes is this? and is *Belinus* slaine?  
Is this the Crowne which *Mahomet* did say 1400  
He should with triumph weare vpon his head?  
Is this the honour which that cursed god  
Did prophesie should happen to them all?  
Oh *Daedalus*, and wert thou now aliue,  
To fasten wings vpon high *Amuracke*, 1405  
*Mahound* should know, and that for certaintie,  
That Turkish Kings can brooke no iniurie.
- Fabi.* Tush, tush, my Lord, I wonder what you meane,  
Thus to exclaime against high *Mahomet*:  
Ile lay my life that, ere this day be past, 1410  
You shall perceiue these tidings all be waste.
- Amu.* We shall perceiue, accursed *Fabius*?  
Suffice it not that thou hast bene the man  
That first didst beate those bables in my braine,  
But that, to helpe me forward in my greefe, 1415  
Thou seekest to confirme so fowle a lie. *Stab him.*  
Go, get thee hence, and tell thy trayterous King  
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring.—  
And now, my Lords, since nothing else will serue,  
Buckle your helmes, clap on your steeled coates, 1420  
Mount on your Steeds, take Launces in your hands;  
For *Amuracke* doth meane this very day  
Proude *Mahomet* with weapons to assay.
- Messen.* Mercie, high Monarch; it is no time now

1389 divided into two lines Q  
wretcheds Q 1397 Captain is Q  
1411 these sugg. Dyce: his Q

1391 in two lines Q: wretched'st Dyce:  
captain's Dyce 1408 two lines in Q  
1424 it is Dyce: 'tis Q

To spend the day in such vaine threatenings 1425  
 Against our god, the mightie *Mahomet*:  
 More fitteth thee to place thy men at armes  
 In battle 'ray for to withstand your foes,  
 Which now are drawing towards you with speed.

*Sound drummes within.*

Hark how their drummes with dub a dub do come! 1430  
 To armes, high Lord, and set these trifles by,  
 That you may set vpon them valiantly.  
*Amu.* And do they come? you Kings of *Turkie*(-land),  
 Now is the time in which your warlike armes  
 Must raise your names aboue the starrie skies: 1435  
 Call to your minde your predecessors acts,  
 Whose martiall might, this many a hundred yeare,  
 Did keepe those fearefull dogs in dread and awe,  
 And let your weapons shew *Alphonsus* plaine,  
 That though that they be clapped vp in clay, 1440  
 Yet there be branches sprung vp from those trees,  
 In *Turkish* land, which brooke no iniuries.  
 Besides the same, remember with your selues  
 What foes we haue; not mightie *Tamberlaine*,  
 Nor souldiers trained vp amongst the warres, 1445  
 But fearefull boors, pickt from their rurall flocke,  
 Which, till this time, were wholly ignorant  
 What weapons ment, or bloudie *Mars* doth craue.  
 More would I say, but horses that be free  
 Do need no spurs, and souldiers which themselues 1450  
 Long and desire to buckle with the foe  
 Do need no words to egge them to the same.

*Enter Alphonsus, with a Canapie carried over him by three Lords, hauing over each corner a Kings head, crowned; with him, Albinus, Laelius, Miles, with Crownes on their heads, and their Souldiers.*

Besides the same, behold whereas our foes  
 Are marching towards vs most speedilie.  
 Courage, my Lords, ours is the victorie. 1455  
*Alph.* Thou Pagan dog, how darst thou be so bold

1425 threatenings *Dyce*: threatnings *Q*      1433 land *conj. Dyce*      1446  
 boors *Dyce*: bodies *Q*



To set thy foote within *Alphonsus* land?  
 What, art thou come to view thy wretched Kings,  
 Whose traiterous heads bedecke my tent so well?  
 Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof 1460  
 There is a place left vacant, art thou come  
 To haue thy head possesse the highest seate?  
 If it be so, lie downe, and this my sword  
 Shall presently that honor thee affoord.  
 If not, pack hence, or by the heauens I vow, 1465  
 Both thou and thine shall verie soone perceiue  
 That he that seekes to moue my patience  
 Must yeeld his life to me for recompence.

*Amu.* Why, proud *Alphonsus*, thinkst thou *Amuracke*,  
 Whose mightie force doth terrifie the Gods, 1470  
 Can ere be found to turne his heeles, and flie  
 Away for feare from such a boy as thou?  
 No no, although that *Mars* this mickle while  
 Hath fortified thy weake and feeble arme,  
 And *Fortune* oft hath viewd with friendly face 1475  
 Thy armies marching victors from the field,  
 Yet at the presence of high *Amuracke*  
*Fortune* shall change, and *Mars*, that God of might,  
 Shall succour me, and leaue *Alphonsus* quight.

*Alphon.* Pagan, I say thou greatly art deceiu'd: 1480  
 I clap vp *Fortune* in a cage of gold,  
 To make her turne her wheele as I thinke best;  
 And as for *Mars* whom you do say will change,  
 He moping sits behind the kitchin doore,  
 Prest at commaund of euey Skullians mouth, 1485  
 Who dares not stir, nor once to moue a whit,  
 For feare *Alphonsus* then should stomach it.

*Amu.* Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth  
 Doth cease from renting vnderneath thy feete,  
 To swallow vp that cankred corpes of thine. 1490  
 I muse that *Ioue* can bridle so his ire  
 As, when he heares his brother so misusde,  
 He can refraine from sending thunderbolts  
 By thick and threefold, to reuenge his wrong.

1459 bedeck . . . tent *Dyce* : bedeckt . . . tents *Q*    1468 me *Dyce* : thee *Q*  
 1490 that *Dyce* : those *Q*

*Mars* fight for me, and *Fortune* be my guide ; 1495  
And Ile be victor, what some ere betide.

*Albi.* Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain :  
Perhaps God *Mars* and *Fortune* is a sleepe.

⟨*Amu.*⟩ And *Mars* lies slumbring on his downie bed,  
Yet do not think but that the power we haue, 1500  
Without the helpe of those celestiaall Gods,  
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,  
*Alphonsus* stragling armie to subdue.

*Lae.* You had need as then to call for *Mahomet*,  
With hellish hags ⟨for⟩ to performe the same. 1505

*Fau.* High *Amurack*, I wonder what you meane,  
That when you may, with little toyle or none,  
Compell these dogs to keepe their toongs in peace,  
You let them stand still barking in this sort :  
Beleeue me, soueraigne, I do blush to see 1510  
These beggers brats to chat so frolikelie.

*Alphon.* How now, sir boy? let *Amurack* himselfe,  
Or any he, the proudest of you all,  
But offer once for to vnsheath his sword,  
If that he dares, for all the power you haue. 1515

*Amu.* What, darst thou vs? my selfe will venter it.  
To armes, my mates.

*Amuracke draw thy sword: Alphonsus and all the other Kings  
draw theirs: strike vp ularum: flie Amuracke and his companie.  
Follow Alphonsus and his companie.*

## ACT V.

### ⟨PROLOGVE.⟩

*Strike vp Alarum. Enter Venus.*

Fearce is the fight, and bloudie is the broyle.  
No sooner had the roaring cannon shot  
Spit forth the venome of their fiered panch, 1520  
And with their pellets sent such troupes of soules  
Downe to the bottome of the darke *Auerne*,

As that it couered all the *Stigian* fields ;  
 But, on a sudden, all the men at armes,  
 Which mounted were on lustie coursers backes, 1525  
 Did rush together with so great a noyse  
 As that I thought the giants one time more  
 Did scale the heauens, as erst they did before.  
 Long time dame *Fortune* tempred so her wheele  
 As that there was no vantage to be seene 1530  
 On any side, but equall was the gaine.  
 But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,  
*Alphonsus* was the victor of the field,  
 And *Amuracke* became his prisoner ;  
 Who so remaind, vntill his daughter came, 1535  
 And by her marying, did his pardon frame.

*Exit Venus.*

⟨SCENE I. *A Battle-field.*⟩

*Strike vp alarum: flie Amuracke, follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner: Carrie him in. Strike vp alarum: flie Crocon and Faustus. Enter Fausta and Iphigina, with their armie, and meete them, and say.*

*Fau.* You *Turkish* Kings, what sudden flight is this?  
 What meanes the men, which for their valiant prowes  
 Were dreaded erst cleane through the triple world,  
 Thus cowardly to turne their backes and flie? 1540  
 What froward fortune hapned on your side?  
 I hope your King in safetie doth abide?  
*Cro.* I, noble madam, *Amurack* doth liue,  
 And long I hope he shall enioy his life ;  
 But yet I feare, vnles more succour come, 1545  
 We shall both lose our King and soueraigne.  
*Fau.* How so, King *Crocon*? dost thou speak in iest,  
 To proue if *Fausta* would lament his death?  
 Or else hath anything hapt him amis?  
 Speake quickly, *Crocon*, what the cause might be, 1550  
 That thou dost vtter forth these words to me.  
*Cro.* Then, worthie *Fausta*, know that *Amuracke*  
 Our mightie King, and your approued spowse,  
 Prickt with desire of euerlasting fame,  
 As he was pressing in the thickest rankes 1555

Of *Aragonians*, was, with much adoo,  
 At length tooke prisoner by *Alphonsus* hands.  
 So that, vnles you succour soone do bring,  
 You lose your spowse, and we shall want our King.

*Iphi.* Oh haples hap, oh dire and cruell fate! 1560

What iniurie hath *Amuracke*, my sire,  
 Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath,  
 Although vniustly and without a cause?  
 For well I wot, not any other King,  
 Which now doth liue, or since the world begun 1565  
 Did sway a scepter, had a greater care  
 To please the Gods then mightie *Amuracke*.  
 And for to quite our fathers great good will,  
 Seeke they thus basely all his fame to spill?

*Fau.* *Iphigina*, leaue off these wofull tunes: 1570

It is not words can cure and ease this wound,  
 But warlike swords; not teares, but sturdie speares.  
 High *Amuracke* is prisoner to our foes.  
 What then? thinke you that our *Amazones*,  
 Ioynd with the forces of the *Turkish* troupe, 1575  
 Are not sufficient for to set him free?  
 Yes, daughter, yes, I meane not for to sleepe  
 Vntill he is free, or we him company keepe.—  
 March on, my mates. *Exeunt omnes.*

⟨SCENE II. *Another part of the field.*⟩

*Strike vp alarum: flie Alphonsus, follow Iphigina, and say.*

*Iphi.* How now, *Alphonsus*! you which neuer yet 1580

Could meete your equall in the feates of armes,  
 How haps it now that in such sudden sort  
 You flie the presence of a sillie maide?  
 What, haue you found mine arme of such a force  
 As that you thinke your bodie ouerweake 1585  
 For to withstand the furie of my blowes?  
 Or do you else disdaine to fight with me,  
 For staining of your high nobilitie?

*Alp.* No, daintie dame, I wold not haue thee think 1590  
 That euer thou or any other wight

- Shall liue to see *Alphonsus* flie the field  
 From any King or Keisar who some ere:  
 First will I die in thickest of my fo,  
 Before I will disbase mine honour so.  
 Nor do I scorne, thou goddes, for to staine 1595  
 My prowes with thee, although it be a shame  
 For knights to combat with the female sect.  
 But loue, sweete mouse, hath so benumbed my wit,  
 That though I would, I must refraine from it.
- Iphi.* I thought as much when first I came to wars; 1600  
 Your noble acts were fitter to be writ  
 Within the Tables of dame *Venus* son,  
 Then in God *Mars* his warlike registers.  
 When as your Lords are hacking helmes abroad,  
 And make their speares to shiuer in the aire, 1605  
 Your mind 'is busied in fond *Cupids* toyes:  
 Come on, i' faith, Ile teach you for to know  
 We came to fight, and not to loue, I trow.
- Alph.* Nay, virgin, stay. And if thou wilt vouchsafe  
 To entertaine *Alphonsus* simple sute, 1610  
 Thou shalt ere long be Monarch of the world:  
 All christned Kings, with all your Pagan dogs,  
 Shall bend their knees vnto *Iphigina*:  
 The Indian soyle shall be thine at command,  
 Where euery step thou settest on the ground 1615  
 Shall be receiued on the golden mines:  
 Rich *Pactolus*, that riuier of account,  
 Which doth descend from top of *Tmolus* Mount,  
 Shall be thine owne, and all the world beside,  
 If you will graunt to be *Alphonsus* bride. 1620
- Iphi.* *Alphonsus* bride? nay, villain, do not thinke  
 That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts  
 As for to make me loue and fancie him  
 Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,  
 As, if my death could bring to passe his baine, 1625  
 I would not long from *Plutoes* port remaine.
- Alph.* Nay then, proud peacock, since thou art so stout  
 As that intreatie will not moue thy minde  
 For to consent to be my wedded spowse,



Thou shalt, in spite of Gods and Fortune too,  
Serue high *Alphonsus* as a concubine. 1630

*Iphi.* Ile rather die then euer that shall hap.

*Alphon.* And thou shalt die vnles it come to pass.

*Alphonsus and Iphigina fight. Iphigina flie; follow Alphonsus.*

(SCENE III.)

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Alphonsus with his rapier, Albinus, Laelius, Miles, with their souldiers. Amurack, Fausta, Iphigina, Crocon and Faustus, all bounde with their hands behind them. Amuracke looke angerly on Fausta.*

*Enter Medea, and say.*

*Med.* Nay, *Amurack*, this is no time to iarre,  
Although thy wife did, in her franticke moode, 1635  
Vse speeches which might better haue bene sparde,  
Yet do thou not iudge this same time to be  
A season to requite that iniurie :  
More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou hast,  
To call to mind which way thou maist release 1640  
Thy selfe, thy wife, and faire *Iphigina*,  
Forth of the power of stout *Alphonsus* hands.  
For, well I wot, since first you breathed breath,  
You neuer were so nie the snares of death.  
Now, *Amurack*, your high and Kingly seate, 1645  
Your royal scepter, and your stately Crowne,  
Your mightie Countrey, and your men at armes,  
Be conquered all, and can no succour bring.  
Put then no trust in these same paltrie toies,  
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art, 1650  
Clapt vp in chaines, whose life and death depends  
Vpon the hands of thy most mortall foe.  
Then take thou heed, that what some ere he say,  
Thou doest not once presume for to gainsay.

*Amu.* Away, you foole! thinke you your cursed charmes 1655  
Can bridle so the mind of *Amuracke*  
As that he will stand crouching to his foe?  
No, no, be sure that, if that beggers brat  
Do dare but once to contrary my will,

- Ile make him soone in heart for to repent 1660  
 That ere such words gainst *Amuracke* he spent.  
*Med.* Then, since thou dost disdaine my good aduise,  
 Looke to thy selfe, and if you fare amis,  
 Remember that *Medea* counsell gaue,  
 Which might you safe from all those perils saue. 1665  
 But, *Fausta*, you, as well you haue begun,  
 Beware you follow still your friends aduise.  
 If that *Alphonsus* do desire of thee  
 To haue your daughter for his wedded spowse,  
 Beware you do not once the same gainsay, 1670  
 Vnles with death he do your rashnes pay.  
*Fau.* No, worthie wight; first *Fausta* means to die  
 Before *Alphonsus* she will contrarie.  
*Med.* Why, then, farwell.—But you, *Iphigina*,  
 Beware you do not ouersqueamish wax, 1675  
 When as your mother giueth her consent.  
*Iphi.* The Gods forbid that ere I should gainsay  
 That which *Medea* bids me to obey.

*Exit Medea.*

*Rise vp Alphonsus out of his chaire, who all this while hath been  
 talking to Albinus, and say.*

- Al.* Now, *Amurack*, the proud blasphemous dogs,  
 (For so you termed vs) which did brall and raile 1680  
 Against God *Mars*, and fickle *Fortunes* wheele,  
 Haue got the gole for all your solemne praiers:  
 Your selfe are prisoner, which as then did thinke  
 That all the forces of the triple world  
 Were insufficient to fulfill the same. 1685  
 How like you this? Is *Fortune* of such might,  
 Or hath God *Mars* such force or power diuine,  
 As that he can, with all the power he hath,  
 Set thee and thine forth of *Alphonsus* hands?  
 I do not thinke but that your hope's so small 1690  
 As that you would with verie willing mind  
 Yeeld for my spowse the faire *Iphigina*,  
 On that condition, that without delay  
*Fausta* and you may scotfree scape away.

*Amu.* What, thinkst thou, villain, that high *Amurack*  
 Beares such a minde as, for the feare of death,  
 Heele yeeld his daughter, yea, his onely ioy,  
 Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?  
 No, traytor, no; for (though) as now I lie  
 Clapt vp in Irons and with bolts of steele,      1695  
 Yet do there lurke within the *Turkish* soyle  
 Such troupes of souldiers, that with small ado,  
 They'll set me scotfree from your men and you,

*Alp.* 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'  
 Now, by the heauens, since that thou dost denie      1703  
 For to fulfill that which in gentle wise  
*Alphonsus* craues, both thou and all thy traine  
 Shall with your liues requite that iniurie,  
*Albinus*, lay holde of *Amuracke*,  
 And carrie him to prison presently,      1710  
 There to remaine vntill I do returne  
 Into my tent; for by high *Ioue* I vowe,  
 Vnles he waxe more calmer out of hand,  
 His head amongst his fellow Kings shall stand.

*Albinus* carrie *Amuracke* forth, who as he is going must say.

*Amu.* No, villaine, thinke not that the feare of death      1715  
 Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.  
*Alphon.* Now, *Laelius*, take you *Iphigina*,  
 Her mother *Fausta*, with these other Kings,  
 And put them into prisons seuerally;  
 For *Amurackes* stout stomacke shall vndo      1720  
 Both he him selfe and all his other crew,

*Fausta* kneele downe.

*Fau.* Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine teares,  
 Distilling downe poore *Faustas* withered cheekes,  
 Can mollifie the hardnes of your heart,  
 Lessen this iudgement, which thou in thy rage      1725  
 Hast giuen on thy luckles prisoners.

*Alphon.* Woman, away! my word is gone and past;  
 Now, if I would, I cannot call it backe:  
 You might haue yeelded at my first demaund,

1699 though *Dyce*      1703 Theile *Q*

And then you need(ed) not to feare this hap. 1730  
*Laelius* make haste, and go thou presently  
 For to fulfill that I commanded thee.

*Rise vp Fausta, kneele downe Iphigina, and say.*

*Iphi.* Mightie *Alphonsus*, since my mothers sute  
 Is so reiected, that in any case  
 You will not grant vs pardon for her sake, 1735  
 I now will trie if that my wofull prayers  
 May plead for pittie at your graces feete.  
 When first you did, amongst the thickest ranckes,  
 All clad in glittering armes encounter me,  
 You know your selfe what loue you did protest 1740  
 You then did beare vnto *Iphigina*:  
 Then for that loue, if any loue you had,  
 Reuoke this sentence, which is too too bad.

*Alp.* No, damsel; he that will not when he may,  
 When he desires, shall surely purchase nay: 1745  
 If that you had, when first I profer made,  
 Yeelded to me, marke, what I promist you,  
 I would haue done; but since you did denie,  
 Looke for deniall at *Alphonsus* hands.

*Rise vp Iphigina, and stand aside. Alphonsus talke with Albinus.*

*Enter Carinus in his Pilgrims clothes, and say.*

⟨*Car.*⟩ Oh friendly *Fortune*, now thou shewest thy power 1750  
 In raising vp my sonne from banisht state  
 Vnto the top of thy most mightie wheele.  
 But what be these, which at his sacred feete  
 Do seeme to pleade for mercie at his hands?  
 Ile go and sift this matter to the full. 1755

*Go toward Alphonsus and speake to one of his soldiers.*

Sir Knight, and may a Pilgrim be so bolde  
 To put your person to such mickle paine  
 For to enforme me what great king is this,  
 And what these be, which, in such wofull sort,  
 Do seeme to seeke for mercie at his hands? 1760

*Soul.* Pilgrim, the King that sits on stately throne  
 Is cald *Alphonsus*; and this matron hight  
*Fausta*, the wife to *Amuracke* the *Turke*:

That is their daughter, faire *Iphigina* :

Both which, together with the *Turke* himselfe,

1765

He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

*Alphonsus speie out Carinus and say.*

*Alph.* And can the gods be found so kind to me

As that *Carinus* now I do espie?

'Tis he indeed.—Come on, *Albinus* :

The mightie conquest which I haue atchieu'd,

1770

And victories the which I oft haue wonne,

Bring not such pleasure to *Alphonsus* hart

As now my fathers presence doth impart.

*Alphonsus and Albinus go toward Carinus: Alphonsus stand looking on Carinus, Carinus say.*

*Cari.* What, nere a word, *Alphonsus*? art thou dumb?

Or doth my presence so perturbe thy minde

1775

That, for because I come in Pilgrims weed,

You thinke each word which you do spend to me

A great disgrace vnto your name to be?

Why speakest thou not? if that my place you craue,

I will be gone, and you my place shall haue.

1780

*Alph.* Nay, father, stay, the Gods of heauen forbid

That ere *Alphonsus* should desire or wish

To haue his absence whom he doth account

To be the 〈very〉 Load-stone of his life.

What, though the fates and fortune, both in one,

1785

Haue bene content to call your louing sonne

From beggers state vnto this princely seate,

Should I, therefore, disdaine my aged sire?

No, first both Crowne and life I will detest,

Before such venome breed within my brest.

1790

What erst I did, the sudden ioy I tooke

To see *Carinus* in such happie state,

Did make me do, and nothing else at all,

High *Ioue* himselfe do I to witnes call.

*Cari.* These words are vaine; I knew as much before: 1795

But yet *Alphonsus* I must wonder needs,

That you whose yeares are prone to *Cupids* snares,

1771 haue repeated in Q  
1797 prone Dyce: prone Q

1784 very conj. Dyce: guiding Grosart



- Can suffer such a Goddes as this dame  
 Thus for to shead such store of Christall teares.  
 Beleeue me, sonne, although my yeares be spent, 1800  
 Her sighes and sobs in twaine my heart do rent.
- Alph.* Like power, deare father, had she ouer me,  
 Vntill for loue I looking to receiue  
 Loue backe againe, not onely was denied,  
 But also taunted in most spightfull sort: 1805  
 Which made me loathe that which I erst did loue,  
 As she her selfe with all her friends shall proue.
- Cari.* How now, *Alphonsus*? you which haue so long  
 Bene trained vp in bloudie broyles of *Mars*,  
 What know you not, that Castles are not wonne 1810  
 At first assault, and women are not wooed  
 When first their suters profer loue to them?  
 As for my part, I should account that maide  
 A wanton wench, vnconstant, lewde and light,  
 That yeelds the field, before she venture fight, 1815  
 Especially vnto her mortall foe,  
 As you were then vnto *Iphigina*.  
 But, for because I see you fitter are  
 To enter Lists and combat with your foes  
 Then court faire Ladyes in God *Cupids* tents, 1820  
*Carinus* meanes your spokesman for to bee,  
 And if that she consent, you shall agree.
- Alph.* What you commaund, *Alphonsus* must not flie:  
 Though otherwise perhaps he would denie.
- Cari.* Then, daintie damsell, stint these trickling teares; 1825  
 Cease sighes and sobs, yea make a merrie cheare,  
 Your pardon is already purchased,  
 So that you be not ouer curious  
 In granting to *Alphonsus* iust demand.
- Iphi.* Thankes, mightie Prince, no curioser Ile bee 1830  
 Then doth become a maide of my degree.
- Cari.* The gods forbid that ere *Carinus* tongue  
 Should go about to make a mayd consent  
 Vnto the thing which modestie denies:  
 That which I aske is neither hurt to thee, 1835  
 Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,  
 But good and honest, and will profit bring

To thee and those which leane vnto that thing.

And that is this:—since first *Alphonsus* eyes

Did hap to glaunce vpon your heauenly hew,

1840

And saw the rare perfection of the same,

He hath desired to become your spowse:

Now, if you will vnto the same agree,

I dare assure you that you shall be free.

*Iph.* Pardon, deare Lord, the world goes very hard

1845

When womenkinde are forced for to wooe.

If that your sonne had loued me so well,

Why did he not informe me of the same?

*Ca.* Why did he not? what, haue you clean forgot

What ample profers he did make to you,

1850

When hand to hand he did encounter you?

*Iphi.* No, worthy sir, I haue not it forgot;

But *Cupid* cannot enter in the brest

Where *Mars* before had tooke possession:

That was no time to talke of *Venus* games

1855

When all our fellowes were pressed in the warres.

*Cari.* Well, let that passe: now canst thou be content

To loue *Alphonsus*, and become his spowse?

*Iphi.* I, if the high *Alphonsus* could vouchsafe

To entertaine me as his wedded spowse.

1860

*Alphon.* If that he could? what, dost thou doubt of that?

*Iason* did iet when as he had obtaind

The golden fleece by wise *Medeas* art:

The Greekes reioyced when they had subdued

The famous bulwarkes of most stately *Troy*;

1865

But all their mirth was nothing in respect

Of this my ioy, since that I now haue got

That which I long desired in my heart.

*Ca.* But what sayes *Fausta* to her daughters choice?

*Fau.* *Fausta* doth say, the Gods haue bin her friends,

1870

To let her liue to see *Iphigina*

Bestowed so vnto her hearts content.

*Alphon.* Thankes, mightie Empresse, for your gentlenes;

And, if *Alphonsus* can at any time

With all his power requite this curtesie,

1875

You shall perceiue how kindly he doth take

Your forwardnesse in this his happie chance.

*Cari.* *Albinus*, go call forth *Amuracke*:

Weele see what he doth say vnto this match.

*Exit Albinus ; bring forth Amuracke.*

Most mightie *Turke*, I, with my warlike sonne 1880

*Alphonsus*, loathing that so great a Prince

As you should liue in such vnseemly sort,

Haue sent for you to profer life or death:

Life, if you do consent to our demand,

And death, if that you dare gainsay the same. 1885

Your wife, high *Fausta*, with *Iphigina*,

Haue giuen consent that this my warlike sonne

Should haue your daughter for his bedfellow:

Now resteth nought but that you do agreee,

And so to purchase sure tranquillitie. 1890

*Anu.* *(aside)*. Now, *Amurack*, aduise thee what thou sayest:

Bethinke thee well what answere thou wilt make:

Thy life and death dependeth on thy words.

If thou denie to be *Alphonsus* sire,

Death is thy share: but if that thou consent, 1895

Thy life is sau'd. Consent? nay, rather die:

Should I consent to giue *Iphigina*

Into the hands of such a beggers brat?

What, *Amuracke*, thou dost deceiue thy selfe;

*Alphonsus* is the sonne vnto a King: 1900

What then? the(n) worthy of thy daughters loue.

She is agreed, and *Fausta* is content:

Then *Amuracke* will not be discontent.

*Take Iphigina by the hand, and giue her to Alphonsus.*

Heere, braue *Alphonsus*, take thou at my hand

*Iphigina*, I giue her vnto thee; 1905

And for her dowrie, when her father dies,

Thou shalt possesse the *Turkish* Emperie.

Take her, I say, and liue King *Nestors* yeeres:

So would the *Turke* and all his Noble Peeres.

*Alphon.* Immortall thanks I giue vnto your grace. 1910

*Cari.* Now, worthy Princes, since, by helpe of *Ioue*,

On either side the wedding is decreed,

Come let vs wend to *Naples* speedily,  
 For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.  
*Amu.* As you do will, we ioyntly do agree.

1915

*Exeunt omnes.*

⟨EPILOGVE.⟩

*Enter Venus with the Muses, and say.*

*Ve.* Now worthy *Muses*, with vnwilling mind  
 Venus is forst to trudge to heauen againe ;  
 For *Iupiter*, that God of peerles power,  
 Proclaimed hath a solemne festiuall,  
 In honour of dame *Danaes* luckles death : 1920  
 Vnto the which, in paine of his displeasure,  
 He hath inuited all the immortall Gods  
 And Goddesses, so that I must be there,  
 Vnlesse I will his high displeasure beare,  
 You see *Alphonsus* hath, with much ado, 1925  
 At length obtain⟨e⟩d fayre *Iphigina*  
 Of *Amuracke* her father, for his wife ;  
 Who now are going to the Temple wards,  
 For to performe dame *Iuno*s sacred rites ;  
 Where we will leaue them till the feast be done, 1930  
 Which, in the heauens, by this time is begun.  
 Meane time, deare *Muses*, wander you not farre  
 Foorth of the path of high *Parnassus* hill,  
 That, when I come to finish vp his life,  
 You may be readie for to succour me, 1935  
 Adieu, deare dames ; farwell *Calliope*.

*Calli.* Adieu, you sacred Goddes of the skie.

*Exit Venus ; Or if you can conueniently, let a chaire come downe from  
 the top of the Stage and draw her vp.*

Well, louing Sisters, since that she is gone,  
 Come, let vs haste vnto *Parnassus* hill,  
 As *Citherea* did ⟨vs⟩ lately will. 1940  
*Melpom.* Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

*Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.*

FINIS

1917 heauens Q    1926 obtaind Q    1933 Pernessus Q ; so also in 1939  
 1940 vs add. Dyce



# INTRODUCTION

## TO LOOKING GLASSE

THE earliest mention of this play is to be found in Henslowe's *Diary* under date March 8, 159 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

'Rd at the lookingglass, the 8 of March 1591 . . . . . VIjs'

It was performed on that date by the Lord Strange's servants, and again on March 27, also on April 19 and June 7 in the following year. It was entered on the Stationers' Registers on March 5, 1594.

'5 Marcii [1594]

'THOMAS CREEDE    Entred for his copie vnder the Wardens handes / a booke intituled the looking glasse for London / by Thomas Lodg(e) and Robert Greene gent . . . Vjd'

Henslowe does not note that this play was a new one, and it was most probably produced in 1590. It is not unlikely that it was one of Greene's earliest attempts at drama; it seems certain that it belongs to the series of works which he produced after his repentance, and when he had vowed to devote his pen to religious or moral subjects. There are two passages in his prose works which may throw some light on the date of the composition of the play. I have already shown that the *Vision*, though purporting to have been written during his last illness and dated 1592, was written in or before 1590. In the *Vision* occurs this passage:—

'They which helde Greene for a patron of loue and a second Ouid shall now thinke him a Timon of such lineaments and a Diogenes that will barke at every amorous pen. Onely this, father Gower I must end my *Nunquam sera est* and for that I craue pardon; but for all these follies that I may with the Niniuites shew in sackcloth my hearty repentance, &c.'—*Works*, xii. 274.

The other passage is in the dedication of *The Mourning Garment*:—

'While wantonness, Right Honourable, ouerweaned the Niniuites, their fur-coates of lisse were all polished with gold: but when the theatnings of Ionas made a iarre in their ears, their finest sendall was turned to sackcloth: . . . Enttring, Right Honourable with a reaching insight into the strict regard of these rules, hauing myself ouerweaned with them of Niniue in publishing sundry wanton Pamphlets and setting forth Axiomes of amorous Philosophy, *Tandem aliquando* taught with a feeling of my palpable follies and hearing with the eares of my heart Ionas crying except thou repent, as I haue changed the inward affectes of my mind, so I haue turned my wanton workes to effectual labours.'



These passages need not necessarily have any reference to the *Looking Glasse*, as allusions to Jonas and Nineveh are very common in contemporary writers, and the 'motion of Nineveh' was, and had long been, the most popular of puppet shows. So Marston, *Dutch Courtesan*, iii. 1, speaking of popular theatrical exhibitions or 'motions,' has 'Ninivie, Julius Caesar, Jonas, or the Destruction of Jerusalem.' For further illustrations see Nares and Halliwell, *sub voce* Nineveh, and Dyce, edit. of Greene, p. 32, for ample illustrations. Still, for all that it is not improbable that the above passages may have reference to the play on which he had been or was engaged at the time they were written. In 1589 Greene was on intimate terms with Lodge, as the French verses written by Lodge and appended to the dedication of *The Spanish Masquerado* show. Lodge had just returned from his voyage with Captain Clarke to the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries, publishing in that year his *Sulla's Metamorphosis*, in the following year his *Rosalynde*, and in 1591 his *Life of Robert Second Duke of Normandy*, as well as his *Catharos*. In August he sailed with Cavendish from Plymouth, and did not return till after Greene's death. He must therefore have collaborated with Greene in this play between the spring of 1589 and the middle of August, 1591, if it was not composed in or before 1588. There are three reasons for supposing that the earlier date is most unlikely. The first is that there is nothing to show that Greene was engaged in dramatic composition before 1590, and it seems certain that he had not addressed himself to serious subjects before 1589<sup>1</sup>; the second is that the singularly vivid and realistic passage in the play, act iv. sc. 1, beginning 'The fair Triones with their glimmering light,' is evidently a transcript from experience, and may almost confidently be attributed, as it is attributed, to Lodge in *Englands Parnassus*<sup>2</sup>, who is much more likely to have written it after his marine adventures than before; and the third reason is that the word 'lastly' in the passages in the *Groatsworth of Witte* would much more naturally apply to 1590 or 1591 than to a period in or before 1588<sup>3</sup>. The influence of Marlowe is discernible

<sup>1</sup> See Address to the Gentlemen Readers prefixed to the *Spanish Masquerado*: 'Hitherto, gentlemen, I have writte of loues . . . now lest I might be thought to tie myself wholly to amorous conceites, I haue aduentured to discouer my conscience in religion.'

<sup>2</sup> The extract given beginning with line 1323, 'An host of black and sable clouds,' to line 1345, 'A sacrifice to swage proud Neptune's ire.'

<sup>3</sup> The passage is: 'With thee I ioyn young Iuuenall, that byting satirist that lastly with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy might I aduise thee,' &c. The late Richard Simpson, Dr. Grosart, and others, have contended that 'young Juvenal' cannot refer to Lodge but must refer to Nash. The arguments adduced in favour of Nash are certainly weighty. But it seems to me that the words 'that lastly with mee writ a comedy,' if we assume that they refer to Nash, involve an assumption for which there is absolutely no justification. There is nothing to warrant us in supposing that Nash co-operated with Greene in any dramatic composition, whereas it is certain that Lodge did. The arguments in favour of

in the play; Rasni is evidently modelled on Tamburlaine, and though the germ of the scene in which the Usurer wakes to remorse (act v, scene 2) is in Lodge's pamphlet, it is difficult not to suppose that it is a reminiscence of the famous scene in Marlowe's *Faust*.

The object with which the *Looking Glasse* was written was a moral and religious one. It is an exposure of the vices prevalent in the London of that day, and an earnest exhortation to amendment and repentance. What it especially denounces are luxury and lust, contempt of God, usury, the corruption of lawyers and judges, the debauchery of the lower classes, arrogance, the oppression of the poor, and ingratitude to parents—favourite themes of the satirists and preachers, and particularly those of the Puritan persuasion. In 1593 Nash published a pamphlet which seems to have been suggested by this play, and which certainly presents an interesting parallel to it—*Christ's Tears over Jerusalem. Whereunto is annexed a Comparative admonition to London*. In this work Jerusalem takes the place of Nineveh as a symbol of London, and at the same time a warning to her. As in the play, so in the pamphlet, London is immediately addressed. 'Now to London must I turn me. London that turneth from none of thy

Nash are briefly these. At the time Greene was writing Lodge was about thirty-five years of age and Nash about twenty-five, and consequently the terms 'young' and 'boy' were more applicable to Nash than to Lodge. Lodge was then absent from England, and Greene would seem to be addressing friends who were present in London. The term 'Juvenal' had point in application to Nash, who was well known as 'a byting satirist,' but no point in application to Lodge, whose 'only satirical work, *A Fig for Momus*,' was not published till 1595; and lastly, the term 'young Juvenal' was actually applied to Nash by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*. To this it may be replied that the terms 'young' and 'boy' are evidently used very loosely, that 'young' may be employed in the sense of 'modern' or recent as distinguished from the ancient Juvenal, and that 'boy' is frequently used as a term of endearment without any reference to age. If Lodge was absent from England there is no reason why he should not be addressed and have a place among the quondam acquaintance to whom the address is dedicated, more especially as Greene had recently edited one of his works. It is not true to say that the *Fig for Momus* was Lodge's 'only satirical work.' He had already published his *Reply to Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse* and his *Alarum against Usurers*, his *Catharos* and his *Euphues' Shadow*, the first two of which are as 'byting' as anything of Nash's. It may be added, too, that Greene probably saw in him the characteristics which he afterwards displayed in the *Fig for Momus* and *Wit's Misery and the World's Madness*, and warned him of the dangers to which his satirical disposition would expose him. That Meres called Nash a young Juvenal is not very much in point, for the *Palladis Tamia* did not appear till 1598. Malone and Dyce have very pertinently observed that as Nash was accused at the time of having written Greene's pamphlet, a charge which he indignantly repudiated, it seems quite clear that contemporaries could not have supposed that the reference was to Nash. The strongest argument against Lodge has not, I think, been noticed by any one—it occurs just afterwards in the *Groatsworth*—'I return again to you three knowing that my miserie to you is no newes.' Lodge could hardly have heard of Greene's misery. Still, balance of probability seems to me on the whole in favour of the allusion being to Lodge. Greene was not in a condition to discriminate nicely, and may have forgotten that Lodge was abroad.

left hand iniquities. As great a desolation as Ierusalem hath London deserued. Whateuer of Ierusalem I haue written was but to lend her a *Looking glasse*. Now enter I into my true teares, my teares for London.' He then enters into an account of the prevalent vices and follies, giving, it may be noted, usury a prominent place, while he apostrophizes London at intervals. 'London, thy house (except thou repent) for thy disdayne shall be left desolate vnto thee. . . . Purblind London, neyther canst thou see that God sees thee, nor see into thyselfe. Howe long will thou clowde his earthly prospect with the misty night of thy mounting iniquities?' Like the play it concludes with prayers for London and its people, the last words being 'Mercy, Mercy, O graunt vs heauenly Father, for thy mercy.' *Luctus monumenta manebunt*. The work had particular point. There was a visitation of the plague so severe that from July to December, 1592, the theatres were closed, while the deaths from the epidemic averaged, from April 28 to December 22 in the following year, more than forty a week<sup>1</sup>.

What parts of the drama are to be assigned to Greene, and what to Lodge, can only be conjectured. Portions of it have undoubtedly been taken from his *Alarum against Usurers* published in 1584. Thus the third scene of the first act, where the Usurer, Thrasybulus, and Alcon figure, is evidently based on the following passage:—

'One priuate practice they haue in deliuerie of the commoditie to make the condition of the Obligation thus:—The condition, &c., is this, that if the within bound T. C. his heires, executors or assignees doe well and truly pay or cause to be paid to the aboue named M. S. the sum of 40 pounds of lawful money of England at his own dwelling house, situated and being in Colman St., which he the said T. C. standeth indebted to him for, if so be that the said M. S. or S. his wife be in life. . . . Now in this condition the casual mart bringeth it out of the compasse of the statute. Thus by collusions M. Scrapepenie gathers vp his money.

'Others work by statute and recognisance, making their debtor to discharge in their bookes of account the receipt of so much money, where indeede they had nothing but dead commoditie to their workes by liues; as if such a one liue thus long; you shall giue mee, during his or her life, ten pounds a year for 30 pounds, and be bound to the performance of that statute. Other some deale in this sorte; they will picke out among the refuse commoditie some prettie quantitie of ware which they will deliuer out with some money: this sum may be 40 pound, of which he will haue you receiue 10 pound readie money and 30 pounds in commoditie, all this for a yeare: your bond must be recognisance. Now what thinke you by all computation your commoditie will arise vnto? Truly I myself knew him that receiued the like, and may boldly auouch this—that of that thirtie pounds commoditie there could by no broker be more made than foure nobles: the commoditie was lute stringes; and was not this, thinke you, more than abhominable vsurie? Naie common losses, and the reasonablest is for 36 pound for three months, accounted a good penie worth, if there be made in ready money 20 pounds;

<sup>1</sup> Fleay, *History of the Stage*, p. 94.

naye passing good if they make 25 pounds; and I haue knowen of fortie but fiftene pound and tenne shillings.'

Again, the third scene of the second act, where the judge enters with the Usurer, is based on the following passage:—

'Why then, quoth the merchant, the matter standeth thus, if so be you will seale me an estatute for my mony, no sooner shall you haue done it, but you shal haue the mony, all your bonds in and a defesance to: this that I offer is reasonable, and to morrow, if you will, I will doe it. Agreed, quoth the gentleman, and so takes his leaue. The next morrowe, according to promise, the gentleman sealeth the assurance, acknowledging an estatute before some one iustice of the bench, and comming to his merchant's house for his money is delaied for that day, and in fine his absolute answere is this, that without a suretie he promised him none. He takes witnessse of his friend (as he tearmeth him) a prety peece of witnessse: when he seeth no remedie he demaundeth his bonds, and he withholdeth them; he craues his defeacance, and cannot haue it. Thus is the poore gentleman brought into a notable mischiefe, first of being cousoned of his mony, next deluded by his estatute, without defeasance (for if the defeasance be not deliuered the same time or daie the statute is, it is nothing available); thirdly, by his bonds detaining, which may be recovered against him, and continue in full force; and the Vsurer that playes all this vsurie will yet be counted an honest and well dealing man. But flatter them who list for me, I rather wish their soules health then their good countenances, tho I know they will storme at me for opening their secrets, yet truth shall countenance mee, since I seek my countries commoditie.'

It may be added that the old proverb, 'he is not wise that is not wise for himself,' is quoted twice by Lodge in *Rosalynde*. These scenes, then, may be assigned with some probability to Lodge, and the other scenes in prose with equal probability to Greene. I should be inclined also to assign to Lodge, because of their general resemblance to his style and rhythm, the speeches of the prophets Oseas and Jonas. There can be little doubt that the scenes in which marine technicology and incidents are introduced belong to him, namely, the second scene of the third act, and the first scene of the fourth act. The song in the third scene of the fourth act bears his sign manual; and as the second scene of the fifth act is little more than the versification of a passage in the *Alarum against Usurers*, that may be presumably, though not certainly, assigned to him. But all this is mere conjecture. What is quite clear is this, that there is very little resemblance between the blank verse of this play and the blank verse of Lodge's *Marius and Sulla*, which is much heavier and far more monotonous. This is perhaps to be explained by the fact that *Marius and Sulla* was probably composed before the appearance of *Tamburlaine*.

Of this play there are five Quartos, all of which have been collated. The first is that of 1594 in the Duke of Devonshire's library. On that Quarto my text is based, and the text never deviates from it



except when necessary, every deviation being scrupulously noted, and that Quarto is cited as Q 1. The second is that of 1598, one copy being in the Bodleian and another in the British Museum, and that is cited as Q 2. The third is that of 1602, which is in the British Museum, cited as Q 3. The fourth is that of 1617, of which one copy is in the Bodleian and another in the British Museum, and this is cited as Q 4<sup>1</sup>. What is cited as Q 5 requires a more particular description. It is a Quarto which was formerly in the possession of Heber, being stamped Bibliotheca Heberiana, and is now in the possession of Mr. Godfrey Locker Lampson. The title-page is unfortunately wanting, but has been supplied in MS. with the date, presumably conjectural, 1598, thus:—

‘A  
Looking Glasse for London and England  
Tr. Com.  
Geo . . . By . . . Smythers  
Thos Lodge and Robert Green  
1598.’

On the last page are written on the right margin, in handwriting plainly of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, the following lines:—

‘Thou famous Citty London cheif of all  
Theis blest vnited nations do containe,  
More sinne in thee then in nin’vay remains.’

In this Quarto there are many important variants which are not to be found either in the two Quartos dated 1598 or in any of the others, so that it is probably an edition printed at some other date—a hitherto unrecorded Quarto. It was apparently unknown to Dyce, whose corrections in some cases it anticipates. It was inspected by Grosart, but with one exception he has not noted its variants, which it will be seen are sometimes remarkable. It appears to have been some actor’s copy, for several stage directions have been inserted in MS., though they are not important. The word ‘fflorish’ is written, for example, before the opening scene, and at the end of several of the other scenes, while the word ‘cleare’ is, as a rule, added in the margin where the ‘exits’ and ‘exeunts’ are marked, and these directions are sometimes supplied where they are wanting in the text. Lines 491–5, including the stage direction, are crossed out, the words ‘thunder’ and ‘lightning’ being written as stage directions on the left and right margins respectively. In the scene, again, where the original has ‘Enter the Clowne and his crew of ruffians,’ the words ‘the Clowne’ are altered into ‘1 Ruffian,’ and ‘Smith’ into ‘Clowne,’ while ‘1 Clowne’ is altered into ‘2 Ruf.’ There are also some important manuscript corrections of the text which I have recorded in their proper places.

<sup>1</sup> In Bod. Q 4 ll. 2220 to end are in MS.







A

*collected  
Perfect.  
J. K. 1798.*

# Looking Glasse for

LONDON AND  
England.

Made by *Thomas Lodge* Gentleman, and  
*Robert Greene.*

*In Artibus Maoister.  
First Edition.*



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be  
sold by William Barley, at his Shop  
in Gracious streete.

1 5 9 4.

A  
LOOKING  
Glasse, for London  
and Englande.

Made by Thomas Lodge  
Gentleman, and *Robert Greene.*

*In Artibus Magister.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde  
by William Barley, at his shop in  
Gracious streete.  
1 5 9 8.

## (DRAMATIS PERSONAE<sup>1</sup>

RASNI, *King of Nineueh.*

KING OF CILICIA.

KING OF CRETE,

KING OF PAPHLAGONIA.

THRASIBULUS, *a young gentleman, reduced to poverty.*

ALCON, *a poor man.*

RADAGON, } *his sons.*  
CLESIPHON, }

Vsurer.

Judge.

Lawyer.

Smith.

Clown, *his man.*

First Ruffian.

Second Ruffian.

Gouvernor of Ioppa.

Master of a Ship.

First Searcher.

Second Searcher.

A man in devil's attire.

Magi, Merchants, Sailors, Lords, Attendants, &c.

REMILIA, *sister to Rasni.*

ALUIDA, *wife to the King of Paphlagonia.*

SAMIA, *wife to Alcon.*

Smith's Wife.

Ladies.

An Angel.

An Evil Angel.

OSEAS.

IONAS.}

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from Dyce. The Qq contain no list of Dramatis Personae.

# A LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND

MADE BY THOMAS LODGE GENTLEMAN, AND  
ROBERT GREENE

⟨ACT I.⟩

⟨SCENE I.⟩

*Enter Rasni King of Niniuie, with three Kings of Cilicia, Creete, and Paphlagonia, from the ouerthrow of Ieroboam, King of Ierusalem.*

⟨*Rasni.*⟩ So pace ye on, tryumphant warriours ;  
Make Venus Lemmon, armd in al his pomp,  
Bash at the brightnesse of your hardy looks.  
For you, the Viceroyes and the Cauallires,  
That wait on Rasnis royall mightnesse, 5  
Boast, pettie kings, and glory in your fates,  
That stars haue made your fortunes clime so high,  
To give attend on Rasnis excellence.  
Am I not he that rules great Niniuie,  
Rounded with Lycus siluer flowing streams, 10  
Whose Citie large Diametri containes,  
Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall,  
Two hundreth gates carued out of burnisht brasse,  
As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne,  
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride, 15  
Six hundreth Towers that toplesse touch the cloudes?  
This Citie is the footestoole of your King ;  
A hundreth Lords do honour at my feete ;  
My scepter straineth both the poraels ;  
And now to enlarge the highnesse of my power 20  
I haue made Iudeas Monarch flee the field,  
And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,  
Winning from Cades to Samaria.

*For the Quartos see pp. 141, 142.*

S. D. Rasni Q<sub>2</sub> 3 4 : Rasin Q<sub>1</sub> and so passim      Cilicia Dyce : Cicilia Q<sub>g</sub>  
and so at l. 28 below, but cf. II. 4 and IV 2      1 Rasni add. Dyce      4 you  
om. Q<sub>5</sub>      and] are Dyce : and Q<sub>5</sub>      8 excellency Q<sub>4</sub>      10 Lycus Dyce :  
Lycas Q<sub>g</sub> passim      16 hundred Q<sub>4</sub> and so passim

Great Iewries God, that foilde stout Benhadab  
 Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought, 25  
 For be he God in heauen, yet, Viceroyes, know,  
 Rasni is God on earth and none but he.

*Cilicia.* If louely shape, feature by natures skill  
 Passing in beautie faire Endymions,  
 That Luna wrapt within her snowy brests, 30  
 Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,  
 Transformde vnto a purple Hiacynth,  
 If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,  
 May make a king match with the Gods in gree,  
 Rasni is God on earth, and none but hee. 35

*Creet.* If martial lookes, wrapt in a cloud of wars,  
 More fierce than Mauors lightneth fro his eyes  
 Sparkling reuenge and dyre disparagement:  
 If doughtie deeds more haughte then any done,  
 Seald with the smile of fortune and of fate, 40  
 Matchlesse to manage Lance and Curtelex:  
 If such high actions, grac'd with victories,  
 May make a king match with the Gods in gree,  
 Rasni is God on earth, and none but hee. 45

*Paphlag.* If Pallas wealth,— 45

*Rasni.* Viceroyes, inough; peace, Paphlagon, no more.  
 See wheres my sister faire Remilia,  
 Fairer then was the virgin Danae  
 That waits on Venus with a golden show,  
 She that hath stolne the wealth of Rasnis lookes, 50  
 And tide his thoughts within her louely lockes,  
 She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,  
 See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

*Enters Radagon with Remilia sister to Rasni, Aluida wife to Paphlagon and other Ladies: bring a globe seated in a ship.*

*Remilia.* Victorious Monarch, second vnto Ioue,  
 Mars upon earth, and Neptune on the Seas, 55

24 Benhadab *Qq* 32 Hyacinth *Q4* 37 Mauors *Dyce*: Mars *Qq*  
 39 haughte *Dyce*: haughtie *Qq* 48 the *om.* *Q5* 46 peace *om.*  
*Q2* 3 4 5 Parhlagonia *Q5* 48 Danae *Dyce*: Dania *Q1* 2 4: Diana *Q3* 5  
 49 That Venus wait on with a golden shower *sugg. Walker* 50 stole *Q5*  
 Rasnes *Q1* 2 3 and so *passim* S. D. Alvia *Q1* 2 3 and so *l. 133, but cf. II. 1:*  
 bring *Q1* 2: bringing *Q3* 4 5 54 Ione *Q5*

Whose frowne strows all the Ocean with a calme,  
 Whose smile drawes Flora to display her pride,  
 Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,  
 Rasni the Regent of great Niniuie,  
 For thou hast foyld proud Ieroboams force, 60  
 And like the mustering breath of Aeolus,  
 That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,  
 Hast scattered Iury and her vpstart groomes,  
 Winning from Cades to Samaria,  
 Remilia greets thee with a kinde salute, 65  
 And for a present to thy mightinesse  
 Giues thee a globe folded within a ship,  
 As King on earth and Lord of all the Seas,  
 With such a welcome vnto Niniuie  
 As may thy sisters humble loue afford. 70  
*Rasni.* Sister! The title fits not thy degree;  
 A higher state of honour shall be thine.  
 The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt  
 Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,  
 And she that basht the Sun-god with her eyes, 75  
 Faire Semele, the choyce of Venus maides,  
 Were not so beautious as Remilia.  
 Then, sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,  
 But Rasnis wife, his Lemmon and his loue.  
 Thou shalt like Iuno wed thyselfe to Ioue, 80  
 And fold me in the riches of thy faire.  
 Remilia shall be Rasnis Paramour.  
 For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,  
 And thou bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,  
 Why should not from our loynes issue a Sonne 85  
 That might be Lord of royall soueraintie,  
 Of twentie worlds, if twentie worlds might be?  
 What saist, Remilia, art thou Rasnis wife?  
*Remilia.* My heart doth swell with fauour of thy thoughts;  
 The loue of Rasni maketh me as proud 90  
 As Iuno when she wore heauens Diademe.

56 strows *Dyce*: stroyes *Qq* 61 mustering] blustering *sugg. Dyce*  
 62 pines] Princes *Q5* Lebanon *Q5* 63 lewry *Q3* 64 Cade *Q3*  
 65 king *Q5* 73 lonely *Q5* 84 thou] though *Q2 4* 84-85 *Between*  
*these lines Q5 inserts* Why should not from our royall Soueraigntie?



- Thy sister borne was for thy wife by loue.  
 Had I the riches nature locketh vp  
 To decke her darling beautie when she smiles,  
 Rasni should prancke him in the pride of all. 95
- Rasni.* Remilias loue is farre more either prisde  
 Then Ieroboams or the worlds subdue.  
 Lordings, Ile haue my wedding sumptuous,  
 Made glorious with the treasures of the world.  
 Ile fetch from Albia shelues of Margarites, 100  
 And strip the Indies of their Diamonds,  
 And Tyre shall yield me tribute of her gold,  
 To make Remilias wedding glorious.  
 Ile send for all the Damosell Queenes that liue  
 Within the reach of Rasnis Gouernment, 105  
 To wait as hand-maides on Remilia,  
 That her attendant traine may passe the troupe  
 That gloried Venus at her wedding day.
- Creet.* Oh my Lord, not sister to thy loue :  
 Tis incest and too fowle a fact for Kings. 110  
 Nature allowes no limits to such lust.
- Rad.* Presumptuous Viceroy, darst thou check thy Lord,  
 Or twit him with the lawes that nature lowes?  
 Is not great Rasni aboue natures reach,  
 God vpon earth, and all his will is law? 115
- Creet.* Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choice,  
 And sisters loue will blemish all his worth.
- Rad.* Doth not the brightnesse of his maiestie  
 Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?
- Rasni.* Well hast thou answered with him, Radagon ; 120  
 I like thee for thy learned Sophistrie.  
 But thou of Creet that countercheckst thy King,  
 Packe hence in exile, †Radagon the Crowne,†  
 Be thou Vicegerent of his royaltie,  
 And faile me not in what my thoughts may please, 125  
 For from a beggar haue I brought thee vp,

92 by loue] my loue Q3 and Dyce 96 either] richer *sugg. Dyce* : higher  
*sugg. Daniel* 98 wedding Dyce : weddings Qq 106 on] to Q2 3 4 5  
113 lowes] loues Q2 3 4 5 and Dyce 117 sister Q5 120 with him,  
Radagon Dyce : within Radon Qq 121 Sophistrie Q1 2 3 123 give  
Radagon, Q2 4 5 the] thy Q2 3 4 124 thou Dyce : thee Qq

And gracst thee with the honour of a Crowne.

Ye quondam king, what feed ye on delaies?

*Creet.* Better no king than Viceroy vnder him

That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.

130

*Rasni.* Remilia, what faire dames be those that wait

Attendant on thy matchlesse royaltie?

*Remilia.* Tis Aluida, the faire wife to the King of Paphlagonia.

*Rasni.* Trust me, she is faire :—th'ast, Paphlagon, a Jewell,

To fold thee in so bright a sweetings armes.

135

*Rad.* Like you her, my Lord?

*Rasni.* What if I do, Radagon?

*Rad.* Why, then she is yours, my Lord, for mariage

Makes no exception, where Rasni doth command.

*Paphla.* Ill doest thou counsel him to fancy wiues.

140

*Rad.* Wife or not wife, what so he likes is his.

*Rasni.* Well answered, Radagon; thou art for me:

Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king.

Lords, go in tryumph of my happie loues,

And, for to feast vs after all our broyles,

145

Frolicke and reuell it in Niniue.

Whatsoever befitteth your conceited thoughts,

Or good or ill, loue or not loue, my boyes,

In loue or what may satisfie your lust,

Act it, my Lords, for no man dare say no.

150

*Diuisum imperium cum Ioue nunc teneo.*

*Exeunt.*

## 〈SCENE II.〉

*Enters brought in by an Angell Oseas the Prophet, and set  
downe ouer the Stage in a Throne.*

*Angell.* Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit

Th'art brought from Iewry vnto Niniue.

So was Elias wrapt within a storme,

And set vpon Mount Carmell by the Lord.

155

For thou hast preacht long to the stubborne Iewes,

Whose flintie hearts haue felt no sweet remorse,

128 Quandam Qq    131 Remilias Qq, and so elsewhere    132 thy] my Q2 4 5  
134 she is a faire: thou hast Q2 4 5    147 Whatsoever] Whate'er Dyce  
150 say] so Q4    151 Qq give this line to Smith    *Diuisum* Q2 Bod:  
*Denesum* Q1 3 4 5 and Q2 B.M.    *teneo*] *teneo* Q2 3    S.D. set] let Q5  
155 Carmell Q4: Carnell Q1 2: Calue Q3 5

But lightly valuing all the threats of God,  
 Haue still perseuerd in their wickednesse.  
 Soe I haue brought thee vnto Niniue, 160  
 The rich and royall Citie of the world,  
 Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,  
 As Sodome and Gomorrha full of sin.  
 The Lord lookes downe, and cannot see one good,  
 Not one that couets to obey his will, 165  
 But wicked all, from Cradle to the Cruch.  
 Note then, Oseas, all their greeuous sinnes,  
 And see the wrath of God that paies reuenge.  
 And when the ripenesse of their sin is full,  
 And thou hast written all their wicked thoughts, 170  
 Ile carry thee to Iewry backe againe,  
 And seate thee in the great Ierusalem;  
 There shalt thou publish in her open streetes  
 That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin  
 On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake; 175  
 Much more will he inflict a world of plagues  
 On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voice,  
 And yet obey not what his Prophets speake.  
 Sit thee, Oseas, pondring in the spirit  
 The mightinesse of these fond peoples sinnes. 180  
*Oseas.* The will of the Lord be done.

*Exit Angell.*

*Enters the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.*

*Ruffian.* Come on, Smyth, thou shalt be one of the Crew, because thou knowest where the best Ale in the Town is.

*Clowne.* Come on, in faith, my colts, I haue left my M<sup>a</sup>ister striking of a heat, and stole away because I would keep you 185 company.

*First Ruffian.* Why, what shall we haue this paltrie Smith with vs?

160 Loe Q5      166 Cruch MS correction in Q1: Church Qq      170  
 thoughts Q5: through Q1 2 3 4, Dyce, Grosart      172 the om. Q5      S. D.  
*Enter* Q5 J. C. Smith      Smith Q5      184 Clowne J. C. Smith: Smith  
 Qq: Adam Dyce and Grosart      Master Q5      187 First Ruffian] Clowne  
 Q1 2 3 4 Dyce and Grosart. Throughout this scene First Ruffian's speeches are  
 given by Q1 2 3 4 to Clowne, corr. in MS. Q5 at 207, but at 218 to I. Clowne,  
 at 266 not assigned: Clowne's first three speeches to Smith, corr. in MS. Q5,  
 thereafter not assigned. See notes      187-210 Mutilated in the Devonshire  
 copy of Q1

*Clowne.* 'Paltry Smith!' why, you Incarnatiue knaue, what are you that you speak pettie treason against the smiths trade?

190

*First Ruffian.* Why, slaue, I am a gentleman of Niniuie.

*Clowne.* A gentleman! good sir, I remember you well and al your progenitars: your father bare office in our towne; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestow-  
ed two squiers liuings on him, the one was on working dayes, 195  
and then he kept the towne stage, and on holidaiies they made him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the church. Alas! sir, your father, why, sir, mee-thinks I see the Gentleman still. A proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten, his beard Rats colour, halfe blacke halfe white, his nose was in the highest de- 200  
gree of noses, it was nose *Autem glorificam*, so set with Rubies that after his death it should haue bin nailed up in Copper-smiths hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that euer instructed me in the mysterie of a pot of Ale.

205

*Second Ruf.* Well said, Smith, that crost him ouer the thumbs.

*First Ruffian.* Villaine, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opproprious termes.

< *Clowne.* > O Peter, Peter, put vp thy sword, I prithie heartily, into thy scabbard; hold in your rapier, for though I haue not a long reacher, I 210  
haue a short hitter. Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choller begins to rise against him, for marke the words, 'a paltry Smith.' Oh horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, Coursers, Curtalls, Iades, Cuts, Hackneies, and Mares. Where- 215  
upon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curse,—shalt not be worth a horse of thine owne this seuen yeare.

*First Ruffian.* I prithie, Smith, is your occupation so excellent?

< *Clowne.* > 'A paltry Smith!' Why, ile stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure elements; for our yron is made of the earth, our 220  
bellowes blow out aire, our flore holdes fire, and our forge water. Nay sir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation.

189 pettie *om.* Q3 5      193 progenitors Q5      199 forty *Dyce*: foure  
Q9      206 that] thou hast Q4      212 the words of Q2 3 4 5      215 Cuts]  
Colts Q5      216 thee *om.* Q5      thou shalt Q2 3 4 5      218 I. *Clowne* Q9  
219 *Smith* Q3

*First Ruffian.* I, but he was a Cuckold.

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ That was the reason, sir, he cald your father cousin. 225  
 ‘Paltry smith’! Why in this one word thou hast defaced their  
 worshipfull occupation.

*First Ruffian.* As how?

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ Marrie sir, I will stand to it, that a Smith in his kinde is a  
 Phisition, a Surgion and a Barber. For let a Horse take a cold, or 230  
 be troubled with the bots, and we straight giue him a potion or  
 a purgation, in such phisicall maner that he mends straight: if  
 he haue outward diseases, as the spauin, splent, ring-bone, wind-  
 gall or fashion, or, sir, a galled backe, we let him blood and clap  
 a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a verie 235  
 vengeance: now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue  
 any rebellious haire, we straight to our sheeres and trim him  
 with what cut it please vs, picke his eares and make him neat.  
 Marry, I, indeed, sir, we are slouings for one thing, we neuer vse  
 musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is, sir, because 240  
 he can wooe without kissing.

*First Ruffian.* Well, sirrha, leaue off these praises of a Smyth, and  
 bring vs to the best Ale in the Towne.

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ Now, sir, I haue a feate aboue all the Smythes in Niniuie,  
 for, sir, I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature 245  
 of Ale; for marke you, sir, a pot of Ale consists of foure parts,  
 Imprimus the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger, and the Nutmeg.

*First Ruffian.* Excellent.

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ The Ale is a restorative, bread is a binder, marke you,  
 sir, two excellent points in phisicke; the Ginger, oh ware of that, 250  
 the philosophers haue written of the nature of Ginger, tis ex-  
 pullsitiue in two degrees; you shal here the sentence of Galen,  
 “It will make a man belch, cough, and fart, And is a great comfort  
 to the hart,”—a proper poesie, I promise you; but now to the noble  
 vertue of the Nutmeg; it is, saith one Ballad, I think an English 255  
 Roman was the authour, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when  
 the Ale gives a buffet to the head, oh, the Nutmeg, that keepe  
 him for a while in temper. Thus you see the discription of the

224-239 *Mutilated in the Devonshire copy of Q1* 233 spauin *Dyce:*  
 spuing Q1 2 3: spauing Q4: spuing Q5 splent] splene Q5 ring-bone]  
 king-bone Q5 239 I om. Q5 slouens Q2 3 4 5 241 woee Q3:  
 woe Q1 2: woo Q4 247 Imprimis Q5 249 Ale is a] a om. Q5  
 252 here] heue Q5 253 And it is Q5 258 for a while Q2 3 4:  
 for while Q1

vertue of a pot of Ale ; now, sir, to put my phisical precepts in practise, follow me : but afore I step any further— 260

*First Ruffian.* Whats the matter now ?

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ Why, seeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is the puruaior for the wenches ? For, masters, take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench, why, alasse, tis like an egge without salt, or a red herring without mustard. 265

⟨*First Ruffian.*⟩ Lead vs to the Ale, wee le haue wenches inough I warrant thee.

*Oseas.* Iniquitie seekes out companions still,  
And mortall men are armed to do ill :  
London, looke on, this matter nips thee neere ; 270  
Leaue off thy ryot, pride and sumptuous cheere :  
Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,  
But aide the infant, and releue the poore :  
Else seeking mercy, being mercillesse,  
Thou be adiudged to endlesse heauinesse. 275

### ⟨SCENE III.⟩

*Enters the Vsurer, a yoong Gentleman* ⟨*Thrasibulus*⟩, *and a poore Man* ⟨*Alcon*⟩.

*Vsurer.* Come on, I am euery day troubled with these needie companions : what newes with you ? what wind brings you hither ?

*Thras.* Sir, I hope, how far soeuer you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day therein I should pay you mony that I tooke vp of you alate in a commoditie. 280

*Alc.* And, sir, sirreuerence of your manhood and genterie, I haue brought home such mony as you lent me.

*Vsurer.* You, yoong gentleman, is my mony readie ?

*Thras.* Truly, sir, this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not prouide 285  
it against the day ; wherefore I am come to intreat you to

259-266 *Mutilated in the Devonshire copy of Q1* 268 out] our Q5  
278 infant] Infants Q4 S.D. Enter Q5 276 these] those Q2 4  
278 *Thras.*] *Gent. Qq, and so throughout this scene. But cf. IV. 5* 278,  
292 sir om. Q5 279 wherein Q5 281 *Alc.*] *Poore man Qq; elsewhere in this scene Poore. But cf. IV. 5* 285 promise of men Q5



stand my friend and to fauour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

*Vsurer.* Is the winde in that door? If thou hast my mony, so it is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take <sup>290</sup> the forfeyt of the bond.

*Thras.* I pray you, sir, consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke vp; you knowe, sir, I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in Lute strings, which when I came to sell againe, I could get <sup>295</sup> but fiue poundes for them, so had I, sir, but fifteene poundes for my fortie. In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you, sir, giue me a month longer.

*Vsurer.* I answered thee afore, not a minute; what haue I to do how thy bargain proued? I haue thy hand set to my <sup>300</sup> booke that thou receiuedst fortie pounds of me in mony.

*Thras.* I, sir, it was your deuise that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

*Alc.* Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the <sup>305</sup> forfeyt of an Obligation, as my blinde Mare, God blesse her, hath ouer a manger of Oates.

*Thras.* Then there is no fauour, sir?

*Vsurer.* Come to morrow to mee, and see how I will vse thee.

*Thras.* No, couetous Caterpillar, know, that I haue made extreame <sup>310</sup> shift rather than I would fall into the hands of such a rauening panthar; and therefore here is thy mony and deliuer me the recognisance of my lands.

*Vsurer.* What a spight is this! hath sped of his Crownes! If he had mist but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had <sup>315</sup> I gotten for fortie pounds! Well, tis my cursed fortune. Oh, haue I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance?

*Thras.* Come, sir, will you dispatch and tell your mony?

*Strikes 4 a clocke.*

*Vsurer.* Stay, what is this a clocke? foure: let me see—'to be paid between the houres of three and foure in the afternoone': this <sup>320</sup> goes right for me; you, sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your obligation? The houre is past, it was to be paid betweene three and foure; and now the clocke

291-299 *Mutilated in the Devonshire copy of Q1* 302 it] that Q4:  
deuice Q2 3 312 thy om. Q5 316 I] A Q5

hath strooken foure, I will receiue none, Ile stand to the forfeyt of the recognizance.

325

*Thras.* Why, sir, I hope you do but iest ; why, tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeyt of my bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before foure.

*Vsurer.* Why didst thou not tender thy mony then? if I offer thee iniury take the law of me ; complaine to the Iudge, I will receiue 330 no mony.

*Alc.* Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good maister for my Cow. I borrowed thirtie shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18 pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you, sir, she giues a goodly suppe : now, sir, 335 here is your mony.

*Vsurer.* Hang, beggarly knaue, comcest to me for a cow? Did I not bind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday? Thou getst no Cow at my hand. 340

*Alc.* No Cow, sir ! alasse that word 'no Cow,' goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning. No Cow, sir ! why, alasse, alasse M(aister) Vsurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

*Vsurer.* Thou getst no Cow of me, knaue ! I cannot stand prating 345 with you, I must be gone.

*Alc.* Nay, but heare you, M(aister) Vsurer : 'no Cow,' why, sir, heres your thirtie shillings : I have paid you 18 pence a weeke, and therefore there is reason I should haue my Cow.

*Vsurer.* Why pratest thou? Haue I not answered thee thy day is 350 broken?

*Alc.* Why, sir, alasse, my Cow is a Common-wealth to me ; for first sir, she allowes me, my wife and sonne, for to banket our selues withal, Butter, Cheese, Whay, Curds, Creame, sod milk, raw-milke, sower-milke, sweete-milke, and butter-milke : besides 355 sir, she saued me euery yeare a peny in Almanackes, for she was as good to me as a Prognostication ; if she had but set vp her tayle and haue gallapt about the meade, my little boy was able to say, 'Oh, father, there will be a storme' ; her verie taile was a kalender to me : and now to loose my cow ! alas, 360 M(aister) Vsurer, take pittie vpon me.

335 goodly suppe] goodly soape Q1 : pretie soape Q2 : pretie sope Q3 5 :  
 prety sope Q4 350 Why] What Q5

*Vsurer.* I haue other matters to talke on ; farwell, fellowes.

*Thras.* Why, but, thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony and deliuer me my recognisance ?

*Vsurer.* Ile deliuer thee none ; if I haue wronged thee, seeke thy 365 mends at the law.

*Exit.*

*Thras.* And so I will, insatiable pesant.

*Alc.* And sir, rather then I will put vp this word 'no Cow,' I will laie my wiues best gowne to pawne. I tell you, sir, when the slaue vttered this word 'no Cow,' it strooke to my heart, for my wife shall 370 neuer have one so fit for her turne againe ; for indeed, sir, she is a woman that hath her twidling strings broke.

*Thras.* What meanest thou by that, fellow ?

*Alc.* Marry, sir, sirreuerence of your manhood, she breakes winde behinde ; and indeed, sir, when she sat milking of her Cow and let 375 a fart, my other Cowes would start at the noyse, and kick downe the milke and away, but this Cow, sir, the gentlest Cow ! my wife might blow whilst she burst, and hauing such good conditions, shall the Vsurer come vpon me, with 'no Cow' ? Nay, sir, before I pocket vp this word 'no Cow,' my wiues gowne goes to the 380 Lawier : why, alas, sir, tis as ill a word to me, as 'no Crowne' to a King.

*Thras.* Well, fellow, go with me, and ile help thee to a Lawyer.

*Alc.* Marry, and I will, sir. 'No Cow !' well, the worlde goes 385 hard.

*Exeunt.*

# OSEAS.

*Oseas.* Where hatefull vsurie

Is counted husbandrie,

Where mercillesse men rob the poore,

And the needie are thrust out of doore :

Where gaine is held for Conscience,

390

And mens pleasures is all on pence :

Where yong Gentlemen forfeit their lands,

Through riot, into the vsurers hands :

Where pouertie is despisde and pity banished,

And mercy indeed vtterly vanished :

395

Where men esteeme more of mony then of God,

Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.

377 this] these Q5      390 gaine Q5      391 pleasure Q5      393 the  
om. Q5      395 vtterly is Q5

For there is no sin more odious in his sight  
 Then where vsurie defraudes the poore of his right.  
 London, take heed, these sinnes abound in thee : 400  
 The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.  
 The Gentlemen by subiltie are spoilde,  
 The plough-men loose the crop for which they toild.  
 Sin raignes in thee, O London, euery houre.  
 Repent and tempt not thus the heauenly power. 405

## 〈ACT II.〉

## 〈SCENE I.〉

*Enters Remilia 〈and Aluida〉, with a traine of Ladies in all  
 royaltie.*

*Remilia.* Faire Queenes, yet handmaids vnto Rasnis loue,  
 Tell me, is not my state as glorious  
 As Iunoes pomp, when, tyred with heauens despoile,  
 Clad in her vestments, spotted all with starres,  
 She crost the siluer path vnto her Ioue? 410  
 Is not Remilia far more beautious,  
 Richt with the pride of natures excellence,  
 Then Venus in the brightest of her shine?  
 My haire, surpasse they not Apollos locks?  
 Are not my Tresses curled with such art 415  
 As loue delights to hide him in their faire?  
 Doth not mine eyne shine like the morning lampe  
 That tels Aurora when her loue will come?  
 Haue I not stolne the beautie of the heauens,  
 And plac'st it on the feature of my face? 420  
 Can any Goddesse make compare with me,  
 Or match her with the faire Remilia?  
*Alui.* The beauties that proud Paris saw from Troy  
 Mustring in Ida for the golden ball,  
 Were not so gorgious as Remilia. 425

406 Queene Q2 3 5: Queen Q4, and Dyce: handmaid Dyce 407 as]  
 so Q2 3 5 411 Remilias Q5 412 Richt] Rich Q2 3 4 5 excellencie Q5  
 417 eyne] eye Q2 5 418 Aurora Q3: Anrera Q1 4: Aurera Q2 420  
 plac'st Q1: placest Q2: plaste Q3: plac'd Q4 423 from Q2 3 4 5: 'fore  
 sugg. Dyce: fro Q1

*Remilia.* I haue trickt my tramels vp with richest balme,  
 And made my perfumes of the purest Myrre :  
 The pretious drugs that Aegypts wealth affoord,  
 The costly paintings fetcht fro curious Tyre,  
 Haue mended in my face what nature mist. 430  
 Am I not the earths wonder in my lookes?

*Alui.* The wonder of the earth and pride of heauen.

*Remilia.* Looke, Aluida, a haire stands not amisse ;  
 For womens locks are tramels of conceit,  
 Which do intangle loue for all his wiles. 435

*Alui.* Madam, vnlesse you coy it trick and trim,  
 And plaie the ciuill wanton ere you yeeld,  
 Smiting disdaine of pleasures with your tongue,  
 Patting your princely Rasni on the cheeke,  
 When he presumes to kisse without consent, 440  
 You marre the market, beautie nought auailles.  
 You must be proud, for pleasures hardly got  
 Are sweete, if once attaine.

*Remilia.* Faire Aluida,  
 Thy counsell makes Remilia passing wise. 445  
 Suppose that thou weart Rasnis mightinesse,  
 And I Remilia, Prince of Excellence.

*Alui.* I would be maister then of loue and thee.

*Remil.* 'Of loue and me.' Proud and disdainful King,  
 Dar'st thou presume to touch a Deitie, 450  
 Before she grace thee with a yeelding smile?

*Alui.* Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy,  
 Say nay, and take it.

*Remilia.* Carelesse and vnkinde,  
 Talkes Rasni to Remilia in such sort 455  
 As if I did enioye a humane form?  
 Looke on thy Loue, behold mine eyes diuine,  
 And dar'st thou twit me with a woman's fault?  
 Ah, Rasni, thou art rash to iudge of me.  
 I tell thee, Flora oft hath woode my lips, 460  
 To lend a Rose to beautifie her spring ;  
 The sea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my cheeks.

426 richest] riches Q2 4      429 painting Q2 4      431 lookes] dayes Q4  
 436 coy and tricke it trim Q4      456 I] he Q2 4 5      461 To Q2 :  
 The Q1

Then thou vnkind,—and hereon would I weepe.

*Alui.* And here would Aluida resign her charge,  
 For were I but in thought Th' assirian King, 465  
 I needs must quite thy teares with kisses sweete,  
 And craue a pardon with a friendly touch.  
 You know it, Madam, though I teach it not,  
 The touch I meane, you smile when as you think it.

*Remi.* How am I pleas'd to heare thy pritty prate, 470  
 Accordig to the humor of my minde!  
 Ah, Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?  
 The gentle winds have woode me with their sighes,  
 The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did smile,  
 And when I tract vpon the tender grasse, 475  
 Loue that makes warme the center of the earth  
 Lift vp his crest to kisse Remilias foote.  
 Iuno still entertaines her amorous Ioue  
 With new delights, for feare he looke on me.  
 The Phoenix feathers are become my Fanne, 480  
 For I am beauties Phoenix in this world.  
 Shut close these Curtaines straight and shadow me,  
 For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,  
 And scorne all eyes, to see Remilias eyes.  
 Nymphs, Eunuchs, sing, for Mauors draweth nigh. 485  
 Hide me in Closure, let him long to looke,  
 For were a Goddesse fairer then am I,  
 Ile scale the heauens to pull her from the place.

*They draw the Curtaines and Musicke plaies.*

*Alui.* Beleeue me, tho she say that she is fairest,  
 I think my penny siluer by her leaue. 490

*Enter Rasni (and Radagon) with his Lords in pomp, who make  
 a ward about him; with him the Magi in great pompe.*

*Rasni.* Magi, for loue of Rasni, by your Art,  
 By Magicke frame an Arbour out of hand,

464 I Aluida Q5      469 it Dyce: il Q1 2: ill Q3 4 5      470 How]  
 Now Q5      475 tract] trac'd Q3 5      tender om. Q2 3 4 5      482 straight]  
 stright Q2 4      485 Eunuchs Dyce: Knancks Q1 2 3 5: Knanckes Q4  
 486 Hide Dyce: Hid Q9      488 the place] her place Q3      489 the  
 fairest Q5      491 your] our Q2 4



For faire Remilia to desport her in.

Meane-while, I will bethinke me on further pomp.

*Exit.*

*The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from vnder the same riseth a braue Arbour; the King returneth in an other sute, while the Trumpettes sounde.*

*Rasni.* Blest be ye, men of Art, that grace me thus, 495  
And blessed be this day where Himen hies,  
To ioyne in vnion pride of heauen and earth.

*Lightning and thunder wherewith Remilia is strooken.*

What wondrous threatning noyse is this I heare?  
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?  
When I draw neare Remilias royall Tent, 500  
I, waking, dreame of sorrow and mishap.

*Rad.* Dread not, O King, at ordinary chance,  
These are but common exalations,  
Drawne from the Earth, in substance hote and drie,  
Or moist and thicke, or Meteors combust, 505  
Matters and causes incident to time,  
Inkindled in the fire region first.

Tut, be not now a Romane Augurer,  
Approach the Tent, looke on Remilia.

*Rasni.* Thou hast confirmd my doubts, kinde Radagon. 510  
Now ope, ye foldes, where Queene of fauour sits,  
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,  
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft:  
Ope like th' imperiall gates where Phoebus sits,  
When as he meanes to wooe his Clitia. 515  
Nocturnall Cares, ye blemishers of blisse,  
Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face.  
Remilia, my delight—she answereth not.

*He drawes the Curtaines and findes her stroken with  
Thunder, blacke.*

How pale! as if bereau'd in fatall meedes,  
The balmy breath hath left her bosom quite; 520

494 On further pomp I will bethinke me *Dyce* further] surth a Q2: such  
a Q3 45 S. D. *their*] her Q5 495 men Q4: man Q1 2 3 501 and]  
or Q2 4 508 exalitations Q2 4 507 Inkindling Q2 4 Enkindling Q3 5  
515 wooe] wed Q3 516 Necternall Qq 518 Remilia] is *add.* Q3  
S. D.: *strooken blacke with thunder* Q3 5

My Hesperus by cloudie death is blent.  
 Villaines, away, fetch Sirropes of the Inde,  
 Fetch Balsomo, the kind preserue of life,  
 Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch all  
 To fetch her life, or I will faint and die. 525

*They bring in all these and offer; nought preuailles.*

Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alassee, there nought preuailles.  
 Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me see,  
 Lockt are the Iems of joy in dens of death.  
 Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.  
 Malicious mistresse of inconstancie, 530  
 Damd be thy name, that hast obscur'd my ioy.  
 Kings, Viceroyes, Princes, reare a royall tombe  
 For my Remilia, beare her from my sight,  
 Whilst I in teares weepe for Remilia.

*They beare her out.*

*Rad.* What maketh Rasni moodie? Losse of one? 535

As if no more were left so faire as she?

Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,

Faire Aluida, the Paphlagonian Queene;

Wooe her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.

*Rasni.* What, wooe my subiects wife that honoreth me? 540

*Rad.* Tut, Kings this *meum tuum* should not know.

Is she not faire? Is not her husband hence?

Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon.

A prittie peate to driue your mourne away.

*Rasni.* She smiles on me, I see she is mine owne. 545

Wilt thou be Rasnis royall Paramour?

*Rad.* She blushing yeelds consent, make no dispute:

The King is sad, and must be gladdened straight.

Let Paphlagonian King go mourne meane-while.

*He thrusts the King out, and so they Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Pride hath his iudgement: London, looke about; 550

Tis not inough in show to be deuout.

521 blent] bent Q2 3 4 5      522 of] from Q4      524 fetch herbes]  
 fetch om. Q5      532 Viceroy Q2 3 4      S.D. thrusts Q4: thrust Q1 2 3

A Furie now from heauen to lands vnknowne  
 Hath made the Prophet speake, not to his owne.  
 Flie, wantons, flie this pride and vaine attire,  
 The stales to set your tender hearts on fire. 555  
 Be faithfull in the promise you haue past,  
 Else God will plague and punish at the last.  
 When lust is hid in shroude of wretched life,  
 When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,  
 Marke but the Prophets, † we that shortly shoves, † 560  
 ‘After death exspect for many woes.’

〈SCENE II.〉

*Enters the poore man 〈Alcon〉 and the Gentleman 〈Thrasibulus〉,  
 with their Lawier.*

*Thras.* I need not, sir, discourse vnto you the dutie of Lawiers  
 in tendering the right cause of their Clients, nor the conscience  
 you are tied vnto by higher command. Therefore suffise, the  
 Vsurer hath done me wrong; you know the Case, and, good sir, 565  
 I haue strained my selfe to giue you your fees.

*Lawier.* Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I  
 were to be accused of open periury, for the case is euident.

*Alc.* And truly sir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my matter,  
 why, sir, I and my wife are quite vndone; I want my mease 570  
 of milke when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread and  
 butter when he goes to schoole.—M〈aister〉 Lawier, pitie me, for  
 surely, sir, I was faine to laie my wiues best gowne to pawne  
 for your fees: when I lookt vpon it, sir, and saw how hansomly  
 it was daubed with statute lace, and what a faire mockado 575  
 Cape it had, and then thought how hansomely it became my  
 wife, truly, sir, my heart is made of butter, it melts at the  
 least persecution, I fell on weeping; but when I thought  
 on the words the Vsurer gaue me, ‘no Cow,’ then, sir, I  
 would haue stript her into her smocke, but I would make 580  
 him deliuer my Cow ere I had done: therefore, good M〈aister〉  
 Lawier, stand my friend.

554 wantons] wanton Q2 3 4 5      555 stales *C. E. Doble*; scales *Qq* and  
*Dyce*      560 Prophet's woe, *sugg. J. C. Smith. See notes*

*Lawier.* Trust me, father, I will do for thee as much as for my selfe.

*Alc.* Are you married, sir?

*Lawier.* I, marry, am I, father. 585

*Alc.* Then goods Benison light on you and your good wife, and send her that she be neuer troubled with my wiues disease.

*Lawier.* Why, whats thy wiues disease?

*Alc.* Truly, sir, she hath two open faults, and one priuie fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquent for a poore man, 590 and hath her words of Art, for she will call me Rascall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabond, Slaue, Knaue. Why, alassee sir, and these be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith, sir, they be ratlers like thunder, sir; for after the dew followes a storme, for then am I sure 595 either to be well buffeted, my face scratcht, or my head broken, and therefore good M<sup>a</sup>ister Lawyer, on my knees I ask it, let me not go home again to my wife, with this word, 'no Cow': for then shee will exercise her two faults vpon me with all extremitie. 600

*Lawier.* Feare not, man. But what is thy wiues priuy fault?

*Alc.* Truly, sir, thats a thing of nothing; alassee, she indeed, sirreuerence of your mastership, doth vse to breake winde in her sleepe. Oh, sir, here comes the Iudge, and the old Caitife the Vsurer.

*Enters the Iudge, the Vsurer, and his Attendants.*

*Vsurer.* Sir, here is fortie Angels for you, and if at any time you 605 want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three or foure fat bullocks: whereas these needie slaues can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, sir, fauour my case.

*Judge.* Feare not, sir, Ile do what I can for you. 610

*Vsurer.* What, maister Lawier, what make you here? mine aduersary for these Clients?

*Lawier.* So it chanceth now, sir.

*Vsurer.* I know you know the old Prouerbe, 'He is not wise, that is not wise for himselfe.' I would not be disgracst in this 615 action; therefore here is twentie Angels; say nothing in the matter, and what you say, say to no purpose, for the Iudge is my friend.

591 her] the Q<sub>4</sub>      592 Slaue and knaue Q<sub>5</sub>      598 word] words  
Q<sub>5</sub>      615 would] should Q<sub>5</sub>      617 and] or Dyce

*Lawier.* Let me alone, Ile fit your purpose.

*Judge.* Come, where are these fellowes that are the plaintifes? 620  
what can they say against this honest Citizen our neighbour,  
a man of good report amongst all men?

*Alc.* Truly, M(aister) Iudge, he is a man much spoken off;  
marry, euery mans cries are against him, and especially we;  
and therefore I think we haue brought our Lawier to 625  
touch him with as much law as will fetch his landes  
and my Cowe, with a pestilence.

*Thras.* Sir, I am the other plaintife, and this is my Councellour:  
I beseech your honour be fauourable to me in equitie.

*Judge.* Oh, Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentlemans behalfe? 630

*Lawier.* Faith, sir, as yet little good. Sir, tell you your owne case  
to the Iudge, for I haue so many matters in my head,  
that I haue almost forgotten it.

*Thras.* Is the winde in that doore? Why then, my Lord, thus.  
I tooke vp of this cursed Vsurer, for so I may well 635  
tearme him, a commoditie of fortie poundes, whereof  
I receiued ten pounce in mony, and thirtie pound in  
Lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make  
but fve pounds: for the assurance of this badde commoditie  
bound him my land in recognisance: I came at my day 640  
and tendred him his mony, and he would not take it: for the  
redresse of my open wrong I craue but iustice.

*Judge.* What say you to this, sir?

*Vsurer.* That first he had no Lute-strings of me; for looke you, sir,  
I haue his owne hand to my booke for the receipt of fortie pound. 645

*Thras.* That was, sir, but a deuise of him to colour the Statute.

*Judge.* Well, he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more  
in law. But now, sir, he saies his money was tendred at the  
day and houre.

*Vsurer.* This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I will depose; 650  
for here is the obligation, 'to be paide betweene three and foure  
in the after-noone,' and the clocke strooke foure before he of-  
fered it, and the words be 'betweene three and foure,' therefore  
to be tendred before foure.

*Thras.* Sir, I was there before foure, and he held me with brabbling till 655

628 the other] another Q5      631 yet om. Q4      you om. Q3 5      642  
wrongs Q5      648 saies] sayeth Q4      tendred Q2 3 4      tended Q1

the clock strooke, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept the recognisance of my land for so small a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you haue your fee, you haue heard what the case is, and therefore do me iustice and right; I am a yoong Gentleman and speake for my patrimony. 660

*Lawier.* Faith sir, the Case is altered; you told me it before in an other maner: the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must pleade to the Iudge for fauour.

*Thras.* O execrable bribery!

*Alc.* Faith, sir Iudge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans Coun- 665  
sellour, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Vsurers Clocke is the swiftest Clock in all the Towne: tis, sir, like a womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before the time; for when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Towne strooke foure. 670

*Iudge.* Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you, yoong Gentleman, this is my ward: looke better another time both to your bargains and to the paiments; for I must giue flat sentence against you, that for default of tendering the mony betweene the houres you haue forfeited your recognisance, and he to 675  
haue the land.

*Thras.* O inspeakeable iniustice!

*Alc.* O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Iudge!

*Iudge.* Now you, fellow, what haue you to say for your matter?

*Alc.* Maister Lawier, I laid my wiues gowne to pawne for your fees: 680  
I pray you, to this geere.

*Lawier.* Alasse, poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thy selfe.

*Alc.* I hold my cap to a noble, that the Vsurer hath giuen him some gold, and he, chawing it in his mouth, hath got the tooth- 685  
ache that he cannot speake.

*Iudge.* Well, sirrha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

*Alc.* Maister Iudge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings, for which I left him in pawne my good Cow; the bargaine was, he should haue eighteene pence a weeke and the Cows 690  
milk for vsurie. Now, sir, as soone as I had gotten the mony,

657 kept Q4 and Dyce: keepe Q1 2 3 5. 658 trifle] trifle Q2 3 4 669  
were] are Q5 679 for] to Q5 685 chawing] chewing Q2 3 4 5  
688 M. Maister Iudge Q1 2 3: O Maister Iudge Q5



I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his mony and keepes my Cow, sir.

*Judge.* Why, thou hast giuen sentence against thy selfe, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy Cow. 695

*Alc.* Master Lawier, now for my ten shillings.

*Lawier.* Faith, poore man, thy Case is so bad I shall but speak against thee.

*Alc.* Twere good then I shud haue my ten shillings again.

*Lawier.* Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou haue me 700  
come for nothing?

*Alc.* Why, then am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cow, but no gowne: this geere goes hard.

*Judge.* Well, you haue heard what fauour I can shew you: I must do iustice. Come, M<aister> Mizaldo, and you, sir, go home with 705  
me to dinner.

*Alc.* Why, but, M<aister> Iudge, no Cow! and, M<aister> Lawier, no gowne! Then must I cleane run out of the Towne.

*Exeunt* Iudge, Lawier, Vsurer, and Attendants.

How cheere you, gentleman? you crie 'no lands' too; the Iudge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath 710  
dubd you Sir John Lackland.

*Thras.* O miserable time, wherein gold is aboue God!

*Alc.* Feare not, man; I haue yet a fetch to get thy landes and my Cow againe, for I haue a sonne in the Court that is either a king or a kings fellow, and to him will 715  
I go and complaine on the Iudge and the Vsurer both.

*Thras.* And I will go with thee and intreat him for my Case.

*Alc.* But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall haue nothing to say vnto her but 'no Cow'? Alasse, sir, my 720  
wiues faults will fall vpon me.

*Thras.* Feare not; lets go; Ile quiet her, shalt see.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Flie, Iudges, flie corruption in your Court;  
The Iudge of truth hath made your iudgement short.  
Looke so to iudge that at the latter day

Ye be not iudg'd with those that wend astray. 725  
 Who passeth iudgement for his priuate gaine,  
 He well may iudge he is adiudg'd to paine.

〈SCENE III.〉

*Enters the Clowne and all his crew drunke.*

*Clowne.* Farewell, gentle Tapster. Maisters, as good Ale as euer was  
 tapt; looke to your feete, for the Ale is strong. Well, farewell,  
 gentle Tapster. 730

*First Ruffian.* Why, sirrha slaue, by heauens maker, thinkest thou  
 the wench loue thee best because she laught on thee? giue  
 me but such an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy  
 head.

*Clowne.* Spill no drinke, spill no drinke, the Ale is good: Ile tel 735  
 you what, Ale is Ale, and so Ile commend me to you with  
 heartie commendations. Farewell, gentle Tapster.

*Sec. Ruff.* Why, wherefore, peasant, scornst thou that the wench  
 should loue me? looke but on her, and Ile thrust my daggar in  
 thy bosome. 740

*First Ruff.* Well, sirrha, well, thart as thart, and so ile take thee.

*Sec. Ruff.* Why, what am I?

*First Ruff.* Why, what thou wilt; a slaue.

*Sec. Ruff.* Then take that, villaine, and learne how thou vse me  
 another time. 745

*First Ruff.* Oh I am slaine.

*Sec. Ruff.* Thats all one to me, I care not. Now wil I in to my wench  
 and call for a fresh pot.

*Clowne.* Nay, but heare ye, take me with ye, for the Ale is Ale.  
 Cut a fresh toast, Tapster, fil me a pot; here is Mony, 750  
 I am no beggar, Ile follow thee as long as the Ale lasts.  
 A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue  
 had a fall: wel, if we shal haue no Ale, ile sit me downe; and  
 so farewell, gentle Tapster.

*Here he fals ouer the dead man.*

732 loue] loues Q2 3 4      739 daggar] dagger Q2 3 4      744 thou vse]  
 to vse Q2 3 4      747 my] y<sup>e</sup> Q5

*Enters the King, Aluida, the King of Cilicia, with other Attendants.*

*Rasni.* What slaughtred wretch lies bleeding here his last, 755  
 So neare the royall pallaice of the King?  
 Search out if any one be biding nie,  
 That can discourse the maner of his death.  
 Seate thee, faire Aluida, the faire of faires;  
 Let not the obiect once offend thine eyes. 760

*Lord.* Heres one sits here asleepe, my Lord.

*Rasni.* Wake him and make enquiry of this thing.

*Lord.* Sirrha, you, hearest thou, fellow?

*Clowne.* If you will fill a fresh pot, heres a peny, or else farewell,  
 gentle Tapster. 765

*Lord.* He is drunke, my Lord.

*Rasni.* Weele sport with him that Aluida may laugh.

*Lord.* Sirrha, thou fellow, thou must come to the King.

*Clowne.* I wil not do a stroke of worke to day, for the Ale is good  
 Ale, and you can aske but a peny for a pot, no more by 770  
 the statute.

*Lord.* Villaine, heres the King; thou must come to him.

*Clowne.* The King come to an Ale-house! Tapster, fil me three pots.  
 Wheres the King? is this he? Giue me your hand, sir: as good  
 Ale as euer was tapt; you shall drinke while your skin 775  
 cracke.

*Rasni.* But hearest thou, fellow, who kild this man?

*Clowne.* Ile tell you sir, if you did taste of the Ale, all Niniuie  
 hath not such a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup, sir;  
 by my troth, I spent eleuen pence, beside three rases 780  
 of ginger.

*Rasni.* Answer me, knaue, to my question, how came this  
 man slaine?

*Clowne.* Slaine! why <the> Ale is strong Ale, tis hufcap;  
 I warrant you, twill make a man well. Tapster, ho! for the 785  
 King a cup of ale and a fresh toast; heres two rases more.

*Alui.* Why, good fellow, the King talkes not of drinke; he would  
 haue thee tell him how this man came dead.

*S. D. Enters the King, Aluida, the Kings of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia,*  
*with other attendants* *Qq: corr. Dyce* 758 his] this Q5 760 obiect Q4:  
 strict Q1 2 3 5 768 thou om. Q4 774 hands Q5 784 the  
*add. Dyce*

*Clowne.* Dead! nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and wil drink a ful pot ere night: but heare ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs 790 drink, why, so, do your office, and giue vs a fresh pot; or if you be the Tapsters wife, why, so, wash the glasse cleane.

*Alui.* He is so drunke, my Lord, theres no talking with him.

*Clowne.* Drunke! nay then, wench, I am not drunke: thart a shitten queane to call me drunke: I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a 795 Smith, I.

*Enter the Smith, the Clownes Maister.*

*Lord.* Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

*Smith.* God saue you, master.

*Rasni.* Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

*Smith.* May it please your highnesse, my man here and a crue 800 of them went to the Ale-house, and came out so drunke that one of them kild another; and now, sir, I am faine to leaue my shop and come to fetch him home.

*Rasni.* Some of you carry away the dead bodie: drunken men must haue their fits; and, sirrha Smith, hence with thy man. 805

*Smith.* Sirrha you, rise, come go with me.

*Clowne.* If we shall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it; heres mony; hold, Tapster, take my purse.

*Smith.* Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

*Clowne.* I am for you, lets go, thart an honest Tapster: wee 810 drinke sixe pots ere we part.

*Exeunt.*

*Rasni.* Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,  
Tell me, faire sweeting, wants thou any thing  
Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,  
That may make Aluida liue full content? 815

*Alui.* Nothing, my Lord; for all my thoughts are please,  
When as mine eye surfets with Rasnis sight.

*Enters the King of Paphlagonia, Male-content.*

*Rasni.* Looke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,  
How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes.

796 I om. Q2 3 4 S.D. Enters Q5 801 to om. Q4 812 eye  
Q5 813 wants] want'st Dyce 813, 814 Dyce sugg. wants't thou aught  
contain'd Within, &c. 818 Courts] court Dyce

Oh, Aluida, I am passing passionate, 820  
 And vext with wrath and anger to the death.  
 Mars, when he held faire Venus on his knee,  
 And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,  
 Had not more deeper furrowes in his brow  
 Than Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon. 825

*Alui.* Content thee, sweet, ile salue thy sorow straight;  
 Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,  
 And if I make not Rasni blyth againe,  
 Then say that womens fancies haue no shifts.

*Paphla.* Shamst thou not, Rasni, though thou beest a King, 830  
 To shroude adultry in thy royall seate?  
 Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniue,  
 Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,  
 And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife?  
 Haue I not battail'd in thy troupes full oft, 835  
 Gainst Aegypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,  
 Spending my blood to purchase thy renowne,  
 And is the guerdon of my chiualrie  
 Ended in this abusing of my wife?  
 Restore her me, or I will from thy Courts, 840  
 And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

*Rasni.* Why, take her, Paphlagon, exclaime not, man;  
 For I do prise mine honour more then loue.  
 Faire Aluida, go with thy husband home.

*Alui.* How dare I go, sham'd with so deep misdeed? 845  
 Reuenge will broile within my husbands brest,  
 And when he hath me in the Court at home,  
 Then Aluida shall feelee reuenge for all.

*Rasni.* What saist thou, King of Paphlagon, to this?  
 Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon. 850  
 If she hath done amisse, it is my fault;  
 I prithie, pardon and forget <it> all.

*Paphla.* If that I meant not, Rasni, to forgiue,  
 And quite forget the follies that are past,  
 I would not vouch her presence in my Courts; 855

820 passing Q2 3 4: passion Q1      824- furrowes] sorrowes Q2 3 4 5  
 838 And is this the guerdon Q3 5      840 Courts] court Q3 and Dyce      851  
 hath] have Q2 3 4      852 it add. Dyce      855 vouch] vouchsafe Q2 3 4  
 Courts] court Dyce

But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,  
 And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon,  
 And lou'd, and more beloued then before.

*Rasni.* What saist thou, Aluida, to this?

*Alui.* That, will he sweare it to my Lord the King, 860  
 And in a full carouse of Greekish wine  
 Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,  
 I will go home and loue him new againe.

*Rasni.* What answeres Paphlagon?

*Paphla.* That what she hath requested I wil do. 865

*Alui.* Go, damosell, fetch me that sweete wine  
 That stands within thy Closet on the shelve,  
 Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,  
 But, on thy life, taste not before the King.  
 Make hast. Why is great Rasni melancholy thus? 870  
 If promise be not kept, hate all for me.  
 Here is the wine, my Lord: first make him sweare.

*Paphla.* By Niniuius great Gods, and Niniuius great King,  
 My thoughts shall neuer be to wrong my wife,  
 And thereon heres a full carowse to her. 875

*Alui.* And thereon, Rasni, heres a kisse for thee.  
 Now maist thou freely fold thine Aluida.

*Paphla.* Oh, I am dead! obstructions of my breath.  
 The poison is of wondrous sharpe effect.  
 Cursed be all adultrous queenes, say I! 880  
 And cursing so poore Paphlagon doth die. *{Dies.}*

*Alui.* Now, haue I not salued the sorrowes of my Lord?  
 Haue I not rid a riuall of thy loues?  
 What saist thou, Rasni, to thy Paramour?

*Rasni.* That for this deed ile decke my Aluida 885  
 In Sendall and in costly †Sussapinet†,  
 Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond.  
 Ile cause great Eol perfume all his windes  
 With richest myrre and curious Amber greece.  
 Come, louely minion, paragon for faire, 890

858 belov'd Q1 860 will he] he will Q4 866 Go] But Q5 <and> add.  
*Dyce* 867 thy] the Q3 5: my Q4 873 By om. Q5 878 obstruction's  
 of *Dyce*: obstructions stop *sugg. J. C. Smith* 880 queenes] queanes Q4:  
 queans *Dyce* 886 See notes 887 Diamonds Q5 888 windes] wines  
 Q4 889 myrre] muske Q5



Come, follow me, sweet goddesse of mine eye,  
And taste the pleasures Rasni will provide.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Where whordome raines, there murther followes fast,  
As falling leaues before the winter blast.  
A wicked life, trainde vp in endlesse crime, 895  
Hath no regard vnto the latter time,  
When Letchers shall be punisht for their lust,  
When Princes plagu'd because they are vniust.  
Foresee in time, the warning bell doth towle;  
Subdue the flesh, by praier to saue the soule. 900  
London, behold the cause of others wracke,  
And see the sword of iustice at thy backe.  
Deferre not off, to morrow is too late;  
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy state.

<ACT III.>

<SCENE I.>

*Enter Ionas Solus.*

*Ionas.* From forth the depth of my imprisoned soule 905  
Steale you, my sighes, <to> testifie my paine;  
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone,  
My zealous praiers vnto the starrie throne.  
Ah, mercifull and iust, thou dreadful God,  
Where is thine arme to laie reuengefull stroakes 910  
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?  
Loe, Israell, once that flourisht like the vine,  
Is barraine laide, the beautifull encrease  
Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeale  
Incampeth there where vertue was inthroan'd. 915  
Ah-lasse the while, the widow wants reliefe,  
The fatherlesse is wrongd by naked need,  
Deuotion sleepes in sinders of Contempt,  
Hypocrisie infects the holie Priest.

896 regard] reward Q2 3 4 902 see] set Q2 3 4 5 at] on Q5 906 to  
add. Dyce 907 mine] my Q5 910 thine] thy Q5

Aye me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds! 920  
 Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,  
 And sigh to see thy Prophets so contem'd,  
 Ah-lasse, contem'd by cursed Israell.  
 Yet, Ionas, rest content, tis Israels sinne  
 That causeth this; then muse no more thereon, 925  
 But pray amends, and mend thy owne amisse.

*An Angell appeareth to Ionas.*

*Angell.* Amithais sonne, I charge thee muse no more:  
 I AM hath power to pardon and correct;  
 To thee pertains to do the Lords command.  
 Go girt thy loines, and hast thee quickly hence; 930  
 To Niniue, that mightie Citie, wend,  
 And say this message from the Lord of hoasts,  
 Preach vnto them these tidings from thy God;—  
 'Behold thy wickednesse hath tempted me,  
 And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen: 935  
 Repent, or else thy iudgement is at hand.'

*This said, the Angell vanisheth.*

*Ionas.* Prostrate I lye before the Lord of hostes,  
 With humble eares intending his behest:  
 Ah, honoured be Iehouahs great command!  
 Then Ionas must to Niniue repaire, 940  
 Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord.  
 Great dangers on this iourney do awaight,  
 But dangers none where heauens direct the course.  
 What should I deeme? I see, yea, sighing see,  
 How Israell sinne(s), yet knowes the way of truth, 945  
 And thereby growes the by-word of the world.  
 How then should God in iudgement be so strict  
 Gainst those who neuer heard or knew his power,  
 To threaten vtter ruine of them all?  
 Should I report this iudgement of my God, 950  
 I should incite them more to follow sinne,  
 And publish to the world my countries blame.

920 woe] woes Q5

Amithias Q5

942 do] to Q2 3 4

922, 3 contemn'd Q2 3 4

928 I am Q9

927 Amittai's Dyce

938 intending] attending Q3 5

It may not be, my conscience tels me no.  
 Ah, Ionas, wilt thou prove rebellious then?  
 Consider ere thou fall what errour is.  
 My minde misgiues: to Ioppa will I flee,  
 And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,  
 Vntill the Lord vnfret his angry browes.

955

*Enter certaine Merchants of Tharsus, a Maister and some Sailers.*

*M(aister).* Come on, braue merchants; now the wind doth serue,  
 And sweetly blowes a gale of West Southwest.  
 Our yardes a crosse, our anchors on the pike,  
 What, shall we hence and take this merry gale?

960

*Mer.* Sailers, contrey our budgets strait aboard,  
 And we will recompence your paines at last.

If once in safetie we may Tharsus see,  
 Maister, wee le feast these merry mates and thee.

965

*M(aister).* Meanwhile content your selues with silly cates;

Our beds are boordes, our feasts are full of mirth;

We vse no pompe, we are the Lords of see;

When Princes swet in care, we swinke of glee.

970

Orions shoulders and the pointers serue

To be our load-stars in the lingering night;

The beauties of Arcturus we behold;

And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,

He knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.

975

*Sailer.* By heauens, well said in honour of our trade!

Lets see the proudest scholler steer his course

Or shift his tides as silly sailers do;

Then wil we yeeld them praise, else neuer none.

*Mer.* Well spoken, fellow, in thine owne behalfe.

980

But let vs hence; wind tarries none, you wot,

And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

*M(aister).* March to the hauen, merchants; I follow you.

*<Exeunt Merchants.>*

*Ionas.* Now doth occasion further my desires;

I finde companions fit to aide my flight.

985

956 flie Q5      960 of] at Q2 3 4 and Dyce      963 our] your Q5  
 966 Maister Q3: M. Q1 2 4      971 Orious Q1 3 4      973 Acturus Q5  
 975 booke-man Q4      977 steer Dyce: stir Qq      981 none] not Q5      983  
 I] Ile Q3 4

Staie, sir, I pray, and heare a word or two.

*M(aister)*. Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please :

My passengers by this time are aboard.

*Jonas*. Whether pretend you to imbarke your selues?

*M(aister)*. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Ioppa hauen 990

Our ship is prest and readie to depart.

*Jonas*. May I haue passage for my mony then?

*M(aister)*. What not for mony? pay ten siluerlings,

You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

*Jonas*. Hold, take thy hire ; I follow thee, my friend. 995

*M(aister)*. Where is your budget? let me beare it, sir.

*Jonas*. †To one in peace,† who saile as I do now,

Put trust in him who succoureth euery want.

*Exeunt.*

*Ose*. When Prophets new inspirde, presume to force

And tie the power of heauen to their conceits, 1000

When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,

Ambition, subtill craft, their thoughts disguise

Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheards foule!

For, lo, the Lord at vnawares shall plague

The carelesse guide, because his flocks do stray. 1005

The axe alreadie to the tree is set :

Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

### {SCENE II.}

*Enter Alcon, Thrasibulus, Samia,*

*Clesiphon à lad.*

*Clesi*. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want.

*Samia*. Ah, litle boy, how glad thy mother would

Supply thy wants, but naked need denies : 1010

Thy fathers slender portion in this world

By vsury and false deceit is lost :

No charitie within this Citie bides ;

All for themselues, and none to help the poore.

*Clesi*. Father, shall Clesiphon haue no reliefe? 1015

995 thy] thine Q5 I] Ile Q3 5 997 sailes Q3 and Dyce, who suspects  
a lacuna [Go on in peace sugg. J. C. Smith]. See notes 1001 pride of Q5  
1003 foule] fold Q2 3 4 5 1013 this] the Q5

*Alc.* Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must feed vpon prouerbes now; as 'Necessitie hath no law,' 'A Churles feast is better than none at all'; for other remedies haue we none, except thy brother Radagon helpe vs. 1020

*Samia.* Is this thy slender care to helpe our childe?

Hath nature armde thee to no more remorse?

Ah, cruell man, vnkind and pittillesse!

Come, Clesiphon, my boy, ile beg for thee.

*Clesi.* Oh, how my mothers mourning moueth me! 1025

*Alc.* Nay, you shall paie mee interest for getting the boye, wife, before you carry him hence. Ah-lasse, woman, what can Alcon do more? Ile plucke the belly out of my heart for thee, sweete Samia; be not so waspish.

*Samia.* Ah, silly man, I know thy want is great, 1030

And foolish I to craue where nothing is.

Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste vnto our sonne,

Who, since he is in fauour of the King,

May helpe this haplesse Gentleman and vs

For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands. 1035

*Thras.* Haue patience, Samia, waight your weale from heauen:

The Gods haue raisde your sonne, I hope, for this,

To succour innocents in their distresse.

*Enters Radagon Solus.*

Lo, where he comes from the imperial Court;

Go, let vs prostrate vs before his feete. 1040

*Alc.* Nay, by my troth, ile neuer aske my sonne blessing; che trow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father. What, sonne Radagon, yfaith, boy, how doest thee?

*Rad.* Villaine, disturbe me not; I cannot stay. 1044

*Alc.* Tut, sonne, ile helpe you of that disease quickly, for I can hold thee: aske thy mother, knaue, what cunning I haue to ease a woman when a qualme of kindnesse comes too neare her stomacke. Let me but claspe mine armes about her bodie and saie my praiers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presently. 1050

1031 foolishly I do Q2 3 4      1037 The] Tho Q1      1038 innocents  
om. Q5      1047 comes Q3 : come Q1 2 4      1050 presently om. Q3 5

*Rad.* Traitor vnto my Princely Maiestie,

How dar'st thou laie thy hands vpon a King?

*Samia.* No traitor, Radagon, but true is he:

What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,

To scorne thy father when he visits thee?

1055

Ah-lasse, my sonne, behold with ruthfull eyes

Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale

By subtle meanes of vsurie and guile:

The Iudges eares are deaffe and shut vp close;

All mercie sleeps: then be thou in these plundges

1060

A patron to thy mother in her paines:

Behold thy brother almost dead for foode:

Oh, succour vs, that first did succour thee.

*Rad.* What, succour me! false callet, hence auant!

Old dotard, pack! moue not my patience:

1065

I know you not, Kings neuer looke so low.

*Samia.* You know vs not! Oh, Radagon, you know

That, knowing vs, you know your parents then;

Thou knowst this wombe first brought thee forth to light;

I know these paps did foster thee, my sonne.

1070

*Alc.* And I know he hath had many a peece of bread and cheese  
at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.

*Thras.* I waight no hope of succours in this place,

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

*Rad.* Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge

1075

Within the browes of royall Radagon?

Villaine, auant! hence, beggers, with your brats!

Marshall, why whip you not these rogues away,

That thus disturbe our royall Maiestie?

*Clesi.* Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,

1080

From base estate for to become a King:

For why, meethinke, my brother in these fits

Hath got a kingdome, and hath lost his wits.

*Rad.* Yet more contempt before my royaltie?

Slaues, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus plagues,

1085

And teare their toongs from their blasphemous heads.

1054 hath *om.* Q5      1057 all *om.* Q5      1061 in] to Q2 3 4 5  
1078 whip ye you Q2: whip ye Q4      1083 and] but *Dyce*      1085 Tityus  
*Dyce*: Titius Q1 2 3: Tirius Q4



*Thras.* Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with grieve:  
No hope remaines:—come, Alcon, let vs wend.

⟨*Exit Thras.*⟩

*Rad.* Twere best you did, for feare you catch your bane.

*Samia.* Nay, Traitor, I wil haunt thee to the death. 1090

Vngratious sonne, vntoward and peruerse,  
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,  
And ring in euery eare thy small regard,  
That doest despite thy parents in their wants;  
And breathing forth my soule before thy feete, 1095  
My curses still shall haunt thy hatefull head,  
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

*Enter Rasni King of Assiria, attended on by his Magi  
and Kings.*

*Rasni.* How now, what meane these outcries in our Court,  
Where nought should sound but harmonies of heauen?

What maketh Radagon so passionate? 1100

*Samia.* Iustice, O King, iustice against my sonne.

*Rasni.* Thy sonne! what sonne?

*Samia.* This cursed Radagon.

*Rad.* Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,  
Which grieve and want hath brought the woman to. 1105

What, doth this passion hold you euerie Moone?

*Samia.* Oh, polliticke in sinne and wickednesse,  
Too impudent for to delude thy Prince!

Oh Rasni, this same wombe first brought him foorth;  
This is his father, worne with care and age, 1110

This is his brother, poore vnhappy lad,  
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.

With tedious toyle we got our litle good,  
And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge:

Lord, how we ioy'd to see his towardnesse! 1115

And to our selues we oft in silence said,  
This youth when we are old may succour vs.  
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,  
We quite destroyd by cursed vsurie,

1088 *Exit Thras. add. Dyce* 1096 haunt] daunt Q5 S. D. Magi]  
*Sooth-sayers Q7* 1099 should] shall Q4 1109 first om. Q2 3 4

He scorneth me, his father, and this childe. 1120

*Clesi.* He plaies the Serpent right, describ'd in Aesopes tale,  
That sought the Fosters death that lately gaue him life.

*Alc.* Nay, and please your Maiesti-ship, for prooffe he  
was my childe, search the parish booke: the Clarke wil  
swear it, his godfathers and godmothers can wnesse it:  
it cost me fortie pence in ale and cakes on the wiues  
at his Christning. Hence, proud King! thou shalt neuer  
more haue my blessing.

*He takes him apart.*

*Rasni.* Say sooth in secret, Radagon,

Is this thy father? 1130

*Rad.* Mightie King, he is;

¶ I blushing tell it to your Maiestie.

*Rasni.* Why dost thou then contemne him and his friends?

*Rad.* Because he is a base and abiect swaine,

My mother and her brat both beggarly, 1135

Vnmeete to be allied vnto a King.

Should I, that looke on Rasnis countenance,

And march amidst his royall equipage,

Embase my selfe to speake to such as they?

Twere impious so to impaire the loue 1140

That mightie Rasni beares to Radagon.

I would your grace would quit them from your sight,

That dare presume to looke on Ioues compare.

*Rasni.* I like thy pride, I praise thy pollicie;

Such should they be that wait vpon my Court. 1145

Let me alone to answere, Radagon.

Villaines, seditious traitors as you be,

That scandalize the honour of a King,

Depart my Court, you stales in impudence,

Vnlesse you would be parted from your limmes, 1150

Too base for to intitle father-hood

To Rasnis friend, to Rasnis fauourite.

*Rad.* Hence, begging scold! hence, caitiue clogd with yeares!

On paine of death, reuisit not the Court.

Was I conceiu'd by such a scuruie trull, 1155

Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?

1133 Why] Thy Q1      1147 Villaine Q2 4      1149 stales Q4      in]  
of Q2 4 5      1151 Too J. C. Smith: So Qg

Go, Lossell, trot it to the cart and spade!  
 Thou art vnmeete to looke vpon a King,  
 Much lesse to be the father of a King.

*Alc.* You may see, wife, what a goodly peece of worke you  
 haue made: haue I taught you Arsmetry, as *additioni*  
*multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting  
 of a boy, and to be banished for my labour? O pittifull  
 hearing! Come, Clesiphon, follow me.

*Clesi.* Brother, beware: I oft haue heard it told, 1165  
 That sonnes who do their fathers scorne, shall beg when  
 they be old.

*Exeunt* Alcon, Clesiphon.

*Rad.* Hence, bastard boy, for feare you taste the whip.

*Samia.* Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers,  
 That sway the sword of iustice in your hands,  
 (If mothers curses for her sonnes contempt 1170  
 May fill the ballance of your furie full,)  
 Powre doune the tempest of your direfull plagues  
 Vpon the head of cursed Radagon.

*Vpon this praier she departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth from  
 beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.*

So you are iust: now triumph, Samia.

*Exit* Samia.

*Rasni.* What exorcising charme, or hatefull hag, 1175  
 Hath rauished the pride of my delight?  
 What tortuous planets, or maleuolent  
 Conspiring power, repining destenie,  
 Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclose,  
 And shut in ruptures louely Radagon? 1180  
 If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,  
 King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the seas,  
 What daring Saturne from his fierie denne  
 Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?  
 I am not chiefe, there is more great then I: 1185  
 What, greater then Th'assirian Satrapos?

1161 taught Q3: tought Q1 2 4 1166 *Exet* Q1 3: *Exit* Q2 4 1170  
 for] of Q2 3 4 1177 tortuous] torturous Q4: malouolent Q1 1184  
 flambe Q5 1186 Satropos Q3: Sairopos Q5

It may not be, and yet I feare there is,  
That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

*Magus.* Monarch and Potentate of all our Prouinces,  
Muse not so much vpon this accident, 1190  
Which is indeed nothing miraculous.

The hill of Scicely, dread Soueraigne,  
Sometime on sodaine doth euacuate  
Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below  
The smoakie brands that Vulcans bellowes driue: 1195

Whether by windes inclosed in the earth,  
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,  
Such chances as was this are often seene;  
Whole Cities suncke, whole Countries drowned quite.  
Then muse not at the losse of Radagon, 1200

But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.  
Let cloathes of purple, set with studdes of gold,  
Embellished with all the pride of earth,  
Be spred for Aluida to sit vpon.  
Then thou, like Mars courting the queene of loue, 1205  
Maist driue away this melancholy fit.

*Rasni.* The prooffe is good and philosophicall;  
And more, thy counsaile plausible and sweete.  
Come, Lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,  
Earth will repaie him many Radagons, 1210  
And Aluida with pleasant lookes reuiue  
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* When disobedience raigneth in the childe,  
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde;  
When lawes do passe by fauour, not by truth; 1215  
When falshood swarmeth both in old and youth;  
When gold is made a God to wrong the poore,  
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore;  
When men by wit do labour to disproue  
The plagues for sinne, sent doune by God aboue; 1220  
Where great mens eares are stopt to good aduice,  
And apt to heare those tales that feed their vice;

1189 *Magus*] *Soothsaier Qq*      1195 *Vulneus Qq*      1205 courting]  
coveting Q5      1214 be] are Q5      1221 stopt] stop Q1

Woe to the land! for from the East shall rise  
 A lambe of peace, the scourge of vanities;  
 The iudge of truth, the patron of the iust, 1225  
 Who soone will laie presumption in the dust,  
 And giue the humble poore their hearts desire,  
 And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.  
 Repent, all you that heare, for feare of plagues.  
 O London, this and more doth swarme in thee! 1230  
 Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see.  
 With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse;  
 The sword of iustice drawne alreadie is.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

*Enter the Clowne and the Smiths wife.*

*Clowne.* Why, but heare you, mistresse: you know a womans eies 1235  
 are like a paire of pattens, fit to saue shooleather in sommer,  
 and to keepe away the cold in winter; so you may like  
 your husband with the one eye, because you are married, and  
 me with the other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse! 1240  
 think, mistresse, what a thing loue is: why, it is like to an  
 ostry fagot, that, once set on fire, is as hardly quenched as  
 the bird Crocodile driuen out of her neast.

*Wife.* Why, Adam, cannot a woman winke but she must sleep? 1245  
 and can she not loue but she must crie it out at the Crosse?  
 Know, Adam, I loue thee as my selfe, now that we are to-  
 gether in secret.

*Clowne.* Mistresse, these words of yours are like to a Fox taile placed in  
 a Gentlewomans Fanne, which, as it is light, so it giueth life. 1250  
 Oh, these words are as sweete as a lilly! whereupon, offering a  
 borachio of kisses to your vnseemly personage, I entertaine  
 you vpon further acquaintance.

*Wife.* Alasse, my husband comes.

⟨*Enter Smith.*⟩

*Clowne.* Strike up the drum, and say no words but mum. 1255

*Smith.* Sirrha you, and you, huswife, well taken together! I haue  
 long suspected you, and now I am glad I haue found you  
 together.

S. D. *Enters* Q5 1244 Why] Thy Q1 1248 Mis. Q1 2 3 to om.  
 Q2 3 4 1250 sweete as lily Q5

*Clowne.* Truly, sir, and I am glad that I may do you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistresse.

*Smith.* Boy here, and knaue, you shall know it straight; I wil 1260  
haue you both before the Magistrate, and there haue you  
surely punished.

*Clowne.* Why, then, maister, you are iealous?

*Smith.* Ielous, knaue! how can I be but iealous, to see you euer  
so familiar together? Thou art not only content to drinke 1265  
away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

*Clowne.* Two good quallities, drunkennesse and leachery: but,  
Maister, are you iealous?

*Smith.* I, knaue, and thou shalt know it ere I passe, for I  
will beswindge thee while the roape will hold. 1270

*Wife.* My good husband, abuse him not, for he neuer proffered  
you any wrong.

*Smith.* Nay, whore, thy part shall not be behinde.

*Clowne.* Why, suppose, maister, I haue offended you, is it  
lawfull for the maister to beate the seruant for all offences? 1275

*Smith.* I, marry, is it, knaue.

*Clowne.* Then, maister, wil I proue by logicke, that seeing all  
sinnes are to receiue correction, the maister is to be corrected  
of the man. And, sir, I pray you, what greater sinne is then  
iealousie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himselfe. 1280  
Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you, good maister, and  
to make a white sonne of you, I will so beswinge iealousie out  
of you, as you shall loue me the better while you liue.

*Smith.* What, beate thy maister, knaue?

*Clowne.* What, beat thy man, knaue? And I, maister, and double 1285  
beate you, because you are a man of credite; and therefore  
haue at you the fairest for fortie pence.

〈Beats the Smith.〉

*Smith.* Alasse, wife, help, helpe! my man kills me.

*Wife.* Nay, euen as you haue baked, so brue; iealousie must  
be driuen out by extremities. 1290

*Clowne.* And that will I do, mistresse.

*Smith.* Hold thy hand, Adam; and not only I forgiue and  
forget all, but I will giue thee a good Farme to liue on.

1260 here] heare Q3 and Dyce  
1270 the] this Q2 3 4 and Dyce  
1287 you, Q2 3 4 for] of Q3 4

1262 seuerely Q4  
1275 seruants Q5

1269 Yea Q4  
1282 so om. Q3



*Clowne.* Begone, Peasant, out of the compasse of my further  
wrath, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night I wil bring 1295  
home my mistresse.

*Smith.* Euen when you please, good Adam.

*Clowne.* When I please,—marke the words—tis a lease paroll,  
to haue and to hold. Thou shalt be mine for euer: and  
so lets go to the Ale-house. 1300

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Where seruants against masters do rebell,  
The Common-weale may be accounted hell.  
For if the feete the head shall hold in scorne,  
The Cities state will fall and be forlorne.  
This error, London, waiteth on thy state. 1305  
Seruants, amend, and, maisters, leaue to hate.  
Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all;  
So God will hold his hand that threatneth thrall.

〈ACT IV.〉

〈SCENE I.〉

*Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the M〈aister〉 of the ship, some  
Sailers, wet from the Sea, with them the Gouvernour of Ioppa.*

*Gouer.* What strange encounters met you on the sea,  
That thus your Barke is battered by the flouds, 1310  
And you returne thus sea-wrackt as I see?

*Mer.* Most mightie Gouvernor, the chance is strange,  
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,  
Which, better than we, our Maister can report.

*Gouer.* Maister, discourse vs all the accident. 1315

*M〈aister〉.* The faire Triones with their glimmering light  
Smil'd at the foote of cleare Bootes wain,  
And in the north, distinguishing the houres,  
The Load-starre of our course dispearst his cleare,

1298 the] thy Q2 4 5      1299 mine] my Q5      1301 against *Dyce*:  
gainst Qq      IV. I. S. D. Thrasus Q5      wet from Sea Q1      1314, 5 Maister  
Q3 and 5: M. Q1 2 4      1317 Bootes wain *Dyce*: Rootes a raine Qq  
1318 north *Dyce*: wrath Qq

When to the seas with blithfull westerne blasts 1320  
 We saild amaine, and let the bowling flie.  
 Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,  
 But, lo, an hoast of blacke and sable cloudes  
 Gan to eclips Lucinas siluer face;  
 And, with a hurling noyse from foorth the South, 1325  
 A gust of winde did reare the billowes vp.  
 Then scantled we our sailes with speedie hands,  
 And tooke our drablers from our bonnets straight,  
 And seuered our bonnets from the courses :  
 Our topsailes vp, we trusse our spritsailes in; 1330  
 But vainly striue they that resist the heauens.  
 For, loe, the waues incence them more and more,  
 Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth  
 Our Barke is battered by incountring stormes,  
 And welny stemd by breaking of the fLOUDS. 1335  
 The steers-man, pale and carefull, holds his helme,  
 Wherein the trust of life and safetie laie :  
 Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)  
 Our sailes were split by Bisas bitter blast,  
 Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope. 1340  
 There might you see, with pale and gastly lookes,  
 The dead in thought, and dolefull merchants lift  
 Their eyes and hands vnto their Countries Gods.  
 The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,  
 A sacrifice to swage proud Neptunes ire. 1345  
 Onely alone a man of Israell,  
 A passenger, did vnder hatches lie,  
 And slept secure, when we for succour praide :  
 Him I awoke, and said, 'Why slumberest thou?  
 Arise and pray, and call vpon thy God; 1350  
 He will perhaps in pitie looke on vs.'  
 Then caste we lots to know by whose amisse  
 Our mischiefe come, according to the guise;  
 And, loe, the lot did vnto Ionas fall,  
 The Israelite of whom I told you last. 1355  
 Then question we his Country and his name;  
 Who answered vs, 'I am an Hebrue borne,

1326 reare] raise Q2 3 4 5      1329 the] our Q2 5      1330 trust Q3 4  
 1342 lifts Q9      1353 came Q3 5 and Dyce      1356 questiond Q3

Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the sea,  
 And fled from him, for which we all are plagu'd :  
 So, to asswage the furie of my God, 1360  
 Take me and cast my carkasse in the sea ;  
 Then shall this stormy winde and billow cease.'  
 The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,  
 How loth we were to execute his will :  
 But when no Oares nor labour might suffice, 1365  
 We heaued the haplesse Ionas ouer-boord.  
 So ceast the storme, and calmed all the sea,  
 And we by strength of oares re ouered shoare.  
*Gouer.* A wonderous chance of mighty consequence !  
*Mer.* Ah, honored be the God that wrought the same ! 1370  
 For we haue vowd, that saw his wonderous workes,  
 To cast away prophaned Paganisme,  
 And count the Hebrues God the onely God.  
 To him this offering of the purest gold,  
 This Mirrhe and Cascia, freely I do yeeld. 1375  
*M(aister).* And on his altars fume these Turkie clothes,  
 This gossampine and gold ile sacrifice.  
*Sailer.* To him my heart and thoughts I will addict.  
 Then suffer vs, most mightie Gouvernour,  
 Within your Temples to do sacrifice. 1380  
*Gouer.* You men of Tharsus, follow me.  
 Who sacrifice vnto the God of heauen  
 Are welcome friends to Ioppais Gouvernor.

*Exeunt : a sacrifice.*

*Oseas.* If warned once the Ethnicks thus repent,  
 And at the first their errour do lament, 1385  
 What senslesse beasts, deuoured in their sinne,  
 Are they whom long persuations cannot winne !  
 Beware, ye westerne Cities, where the word  
 Is daily preached both at church and boord,  
 Where maiestie the Gospell doth maintaine, 1390  
 Where Preachers for your good themselues do paine,

1376 fume *Dyce* : perfume *Qq* 1377 Cassampine *Q3 5* 1379 most  
*om.* *Q3 5* 1382 the] your *Q2 3 4 5* 1388 Are *J. C. Smith* :  
 And *Qq*

To dally long and still protract the time ;  
 The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime :  
 Presume not far, delaie not to amend ;  
 Who suffereth long, will punish in the end. 1395  
 Cast thy account, ô London, in this case,  
 Then iudge what cause thou hast to call for grace.

〈SCENE II.〉

*Jonas the Prophet cast out of the Whales belly vpon the Stage.*

*Jonas.* Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,  
 Behold, thy hands of mercy reares me vp.  
 Loe, from the hidious bowels of this fish 1400  
 Thou hast returnd me to the wished aire.  
 Loe, here, apparant witsesse of thy power,  
 The proud Leuiathan that scoures the seas,  
 And from his nostrils showres out stormy fLOUDS,  
 Whose backe resists the tempest of the winde, 1405  
 Whose presence makes the scaly troopes to shake,  
 With humble †stresse† of his broad opened chappes  
 Hath lent me harbour in the raging fLOUDS.  
 Thus, though my sin hath drawne me down to death,  
 Thy mercy hath restored me to life. 1410  
 Bow ye, my knees ; and you, my bashfull eyes,  
 Weepe so for grieve as you to water would.  
 In trouble, Lord, I called vnto thee ;  
 Out of the belly of the deepest hell  
 I cride, and thou didst heare my voice, O God ! 1415  
 Tis thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe ;  
 The seas and fLOUDS did compasse me about ;  
 I thought I had bene cast from out thy sight ;  
 The weeds were wrapt about my wretched head ;  
 I went vnto the bottome of the hilles : 1420  
 But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me vp.  
 On thee I thought when as my soule did faint :  
 My praiers did prease before thy mercy seate.

1399 rear *Dyce* 1407 humble stresse] humble stretch *sugg. Dyce* :  
 simple stretche *Grosart*. For the punctuation see notes 1416 hadst] hast Q4  
 1419 my] thy Q3

Then will I paie my vowes vnto the Lord,  
For why saluation commeth from his throane. 1425

*The Angell appeareth.*

*Angell.* Ionas, arise, get thee to Niniue,  
And preach to them the preachings that I bad:  
Haste thee to see the will of heauen perform'd.

*Depart Angell.*

*Jonas.* Iehouah, I am prest to do thy will.  
What coast is this, and where am I arriu'd? 1430  
Behold sweete Lycus streaming in his boundes,  
Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniue,  
Wheras three hundered towres do tempt the heauen.  
Faire are thy walles, pride of Assiria;  
But, lo, thy sinnes haue pierced through the cloudes. 1435  
Here will I enter boldly, since I know  
My God commands, whose power no power resists.

*Exit.*

*Oseas.* You Prophets, learne by Ionas how to liue,  
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue.  
Who knowes his maisters will and doth it not, 1440  
Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

*Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of Cilicia, and  
her Ladies.*

*Alui.* Ladies, go sit you downe amidst this bowre,  
And let the Eunickes plaie you all a sleepe:  
Put garlands made of Roses on your heads,  
And plaie the wantons whilst I talke a while. 1445  
*Lady.* Thou beautifull of all the world, we will.

⟨Ladies⟩ *enter the bowers.*

*Alui.* King of Cilicia, kind and curtious,  
Like to thy selfe, because a louely King,

S. D. <i>An Angell</i> Q5	S. D. <i>The Angel departs</i> Q3	1429 prest Q4:
Priest Q1 2 3 5	1433 towres Q4: towns Q1 2 3	1434 thy] the Q2 3 4 5
of proud Q3 5	S. D. <i>and om.</i> Q1 2 4	1437 command Q5
Thou] Tho Q2 4	S. D. <i>Enters</i> Q4	1446 1447 Cilicias Q2 3 4 5

Come, laie thee downe vpon thy mistresse knee,

And I will sing and talke of loue to thee.

1450

*Cilicia.* Most gracious Paragon of excellence,

It fits not such an abiect Prince as I

To talke with Rasnis Paramour and loue.

*Alui.* To talke, sweet friend? Who wold not talke with thee?

Oh, be not coy! art thou not only faire?

1455

Come, twine thine armes about this snow white neck,

A loue-nest for the great Assirian King.

Blushing I tell thee, faire Cilician Prince,

None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.

*Cilicia.* Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me. 1460

*Al.* No, King, faire King, my meaning is to yoke thee.

Heare me but sing of loue, then by my sighes,

My teares, my glauncing lookes, my changed cheare,

Thou shalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.

*Cilicia.* Sing, Madam, if you please, but loue in iest. 1465

*Alui.* Nay, I will loue, and sigh at euery rest.

*Song.*

*Beautie, alas, where wast thou borne,*

*Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne?*

*When as Beautie kist to wooe thee,*

*Thou by Beautie doest vndo mee.*

1470

*Heigho, despise me not!*

*I and thou in sooth are one,*

*Fairer thou, I fairer none:*

*Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,*

*Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?*

1475

*Do me right, and do me reason;*

*Crueltie is cursed treason.*

*Heigho, I loue! heigho, I loue!*

*Heigho! and yet he eies me not!*

*Cilicia.* Madam, your song is passing passionate.

1480

*Alui.* And wilt thou not then pitie my estate?

1451seq. *Cilicia*] *King Cili., K. Ci, or King Qq*  
*The Song Q3* 1475 *pant Grosart*

1466 rest] iest Q5



*Cilicia.* Aske loue of them who pitie may impart.

*Alui.* I aske of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my hart.

*Cilicia.* Your loue is fixed on a greater King.

*Alui.* Tut, womens loue, it is a fickle thing. 1485

I loue my Rasni for my dignitie,

I loue Cilician King for his sweete eye.

I loue my Rasni since he rules the world,

But more I loue this kingly litle world.

*Embrace him.*

How sweete he lookes! Oh, were I Cinthias Pheere, 1490

And thou Endimion, I should hold thee deere:

Thus should mine armes be spred about thy necke.

*Embrace his necke.*

Thus would I kisse my loue at euery becke.

*Kisse.*

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleepe;

And if thou wakest not soone, thus would I weepe. 1495

And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I loue thee.

*Kisse him.*

*Cilicia.* For all these vowes, beshrow me if I proue ye:

My faith vnto my King shall not be falc'd.

*Alui.* Good Lord, how men are coy when they are crau'd!

*Cilicia.* Madam, behold, our King approacheth nie. 1500

*Alui.* Thou art Endimion, then, no more: heigho, for him I die.

*Faints. Point at the King of Cilicia.*

*Enter Rasni, with his Kings [and] Lords <and Magi>.*

<*Rasni.*> What ailes the Center of my happinesse,

Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?

Thine eyes the motors to command my world,

Thy hands the axier to maintaine my world, 1505

Thy smiles the prime and spring-tide of my world,

1486 my] his *Dyce* 1489 S. D. *She imbraceth him* Q3 1490 Cithias  
Q2 3 4 5 1492 S. D. *She embraceth his necke* Q3 1493 S. D. *She*  
*kisseth him* Q3 1496 S. D. *She kisseth him againe* Q3 1497 ye  
*Dyce: you* Q9 1498 falc'd] fale'd Q5 1501 S. D. *She faints and*  
*points* Q3: *Points* Q4 1504 motors] metors Q3: meteors Q4 my]  
the Q4

Thy frownes the winter to afflict the world,  
Thou Queene of me, I King of all the world.

*She riseth as out of a traunce.*

*Alui.* Ah feeble eyes, lift vp and looke on him.

Is Rasni here? then droupe no more, poore hart. 1510

Oh, how I fainted when I wanted thee!

*Embrace him.*

How faine am I, now I may looke on thee!

How glorious is my Rasni! how diuine!

Eunukes, play himmes to praise his deitie:

He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am. 1515

*Rasni.* Sun-bright as is the eye of sommers day,

When as he sutes his pennons all in gold

To wooe his Leda in a swanlike shape;

Seemely as Galatea for thy white;

Rose-coloured lilly, louely, wanton, kinde, 1520

Be thou the laborinth to tangle loue,

Whilst I command the crowne from Venus crest,

And pull Orions girdle from his loines,

Enchast with Carbuncles and Diamonds,

To beautifie faire Aluida my loue. 1525

Play, Eunukes, sing in honour of her name;

Yet looke not, slaues, vpon her wooing eyne,

For she is faire Lucina to your King,

But fierce Medusa to your baser eie.

*Alui.* What if I slept, where should my pillow be? 1530

*Rasni.* Within my bosome, Nymph, not on my knee.

Sleepe like the smiling puritie of heauen,

When mildest wind is loath to blend the peace;

Meane-while thy balme shall from thy breath arise,

And while these closures of thy lampes be shut, 1535

My soule may haue his peace from fancies warre.

This is my Morne, and I her Cephalus.

Wake not too soone, sweete Nymph, my loue is wonne:

Catiues, why staie your straines? why tempt you me?

1508 S. D. *She embraceth him* Q3      1512 may om. Q3 5      1517 his  
pennons *Milford*: Spenori Qq      1519 Galatea *Dyce*: Galbocea or  
Galbocia Qq      1523 Orions *Dyce*: Onoris Qq      1534 my balm *Dyce*:  
blame Q2 4 5      1535 while] when Q5      1537 Morne *Dyce*: Morane Qq  
1539 Catnies Qq

*Enter the Priests of the sunne, with the miters on their heads,  
carrying fire in their hands.*

*Priest.* All haile vnto Th' assirian deitie. 1540

*Rasni.* Priests, why presume you to disturbe my peace?

*Priest.* Rasni, the destinies disturbe thy peace.

Behold, amidst the addittes of our Gods,

Our mightie Gods, the patrons of our warre,

The ghosts of dead men howling walke about, 1545

Crying, *Vae, Vae*, wo to this Citie, woe!

The statues of our Gods are throwne downe,

And streames of blood our altars do distaine.

*Alui.* Ah-lasse, my Lord, what tidings do I hear?

Shall I be slaine?

1550

*She starteth.*

*Rasni.* Who tempteth Aluida?

Go, breake me vp the brazen doores of dreames,

And binde me cursed Morpheus in a chaine,

And fetter all the fancies of the night,

Because they do disturbe my Aluida.

1555

*A hand from out a cloud, threatneth a burning sword.*

*Cilicia.* Behold, dread Prince, a burning sword from heauen,

Which by a threatning arme is brandished.

*Rasni.* What, am I threatned then amidst my throane?

Sages! you Magi! speake; what meaneth this?

*Magi.* These are but clammy exhalations, 1560

Or retrograde coniunctions of the starres,

Or oppositions of the greater lights,

Or radiations finding matter fit,

That in the starrie Spheare kindled be;

Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,

1565

But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

*Rasni.* Then frolicke, Vicerioies, Kings and potentates;

Drue all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.

Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,

Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,

1570

1545 ghosts Q4: ghost Q1 2: ghoast Q3 1546 Ve, Ve, Qq this]  
the Q5 1547 statutes Qq 1552 doores] walles Q2 3 5: wals Q4  
1553 binde] blinde Q3 5 me] the Q5 1555 S. D. threatning with Q3 5  
1560 Magi] Sages Qq 1563 radiatrous Qq

Will quaffe vnto our Nobles richest wine,  
In spight of fortune, fate, or destinie.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,  
In wedlocke rights that yeeld but litle trust,  
That vow to one, yet common be to all. 1575  
Take warning, wantons; pride will haue a fall.  
Woe to the land where warnings profit nought,  
Who say that nature Gods decrees hath wrought,  
Who build on fate, and leaue the corner stone,  
The God of gods, sweete Christ, the onely one. 1580  
If such escapes, ô London, raigne in thee,  
Repent, for why each sin shall punisht bee.  
Repent, amend, repent, the houre is nie;  
Defer not time; who knowes when he shall die?

〈SCENE IV.〉

*Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.*

〈*Diuell.*〉 Longer liues a merry man then a sad, and because I meane 1585  
to make my selfe pleasant this night, I haue put my selfe into  
this attire, to make a Clowne afraid that passeth this way: for  
of late there haue appeared many strange apparitions, to the great  
fear and terror of the Citizens. Oh, here my yong maister comes.

*Enters Clowne and the Smith's wife.*

*Clowne.* Feare not, mistresse, ile bring you safe home: if mymaister 1590  
frowne, then will I stampe and stare: and if all be not well  
then, why then to morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane  
with fortie pound.

*Wife.* Oh but, Adam, I am afraid to walke so late because of the  
spirits that appeare in the Citie. 1595

*Clowne.* What, are you afraid of spirits? Armde as I am, with Ale  
and Nutmegs, turne me loose to all the diuels in hell.

*Wife.* Alasse, Adam, Adam! the diuell, the diuell!

*Clowne.* The diuell, mistresse! flie you for your safeguard; 〈*Exit.*

1577 warning profits Q5      1579 on] one Qq      1589 S. D. Clowne]  
Adam Qq, and so at 1590, 1596, 1599      the Smith's wife] his Mistresse Qq  
1593 pounds Q5

S. Wife.) let me alone ; the diuell and I will deale well inough ; 1600  
if he haue any honestie at all in him, Ile either win him with a  
smooth tale, or else with a toste and a cup of Ale.

*The Diuell sings here.*

*Diuell.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,  
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see!  
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

1605

*Clowne.* Surely this is a merry diuell, and I beleue he is one  
of Lucifers Minstrels ; hath a sweete voice ; now surely,  
surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

*Diuell.* Oh, thou art he that I seeke for.

*Clowne.* *Spiritus santus* !—Away from me, Satan ! I haue nothing to 1610  
do with thee.

*Diuell.* Oh, villaine, thou art mine.

*Clowne.* *Nominus patrus* !—I blesse me from thee, and I coniure  
thee to tell me who thou art !

*Diuell.* I am the spirit of the dead man that was slaine in thy 1615  
Company when we were drunke together at the Ale.

*Clowne.* By my troth, sir, I cry you mercy ; your face is so changed  
that I had quite forgotten you : well, maister diuell, we  
haue tost ouer many a pot of Ale together.

*Diuell.* And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

1620

*Clowne* (*aside*). I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know he comes  
out of a hote place, and I know my selfe the Smith and the  
diuel hath a drie tooth in his head : therefore will I leaue  
him a sleepe and runne my way.

*Diuell.* Come, art thou readie ?

1625

*Clowne.* Faith, sir, my old friend, and now good man diuell, you  
know you and I haue been tossing many a good cup of Ale :  
your nose is growne verie rich : what say you, will you take  
a pot of Ale now at my hands ? Hell is like a Smiths forge,  
full of water, and yet euer athirst.

1630

*Diuell.* No Ale, villaine ; spirits cannot drinke : come get vp on my  
backe, that I may carrie thee.

*Clowne.* You know I am a Smith, sir : let me looke whether you be  
well shod or no ; for if you want a shoe, a remoue, or the  
clinchng of a naile, I am at your command.

1635

1610 *Spiritus* Q5 and so at 1639      1620 thou must Q4      1630 athirst  
*Dyce* : a thrust Qq      1631 spirits] a spirit Q5

*Diuell.* Thou hast neuer a shoe fit for me.

*Clowne.* Why sir, we shooe horned beasts as well as you. *<Aside.>*

Oh good Lord! let me sit downe and laugh; hath neuer a clouen foote; a diuell, quoth he! Ile vse *spritus santus* nor *nominus patrus* no more to him; I warrant you Ile do more good vpon him 1640 with my cudgell: now will I sit me downe and become Iustice of peace to the diuell.

*Diuell.* Come, art thou readie?

*Clowne.* I am readie, and with this cudgell I will coniure thee.

*<Beats him.>*

*Diuell.* Oh hold thy hand, thou kilst me, thou kilst me! 1645

*<Exit.>*

*Clowne.* Then may I count my selfe, I thinke, a tall man, that am able to kill a diuell. Now who dare deale with me in the parish? or what wench in Niniue will not loue me, when they say, 'There goes he that beate the diuell.'

*<Exit.>*

*<SCENE V.>*

*Enters Thrasibulus.*

*Thras.* Loathed is the life that now inforc'd I leade; 1650

But since necessitie will haue it so,

(Necessitie it doth command the Gods),

Through euerie coast and corner now I prie,

To pilfer what I can to buy me meate.

Here haue I got a cloake not ouer old, 1655

Which will affoord some litle sustenance:

Now will I to the broaking Vsurer,

To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

*<Enter Alcon, Samia and Clesiphon.>*

*Alc.* Wife, bid the Trumpets sound, a prize, a prize! mark the posie: I cut this from a newmarried wife, by the helpe of 1660 a horne thombe and a knife, sixe shillings foure pence.

*Samia.* The better lucke ours: but what haue we here, cast apparell?

Come away, man, the Vsurer is neare: this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

*Thras. <aside>.* Here are my partners in my pouertie, 1665

1638 he hath Q5

1647 dares Q4

1652 it Qq: that sugg. Dyce



When Princes heare by others eares their follie,  
 When vsury is most accounted holie,  
 If these shall hap, as would to God they might not,  
 The plague is neare: I speake, although I write not. 1735

*Enters the Angel.*

*Angell.* Oseas.

*Oseas.* Lord.

*An.* Now hath thine eies perus'd these hainous sins,  
 Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of hostes.  
 The time is come, their sinnes are waxen ripe, 1740  
 And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not:  
 Custome of sinne hath hardned all their hearts.  
 Now comes reuenge, armed with mightie plagues,  
 To punish all that liue in Niniuie;  
 For God is iust as he is mercifull, 1745  
 And doubtlesse plagues all such as scorne repent.  
 Thou shalt not see the desolation  
 That falles vnto these cursed Niniuites,  
 But shalt returne to great Ierusalem,  
 And preach vnto the people of thy God, 1750  
 What mightie plagues are incident to sinne,  
 Vnlesse repentance mittigate his ire.  
 Wrapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,  
 Ile seate thee in Iudeas prouinces.  
 Feare not, Oseas, then to preach the word. 1755  
*Oseas.* The will of the Lord be done.

*Oseas taken away.*

〈ACT V.〉

〈SCENE I.〉

*Enters Rasni with his Viceroyes (and Magi), Aluida and her Ladies, to a banquet.*

*Rasni.* So, Viceroyes, you haue pleasse me passing well;  
 These curious cates are gracious in mine eye.  
 But these Borachios of the richest wine

1734 shall] should Q2 4 5      they] it Q5      1748 these] the Q5      Act V.  
 Sc. I.      S. D. her *om.* Q3      1759 Borachious or Borachins Q9

- Make me to thinke how blythsome we will be. 1760  
 Seate thee, faire Iuno, in the royall throne,  
 And I will serue thee <but> to see thy face,  
 That feeding on the beautie of thy lookes,  
 My stomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.  
 Come, Lordings, seate you, fellow mates at feest, 1765  
 And frolicke, wags; this is a day of glee:  
 This banquet is for brightsome Aluida.  
 Ile haue them skinck my standing bowles with wine,  
 And no man drinke but quaffe a whole carouse  
 Vnto the health of beautious Aluida. 1770  
 For who so riseth from this feast not drunke,  
 As I am Rasni, Niniuius great King,  
 Shall die the death as traitor to my selfe,  
 For that he scornes the health of Aluida.  
*Cilicia.* That will I neuer do, my L<ord>; 1775  
 Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,  
 Carowse vnto the health of Aluida.  
*Rasni.* Gramercy, Lording, here I take thy pledge.  
 And, Creete, to thee a bowle of Greekish wine,  
 Here to the health of Aluida. 1780  
*Creete.* Let come, my Lord. Jack scincker, fil it full  
 A pledge vnto the health of heauenly Aluida.  
*Rasni.* Vassals attendant on our royall feasts,  
 Drinke you, I say, vnto my louers health:  
 Let none that is in Rasnis royall Court 1785  
 Go this night safe and sober to his bed.

*Enters the Clowne.*

- Clowne.* This way he is, and here will I speake with him.  
*Lord.* Fellow, whither pressest thou?  
*Clowne.* I presse no bodie, sir; I am going to speake with a friend 1790  
 of mine.  
*Lord.* Why, slaue, here is none but the King and his Viceroyes.  
*Clowne.* The King! marry, sir, he is the man I would speake withall.  
*Lord.* Why, calst him a friend of thine?  
*Clowne.* I, marry do I, sir; for if he be not my friend, ile make him  
 my friend ere he and I passe. 1795

1762 but *add. Dyce*  
 whole] full Q<sup>2</sup> 3 5

1768 skinckt Q<sup>2</sup> 3  
 1775 Lord Q<sup>5</sup>

with] of Q<sup>2</sup> 3 4

1769

*Lord.* Away, vassaile, begone! thou speake vnto the King!

*Clowne.* I, marry, will I, sir; and if he were a King of veluet, I will talke to him.

*Rasni.* Whats the matter there? what noyce is that?

*Clowne.* A boone, my Liege, a boone, my Liege.

1800

*Rasni.* What is it that great Rasni will not graunt,

This day, vnto the meanest of his land,

In honour of his beautious Aluida?

Come hither, swaine; what is it that thou crauest?

*Clowne.* Faith, sir, nothing, but to speake a few sentences to your worship.

1805

*Rasni.* Say, what is it?

*Clowne.* I am sure, sir, you haue heard of the spirits that walke in the Citie here.

*Rasni.* I, what of that?

1810

*Clowne.* Truly, sir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them; and this is it.

*Alui.* Why goest not forward with thy tale?

*Clowne.* Faith, mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voyce, a disease that often troubles me; but, alas, easily mended; a cup of Ale or a cup of wine will serue the turne.

1815

*Alui.* Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

*Clowne.* Oh, what a pretious word was that, 'And let him want no drinke.'

(*Drinke giuen to Clowne.*)

Well, Sir, now ile tel you foorth my tale. Sir, as I was comming alongst the port royal of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I saw: nay, sir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for he had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, presseth vpon me, and, sir, indeed, I charged him with my pike staffe, but when that would not serue, I came vpon him with *sprytus santus*,— why it had bene able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits: when I saw my charme would not serue, I was in such a perplexetie, that sixe peny-worth of Iuniper would not haue made the place sweete againe.

1820

1825

*Alui.* Why, fellow, weart thou so afraid?

*Clowne.* Oh, mistresse, had you been there and seene, his very sight had made you shift a cleane smocke. I promise you, though I

1830

1807 what *om.* Q5  
a bowle of wine Q4  
1824 that] y<sup>e</sup> Q1

1810 I] Yea Q4

1820 royal *Dyce*: ryuale Q1 24: ryualt Q3 5

1812 this it is Q3

1816

were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse calde me slouenly knaue the next day.

*Rasni.* A pleasaunt slaue. Forward, sirrha, on with thy tale.

*Clowne.* Faith, sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spoake.

1835

*Rasni.* What was that, fellow?

*Clowne.* Oh, sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word—‘And let him want no drinke.’

*Rasni.* Her word is lawe; and thou shalt want no drinke.

⟨*Drink giuen to Clowne.*⟩

*Clowne.* Then, sir, this diuell came vpon me and would not be perswaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking because he came out of so hotte a place that he was thirstie; but the diuell was not drie, and therfore the more sorie was I. Well, there was no remedie but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied you would laugh, sir; I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and set my cap on the one side, and, sir, grew to be a Iustice of peace to the diuel. At last in a great fume, as I am very cholloricke, and sometimes so hotte in my fustian fumes that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I start vp, and so bombasted the diuell, that, sir, he cried out, and ranne away.

1840

1845

1850

*Alui.* This pleasant knaue hath made me laugh my fill.

*Rasni,* now *Aluida* begins her quaffe,

And drinke a full carouse vnto her King.

1855

*Rasni.* A pledge, my loue, as hartie as great Ioue

Drunke when his Iuno heau'd a bowle to him.

Frolicke, my Lords; let all the standers walke;

Ply it till euery man hath tane his load.

How now, sirrha, what cheere? we haue no words of you.

1860

*Clowne.* Truly, sir, I was in a broune study about my mistresse.

*Alui.* About me? for what?

*Clowne.* Truly, mistresse, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake: all the philosophers in the world could not haue said more:—‘What, come, let him want no drinke.’ Oh wise speech!

1865

1833 goe forwards Q4	1836 that] this Q4	1839 not wante
drinke Q4	1840 this] the Q5	1842 out of] from Q34
was] is Q5	1850 fustian Dyce: fastin Q1 23: fusten Q4	1844
hardie Q1	1858 Lords Dyce: Lord Q7	1860 what] how Q1

*Alui.* Villaines, why skinck you not vnto this fellow?

He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts.

Heard you not that the king hath giuen command,

That all be drunke this day within his Court

In quaffing to the health of Aluida?

1870

⟨ *Drink giuen to Clowne.* ⟩

*Enters Ionas.*

*Ionas.* Repent, repent, ye men of Niniue, repent,

The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out,

There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,

And then shall Niniue be ouerthrowne.

Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent!

1875

*Rasni.* What fellow is this, that thus disturbes our feasts

With outcries and alarams to repent?

*Clowne.* Oh sir, tis one goodman Ionas that is come from Iericho; and surely I thinke he hath seene some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day.

My maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

*Ionas.* Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent!

*Rasni.* Come hither, fellow: what art, and from whence comest thou?

*Ionas.* Rasni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,

1885

Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,

To cry destruction to the Niniuites.

O Niniue, thou harlot of the world,

I raise thy neighbours round about thy boundes,

To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.

1890

Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hostes:

Your King loues chambering and wantonnesse,

Whoredome and murther do distaine his Court,

He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.

Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foule,

1895

Thou shalt be iudg'd and punisht for thy crime:

The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,

The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue,

The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine,

And women shall behold their husbands die.

1900

1872 spoke *Dyce*: spoken *Qq*    1877 alarums *Q4*    1889 thy boundes]  
the world *Q5*    1891 hosts *Dyce*: hoste *Qq*    1897 foes *Q5*

Thine eldest sister is Samaria,  
 And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.  
 Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent!  
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out,  
 There are as yet but fortie daies remaining, 1905  
 And then shall Niniue be ouerthrowne.

*Exit offered.*

*Rasni.* Staie, Prophet, staie.

*Ionas.* Disturbe not him that sent me;  
 Let me performe the message of the Lord.

*Exit.*

*Rasni.* My soule is buried in the hell of thoughts.  
 Ah, Aluida, I looke on thee with shame. 1910  
 My Lords on sodeine fixe their eyes on ground,  
 As if dismayd to looke vpon the heauens.  
 Hence, Magi, who haue flattered me in sinne.

*Exeunt Magi.*

Horror of minde, disturbance of my soule,  
 Makes me agast for Niniues mishap. 1915  
 Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,  
 That man and beast, the woman and her childe,  
 For fortie daies in sacke and ashes fast:  
 Perhaps the Lord will yeeld and pittie vs.  
 Beare hence these wretched blandishments of sinne, 1920  
 And bring me sackcloth to attire your King.

*(Taking off his crown and robe.)*

Away with pompe! my soule is full of woe.  
 In pittie looke on Niniue, O God.

*Exit a man.*

*Alui.* Assaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,  
 To sorrowes sold, all guiltie of our sinne, 1925  
 Come, Ladies, come, let vs prepare to pray.  
 Ah-lasse, how dare we looke on heauenly light,  
 That haue dispisde the maker of the same?  
 How may we hope for mercie from aboue,  
 That still dispise the warnings from aboue? 1930

1901 Samaria *J. C. Smith: Lamana Qq. See notes* 1902 thy] the Q5  
 1913 S. D. *Exel. His Sages Qq* 1917 om. Q5; add. in marg. (MS.) That  
 all the subiects <sup>to or</sup> of my souereyntie 1924 shame] sorrow Q3



Woes me, my conscience is a heauie foe.  
 O patron of the poore opprest with sinne,  
 Looke, looke on me, that now for pittie craue!  
 Assaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,  
 To sorrow sold, all guiltie of our sinne, 1935  
 Come, Ladies, come, let vs prepare to pray.

*Exeunt.*

⟨SCENE II.⟩

*Enter the Vsurer Solus, with a halter in one hand, a dagger  
 in the other.*

*Vsurer.* Groning in conscience, burdened with my crimes,  
 The hell of sorrow hauntes me vp and downe.  
 Tread where I list, mee-thinkes the bleeding ghostes  
 Of those whom my corruption brought to nought 1940  
 Do serue for stumbling blocks before my steppes.  
 The fatherlesse and widow wrongd by me,  
 The poore oppressed by my vsurie,  
 Mee-thinkes I see their hands reard vp to heauen,  
 To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse. 1945  
 Where so I walke, all sigh and shunne my way;  
 Thus am I made a monster of the world:  
 Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my soule.  
 You mountaines, shroude me from the God of truth:  
 Mee-thinkes I see him sit to iudge the earth; 1950  
 See how he blots me out of the booke of life!  
 Oh burthen more than Ætna that I beare!  
 Couer me, hilles, and shroude me from the Lord;  
 Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.  
 In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare, 1955  
 Mee-thinkes the sentence of damnation soundes,  
 'Die reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.'

*The euill Angell tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.*

What fiend is this that temptes me to the death?  
 What, is my death the harbour of my rest?  
 Then let me die: what second charge is this? 1960

1940 noughts *Qq*: cf. 2062 and 2072      1946 all *Dyce*: *Ile Qq*      1952  
 Ætna *Q4*: *Atna Q1* 2 3

Mee-thinks I heare a voice amidst mine eares,  
 That bids me staie, and tels me that the Lord  
 Is mercifull to those that do repent.  
 May I repent? Oh thou, my doubtfull soule,  
 Thou maist repent, the Iudge is mercifull. 1965  
 Hence, tooles of wrath, stales of temptation!  
 For I will pray and sigh vnto the Lord;  
 In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:  
 O Lord, in rigor looke not on my sinnes!

*He sits him downe in sack-cloathes, his  
 hands and eyes reared to heauen.*

*Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with dispersed lockes.*

*Alui.* Come, mournfull dames, laie off your broyred locks, 1970  
 And on your shoulders spred dispersed haire:  
 Let voice of musicke cease where sorrow dwels:  
 Cloathed in sackcloaths, sigh your sinnes with me,  
 Bemone your pride, bewaile your lawlesse lusts,  
 With fasting mortifie your pampered loines: 1975  
 Oh, thinke vpon the horreur of your sinnes,  
 Think, think, with me, the burthen of your blames!  
 Woe to thy pompe, false beautie, fading floure,  
 Blasted by age, by sicknesse, and by death!  
 Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious oyles, 1980  
 Our rich array, that fostered vs in sinne!  
 Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our soules!  
 Oh, would to God all nations might receiue  
 A good example by our grieuous fall!

*Ladies.* You that are planted there where pleasure dwels, 1985  
 And thinke your pompe as great as Niniues,  
 May fall for sinne as Niniue doth now.

*Alui.* Mourn, mourn, let moane be all your melodie,  
 And pray with me, and I will pray for all.  
 O Lord of heauen, forgiue vs our misdeeds. 1990

*Ladies.* O Lord of heauen, forgiue us our misdeeds.

*Vsurer.* O Lord of light, forgiue me my misdeeds.

1961 Methings Q1: Methinke Q2      1969 S. D. *dispersed* Q4: *dis-*  
*persed* Q1: *dispersed* Q2: *dispersed* Q3.      And so 1971      *lockes* Q2:  
*looks* Q1 3: *looks* Q4      1970 broyred Q3: brodred Q1 2 4      1978  
false *Dyce*: fale Q1 2: fell Q3: fall Q4 5      1984 fals Q4      1990 Qg  
*prefix Lord*

*Enters Rasni, the King of Assiria, with his nobles in sackcloath.*

*Cilicia.* Be not so ouercome with grieve, O King,  
Least you endanger life by sorrowing so.

*Rasni.* King of Cilicia, should I cease my grieve, 1995  
Where as my swarming sinnes afflict my soule?  
Vaine man, know this, my burthen greater is,  
Then euery priuate subiect in my land.  
My life hath bene a loadstarre vnto them,  
To guide them in the laborinth of blame: 2000  
Thus I haue taught them for to do amisse;  
Then must I weepe, my friend, for their amisse.  
The fall of Niniue is wrought by me:  
I haue maintaind this Citie in her shame;  
I haue contemn'd the warnings from aboue; 2005  
I haue vpholden incest, rape, and spoyle;  
Tis I that wrought the sinne must weepe the sinne.  
Oh had I teares like to the siluer streames  
That from the Alpine Mountains sweetly streame,  
Or had I sighes, the treasures of remorse, 2010  
As plentifull as Aeolus hath blasts,  
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,  
And pierce the throane of mercy by my sighes.

*Cilicia.* Heauens are propitious vnto faithful praiers.

*Rasni.* But after we repent, we must lament, 2015  
Least that a worser mischiefe doth befall.  
Oh, pray: perhaps the Lord will pitie vs.  
Oh God of truth, both mercifull and iust,  
Behold repentant men with pitious eyes,  
We waile the life that we haue led before. 2020  
O, pardon, Lord! O, pitie Niniue!

*Omnes.* O, pardon, Lord! O, pitie Niniue!

*Rasni.* Let not the Infants dallying on the teat,  
For fathers sinnes in iudgement be opprest!

*Cilicia.* Let not the painfull mothers big with childe, 2025  
The innocents, be punisht for our sinne!

*Rasni.* O, pardon, Lord! O, pitie Niniue!

1992 S. D. *King*] *Kings Qq* 1993 so *om.* Q3 5 2000 labyrinth Q4  
2007 the . . . the] thy . . . thy Q2 3 4 2014 prepitious Q1 2 faithful]  
fearful *Eng. Parnass.* 2015 after we repent] after our repent Q5 2023  
teat Q3 5: tent Q1 2 4 2027 O, pitie] O, *om.* Q5

*Omnes.* O, pardon, Lord! O, pitie Niniuie!

*Rasni.* O Lord of heauen, the virgins weepe to thee;

The couetous man sore sorie for his sinne, 2030

The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throane;

And wilt thou then be wroth with Niniuie?

*Cilicia.* Giue truce to praier, O King, and rest a space.

*Rasni.* Giue truce to praiers, when times require no truce?

No, Princes, no. Let all our subiects hie 2035

Vnto our temples, where on humbled knees

I will expect some mercie from aboue.

*Enter the temple Omnes.*

〈SCENE III.〉

*Enters Ionas, Solus.*

*Ionas.* This is the day wherein the Lord hath said

That Niniuie shall quite be ouerthrowne.

This is the day of horror and mishap, 2040

Fatall vnto the cursed Niniuites.

These stately Towers shall in thy watery bounds,

Swift flowing Lycus, find their burials:

These pallaces, the pride of Assurs Kings,

Shall be the bowers of desolation, 2045

Where as the sollitary bird shall sing,

And Tygers traine their yoong ones to their nest.

O all ye nations bounded by the West,

Ye happy Iles where Prophets do abound,

Ye Cities famous in the westerne world, 2050

Make Niniuie a president for you.

Leaue leaud desires, leaue couetous delights,

Flie vsurie, let whoredome be exile,

Least you with Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Loe, how the sunnes inflamed torch preuailes, 2055

Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth!

Here will I sit me downe and fixe mine eye

2030 sore sorie *C. E. Doble and Deighton*: sorie sorie *Q1 2*: sorie  
*Q3*: sorry *Q4* 2034 praier *Q5* requires *Q3* S. D. *Enter Ionas*  
*alone Q3* 2042 watery *om. Q5* 2044 These] The *Q5* 2052  
 lewd *Q4*

Vpon the ruines of yon wretched towne ;  
 And lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,  
 To shelter Ionas in this sunny heate ! 2060  
 What meanes my God ? the day is done and spent.  
 Lord, shall my Prophetesie be brought to nought ?  
 When falles the fire ? when will the iudge be wroth ?  
 I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,  
 When I was yet within my country land. 2065  
 Iehouah is too mercifull, I feare.  
 O, let me flie before a Prophet fault !  
 For thou art mercifull, the Lord my God,  
 Full of compassion and of sufferance,  
 And doest repent in taking punishment. 2070  
 Why staies thy hand ? O Lord, first take my life,  
 Before my Prophetesie be brought to noughts.  
 Ah, he is wroth : behold, the gladsome vine  
 That did defend me from the sunny heate,  
 Is withered quite, and swallowed by a Serpent. 2075

*A Serpent deuoureth the vine.*

Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,  
 And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

*Enters the Angell.*

*Angell.* Art thou so angry, Ionas ? tell me why.  
*Ionas.* Iehouah, I with burning heate am plunged,  
 And shadowed only by a silly vine ; 2080  
 Behold, a Serpent hath deuoured it :  
 And lo, the sunne, incenst by Easterne winde,  
 Afflicts me with Canicular aspect.  
 Would God that I might die, for, well I wot,  
 Twere better I were dead then rest alieu. 2085  
*Angell.* Ionas, art thou so angry for the vine ?  
*Ionas.* Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.  
*Angell.* Thou hast compassion, Ionas, on a vine,  
 On which thou neuer labour didst bestow ;  
 Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow, 2090

2059 pleasant] spreading Q5  
 Q2 3 5 2072 nought *Dyce*  
*Dyce* : Cariculer Qq

2086 Ionas *om.* Q4

2061 *om.* Q5  
 2077 am] do Q5

2069 and of] and  
 2083 Canicular

But sodeinly it sprung, and sodeinly dide :  
 And should not I haue great compassion  
 On Niniuie the Citie of the world,  
 Wherein there are a hundred thousand soules,  
 And twentie thousand infants that ne wot 2095  
 The right hand from the left, beside much cattle ?  
 Oh, Ionas, looke into their Temples now,  
 And see the true contrition of their King,  
 The subiects teares, the sinners true remorse.  
 Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day, 2100  
 For he is pitifull as he is iust.

*Exit Angelus.*

*Jonas.* I go, my God, to finish thy command.  
 Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God,  
 Or talke his praises with a feruent toong ?  
 He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen ; 2105  
 He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iust,  
 And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitious eyes :  
 To him all praise and honour be ascribed.  
 Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God ?  
 He makes the infant to proclaime his truth, 2110  
 The Asse to speake to saue the Prophets life,  
 The earth and sea to yeeld increase for man.  
 Who can describe the compasse of his power,  
 Or testifie in termes his endlesse might ?  
 My rauisht spright, oh, whither doest thou wend ? 2115  
 Go and proclaime the mercy of my God ;  
 Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuites ;  
 And, as thou weart the messenger of death,  
 Go bring glad tydings of recouered grace.

*⟨Exit.⟩*

⟨SCENE IV.⟩

*Enters Clowne Solus, with a bottle of beere in one slop, and a great peece of beefe in an other.*

⟨*Clowne.*⟩ Well, good-man Ionas, I would you had neuer come from 2120  
 Iury to this Country; you haue made me looke like a leane rib of roast

2093 world] Lord Q2 3 4 5      2096 besides Q2      2115 spright]  
 spring Q5      Scene IV. S.D. Clowne] Adam Qq and so throughout this  
 scene      slop] shop Q2



beefe, or like the picture of lent painted vpon a read-herings cob. Alasse, maisters, we are commanded by the proclamation to fast and pray: by my troth, I could prettely so-so away with praying; but for fasting, why, tis so contrary to my nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging then a long fasting. Marke me, the words be these, 'Thou shalt take no maner of foode for so many daies.' I had as leeu he should haue said, 'Thou shalt hang thy selfe for so many daies.' And yet, in faith, I need not find fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry and a pantry and a kitchen about me; for prooffe, *ecce signum!* this right slop is my pantry, behold a manchet *<Draws it out>*; this place is my kitchin, for, loe, a peece of beefe *<Draws it out>*. Oh, let me repeat that sweet word againe: 'For, loe, a peece of beef.' This is my buttry, for see, see, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of beere *<Draws it out>*. Thus, alasse, I make shift to weare out this fasting; I driue away the time; but there go searchers about to seeke if any man breakes the kings command. O, here they be, in with your victuals, Adam.

*<Puts them back into his slops.>*

*Enters two Searchers.*

*First Searcher.* How duly the men of Niniue keep the proclamation! how are they armde to repentance! We have searcht through the whole Citie and haue not as yet found one that breaks the fast. 2140

*Sec. Sear.* The signe of the more grace: but staie, here sits one, mee-thinkes, at his praiers; let vs see who it is. 2145

*First Sear.* Tis Adam, the Smithes man. How now, Adam?

*Clowne.* Trouble me not; 'Thou shalt take no maner of foode, but fast and pray.'

*First Sear.* How deuoutly he sits at his orysons! but staie, mee-thinkes I feele a smell of some meate or bread about him. 2150

*Sec. Sear.* So thinkes me too. You, sirrah, what victuals haue you about you?

*Clowne.* Victuals! Oh horrible blasphemie! Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor. Victailes! why, hardst thou not the sentence, 'Thou shalt take no foode, but fast and pray'?

2125 so om. Q3  
as yet om. Q5

2139 S. D. Enter Q3  
2143 2 Sear. Qq

2140 1 Searcher Qq 2141

*Sec. Sear.* Truth, so it should be, but mee-thinkes I smell meate about thee. 2155

*Clowne.* About me, my friends! these words are actions in the Case. About me! No, no: hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

*First Sear.* Well, for all your words, we must search you.

*Clowne.* Search me! take heed what you do; my hose are my castles, tis burglary if you breake ope a slop; no officer must lift vp an iron hatch; take heede, my slops are iron. 2160

(They search him.)

*Sec. Sear.* Oh villaine! see how he hath gotten victailes, bread, beefe, and beere, where the King commanded vpon paine of death none should eate for so many daies, no, not the sucking infant!

*Clowne.* Alasse, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non nocet ut medicus daret*; why, sir, a bit to comfort my stomacke. 2165

*First Sear.* Villaine, thou shalt be hanged for it.

*Clowne.* These are your words, 'I shall be hanged for it'; but first answer me to this question, how many daies haue we to fast stil? 2170

*Sec. Sear.* Fiue daies.

*Clowne.* Fiue daies! a long time: then I must be hanged?

*First Sear.* I, marry, must thou.

*Clowne.* I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had rather be hangd then abide so long a fast. What, fiue daies? Come, ile vntrusse. Is your halter and the gallowes, the ladder, and all such furniture in readinesse? 2175

*First Sear.* I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

*Clowne.* But heare you, must I be hangd?

*First Sear.* I, marry.

*Clowne.* And for eating of meate. Then, friends, know ye by these presents, I will eate vp all my meate, and drink vp all my drink, for it shall neuer be said, I was hangd with an emptie stomake. 2180

*First Sear.* Come away, knaue; wilt thou stand feeding now? 2185

*Clowne.* If you be so hastie hang your selfe an houre while I come to you, for surely I will eate vp my meate.

*Sec. Sear.* Come, lets draw him away perforce.

2165 *necet* Q1 2 3      2177 in] in a Q4      2186 so *om.* Q4      2187 to  
you *om.* Q3

*Clowne.* You say there is five daies yet to fast; these are your words.

*Sec. Sear.* I, sir.

*Clowne.* I am for you: come, lets away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles.

*Exeunt.*

〈SCENE V.〉

*Enter* Ionas, Rasni, Aluida, King of Cilicia, *(and)* others  
*royally attended.*

*Ionas.* Come, carefull King, cast off thy mournfull weedes,  
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to smoothed smiles;  
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,  
Thy sighes, like Incense pleasing to the Lord, 2195  
Haue been peace-offerings for thy former pride.  
Reioyce and praise his name that gaue thee peace.  
And you, faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,  
Since you haue wept and fasted 'fore the Lord,  
He graciously hath tempered his reuenge: 2200  
Beware hencefoorth to tempt him any more,  
Let not the nicenesse of your beautilous lookes  
Ingraft in you a high presuming minde;  
For those that climbe he casteth to the ground,  
And they that humble be he lifts aloft. 2205

*Rasni.* Lowly I bend with awfull bent of eye,  
Before the dread Iehouah, God of hostes,  
Despising all prophane deuice of man.  
Those lustfull lures that whilome led awry  
My wanton eyes shall wound my heart no more: 2210  
And she, whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,  
Shall now at last become my wedlocke mate.  
Faire Aluida, looke not so woe begone:  
If for thy sinne thy sorrow do exceed,  
Blessed be thou; come, with a holy band 2215  
Lets knit a knot to salue our former shame.

*Alui.* With blushing lookes betokening my remorse,  
I lowly yeeld, my King, to thy behest,  
So as this man of God shall thinke it good.

*Ionas.* Woman, amends may neuer come too late. 2220

2191 I am] sorry *add.* Q4 be *om.* Q1 234: *add.* Dyce 2192 *Exeunt*  
*om.* Q1 24 Scene V. S. D. Kings Q1 2 *attended*] *attending* Q5  
2193 smothed Q1 2195 Incense Dyce: Imence Qq 2199 'fore  
Dyce: for Qq 2200 hath] have Qq 2207 hoste Qq 2219 as *om.* Q5

A will to practise good is vertuous.

The God of heauen, when sinners do repent,

Doth more reioyce then in ten thousand iust.

*Rasni.* Then witnesse, holie Prophet, our accord.

*Alui.* Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God. 2225

*Jonas.* Blest may you be, like to the flowring sheaues,

That plaie with gentle windes in sommer tide;

Like Oliue branches let your children spred,

And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,

Or as the kids that feede on † Lopher † plaines, 2230

So be the seede and offspring of your loines.

*Enters the Vsurer, Thrasibulus, and Alcon.*

*Vsurer.* Come foorth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrongd:

Before this man of God receiue your due;

Before our King I meane to make my peace.

Jonas, behold, in signe of my remorse, 2235

I heare restore into these poore mens hands

Their goods which I vniustly haue detaind;

And may the heauens so pardon my misdeeds

As I am penitent for my offence.

*Thrasi.* And what through want from others I purloyned, 2240

Behold, O King, I proffer fore thy throane,

To be restord to such as owe the same.

*Jonas.* A vertuous deed, pleasing to God and man.

Would God all Cities drowned in like shame

Would take example of these Niniuites. 2245

*Rasni.* Such be the fruites of Niniuiers repent;

And such for euer may our dealings be

That he that cald vs home in height of sinne

May smile to see our hartie penitence.

Viceroyes, proclaime a fast vnto the Lord; 2250

Let Israels God be honoured in our land;

Let all occasion of corruption die,

For who shall fault therein shall suffer death.

Beare witnesse, God, of my vnfained zeale.

2221 good is *Dyce*: goodnesse *Q1* I will thou practise goodnesse and  
 vertuousnesse *Q2 3 4 5* 2226 to *om. Q5* 2229 in *om. Q5* 2230 as]  
 on *Q5* Lopher *Qq*: Sepher *sugg. Dyce. See notes* 2231 offsprings  
*Q3 4* 2232 S. D. Thrasibulus] Gentleman *Qq* willingly *Q5* 2237  
 haue] hath *Q5* retaind *Q2 3*: retainde *Q4* 2241 proffer] forth  
 add. *Q2 4*

Come, holie man, as thou shalt counsaile me 2255  
My Court and Citie shall reformed be.

*Exeunt <all except Ionas.>*

*Ionas.* Wend on in peace and prosecute this course,  
You Ilanders, on whom the milder aire  
Doth sweetly breath the balme of kinde increase,  
Whose lands are fatned with the deaw of heauen, 2260  
And made more fruitfull then Actean plaines;  
You whom delitious pleasures dandle soft,  
Whose eyes are blinded with securitie,  
Vnmaske your selues, cast error cleane aside.  
O London, mayden of the Mistresse Ile, 2265  
Wrapt in the foldes and swathing cloutes of shame,  
In thee more Sinnes then Niniuie contains,  
Contempt of God, dispight of reuerend age,  
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore,  
Corruption, whordome, drunkennesse, and pride. 2270  
Swolne are thy browes with impudence and shame,  
O proud adulterous glorie of the West.  
Thy neighbor burns, yet doest thou feare no fire;  
Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine eares;  
The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure. 2275  
London, awake, for feare the Lord do frowne;  
I set a looking glasse before thine eyes.  
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,  
And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene  
Defers the plague which otherwise would fall. 2280  
Repent, O London, least for thine offence  
Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preserue,  
That she may bide the pillar of his Church  
Against the stormes of Romish Antichrist.  
The hand of mercy ouershead her head, 2285  
And let all faithfull subiects say, Amen.

## FINIS

2261 Acteon Q3      2273 neighbours burn Dyce      2276 do] doth  
Q3 5      2278 to the Lord] from thy sin MS. corr. in Q5      2279 Queene]  
King Q4      2283 she] he Q4      bide] build MS. corr. in Q5      2285  
ouershead] ouershead Dyce      her] his Q4      2286 MS. add. in Q5      Thou  
famous Citty London cheif of all Theis blest vnited nations do containe, More  
sinne in thee, then in Nin'way remains. See notes

# INTRODUCTION

## TO

### ORLANDO FVRIOSO

THIS play was first printed in 1594, in quarto, with the following title-page:—

‘The Historie of Orlando Furioso one of the twelue Pieres of France. As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie. London. Printed for Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie and are to be sold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange. 1594. 4to.’ It was reprinted in quarto in 1599.

The following are the entries in the Stationers’ Registers:—

	‘ 7 Decembris [1593]
‘ IOHN DANTER/ This copie is put ouer by the consent of Iohn Danter to Cuthbert Burbye, ut patet 28. Maij 1594.	Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of the Wardens, a plaie booke intituled the historye of ORLANDO furioso / one of the xij pieres of Ffrance . . . . . vj <sup>d</sup> xxxviiij <sup>o</sup> die Maij (1594)
CUTHBERT BURBYE’	Entred for his copie by consent of Iohn Danter, and his warraunt from master warden Cawood vnder his hande. A booke entytuled <i>The historie</i> of Orlando furioso, &c. Prouided alwaies, and yt is agreed that soe often as the same booke shal be printed, the saide Iohn Denter to haue th[e] impryntinge thereof / vj <sup>d</sup> ’

Of the first edition there is a copy in the British Museum and another in the Dyce Library at South Kensington; of the second there are copies in the British Museum, in the Dyce library, and in the library of Mr. Huth. I print the text of the first Quarto collated with that of the second. But a portion of this play exists in a MS. of singular interest, which cannot be better described than in the words of its discoverer, John Payne Collier. ‘Among the MSS. at Dulwich College is a large portion of the original part of Orlando as transcribed by the copyist of the theatre for the actor. It is in three pieces, one much longer than the others, all imperfect, being more or less injured by worms and time. Here and there certain blanks have been supplied in a different handwriting, and that handwriting is Alleyn’s. We may conclude, therefore, that this is the very copy from which he learnt his part, and that the scribe, not being able in some places to read the author’s manuscript, had left small spaces which Alleyn filled up either by his own suggestion, from the MS., or after inquiry of Greene. It contains no more than



was to be delivered by the actor of the character of Orlando, with the *cues* (as they were then and are still technically called) regularly marked, exactly in the same manner as is done at the present day by transcribers in our theatres.' It begins with the words in l. 558, 'Faire pride of morne.' It is now, probably, in a more dilapidated state than when Collier first inspected it: the first words of the first seven lines have been destroyed, and in consequence of the crumbling away of some of the margins it is often impossible to restore the words, and there are occasionally hiatuses which cannot now be supplied. Where it is free from these defects it is not difficult to decipher. Dyce's transcripts are fairly accurate, though he is often wrong in spelling and has made some omissions. Dr. Grosart follows him, and does not seem to have made an independent transcript. A comparison of the text of the printed copies with that of this document will show either how greatly the stage copies were altered when a play was printed, or how greatly the printed copies must vary from that of the stage copies, and presumably therefore from that of the author's manuscript. The Alleyn MS. is printed as an Appendix to *Orlando Furioso*, on pp. 266-78.

With regard to the period of its composition, all that can be known with certainty is that it had been acted before February 22, 1592, for in Henslowe's *Diary* (Collier's Transcript, p. 21) we find this entry:—

'Rd at *orlando*, the 21 of february . . . . . xvj<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>'

As M. Storozhenko has remarked, it could not have been written before 1588, as there is plainly an allusion to the destruction of the Spanish Armada in the lines:—

'And Spaniard tell, who, mand with mighty Fleetes,  
Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,  
Filling our Seas with stately Argosies,  
Caruels and Magars, hulkes of burden great;  
Which Brandemart rebated from his coast.'

There are two passages in this play which are found also in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, 885-8, one with a slight variation:—

'For thy sweet sake I haue cross'd the frozen Rhine,  
Leauing faire Po, I sail'd vp Danuby  
As nigh as Saba whose enhancing streams  
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians,'

and one of the additions from the Alleyn MS. 'thre blue beanes in a blewe bladder, rattle bladder.' The *Old Wives' Tale* almost certainly appeared in 1590, but this will not help, because it is impossible to say whether Peele copied from Greene or Greene from Peele. The 'rattle bladder rattle' is merely a reference to a common amusement. See Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, i. 1.

It has been conjectured that what suggested it to Greene was Sir John Harington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso* which appeared in 1591. This may have been the case, but Harington's version could hardly have been in Greene's hands. In Harington's version an account is given in a biographical index of the chief characters who figure in the poem, their titles, and the parts they play. With this before him Greene is hardly likely to have departed so widely as he has done from the original narrative, especially when it served no purpose. Again, I have not noticed any parallels of expression or any reminiscences of Harington's phraseology. Where he recalls the poem most nearly it is the original, not the English version. The reference to the play in the *Defence of Conny-Catching* is not of much assistance, for that work appeared in 1592. In the lines

'Vnles Zephyrus blow  
Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods,  
Where all the world for wonders doo await,'

there may possibly be an allusion to Lodge's *Rosalynde* published in 1590, or rather to the work promised by Lodge in the last words of his novel, but this must not be pressed, as 'Ardenna' figures in Ariosto's poem. The frequent interspersions of Alexandrines and the greater flexibility and variety of structure and rhythm in the blank verse make it all but certain that this drama must have been subsequent to *Alphonsus* and the *Looking-Glasse*.

The play was suggested by the *Orlando Furioso*, and is in part founded on it, but Greene has, in the conduct of his plot-narrative, distorted Ariosto's almost beyond recognition. To begin with, he makes Angelica the daughter, not of Galaphron king of Cathay, but of Marsilius, emperor of Africa, with whom in the poem she has no connexion, and who is moreover not emperor of Africa but king of Spain. With the embassy of the suitors there is nothing to correspond in Ariosto. The part played by Sacripant is all Greene's invention, except the fact that he was one of Angelica's lovers (*Orl. Fur.* Canto I. st. xlvi seqq.). In the poem the loves of Angelica and Medoro are not a fiction devised by Sacripant, but a reality, ending in marriage (Canto XIX. st. xx seqq.). Nor subsequently is there any expedition organized by the Peers of France to revenge the wrong done Orlando by the treachery of Angelica, or any reconciliation and re-betrothal, as she is the wife of Medoro. In the play Brandimart is killed by Orlando, in the poem by Gradasso. Among minor particulars of difference it may be added that, with one exception, that of Brandimart (who is Brandimante in the poem), all the titles are changed. Marsilius, Rodamant, and Mandricard are in Ariosto respectively kings of Spain, of Sarza and Algiers, and of Tartary, in the play they figure as emperor of Africa and kings of Cuba and Mexico. There is only one part of the

plot in which Greene follows the poem, and that is where Orlando is driven mad by seeing the inscriptions on the trees:—

‘Volgendosi ivi intorno, vide scritti  
Molti arbuscelli in sull’ ombrosa riva.  
Tosto che fermi v’ ebbe gli occhi e fitti  
Fu certo esser di man della sua diva.  
Questo era un di quei lochi già descritti,  
Ove sovente con Medor veniva  
Da casa del pastore indi vicina  
La bella donna del Catai regina.

Angelica e Medor con cento nodi  
Legati insieme e in cento lochi vede.  
Quante lettere son, tanti son chiodi  
Coi quali Amore il cor gli punge e fiede.  
Va col pensier cercando in mille modi  
Non creder quel ch’ al suo dispetto crede:  
Ch’ altra Angelica sia creder si sforza  
Ch’ abbia scritto il suo nome in quella scorza.’

XXIII. st. cii. seqq.

His seizing Orgalio and tearing him in pieces corresponds with Canto XXIV. st. v:—

‘Uno ne piglia, e del capo lo scema,’  
and his entering ‘with a leg’ with st. vi:—

‘Per una gamba il grave tronco prese  
E quello usò per mazza.’

Other minor details are suggested by Ariosto.

Then he deviates from the narrative to substitute the buffoonery of Tom and Ralph. That he followed the original seems probable from the fact that he has incorporated in Italian the first four lines of stanza 117 and the last four of stanza 121 of Canto XXVII. In imagery and expression he has not drawn, so far as I have noticed, very much from Ariosto. The most remarkable instance is in the lines:—

‘Fairer than was the Nymph of Mercurie,  
Who, when bright Phoebus mounteth vp his coach,  
And tracts Aurora in her siltier steps,  
And sprinkles from the folding of her lap  
White lillies, roses, and sweete violets,’

which is taken from Canto XV. st. lvii:—

‘Mercurio al fabbro poi la rete invola,  
Che Cloride pigliar con essa vuole,  
Cloride bella *che per l’ arià vola*  
*Dietro all’ Aurora all’ apparir del sole*  
*E dal raccolto lembo della stola*  
*Gigli spargendo va, rose e viole.’*

For the rest, the whole of the play in plot and detail belongs to

Greene, but the influence of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* is very discernible, especially in the character of Sacripant, as M. Storozhenko has remarked. In delineating the madness of Orlando, Greene is wholly untrue to nature, and shows no knowledge at all of the psychology of insanity. The jargon of Orlando is precisely that of Shakespeare's Edgar ; it is such as might appropriately be put into the mouth of a man who is shamming madness ; it is not like that of Lear, the expression of real insanity. There is no 'eddy without progression,' no monstrous premisses with correct conclusions, no consistency in inconsistency, no chain of thought 'nothing impaired but all dishevelled' ; it is mere fustian and bombast.



# THE HISTORIE OF Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of  
*France.*

As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie.



L O N D O N,  
Printed by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be  
sold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange.



THE  
HISTORIE OF  
ORLANDO FVRIOSO,  
ONE OF THE TWELVE  
PEERES OF FRANCE.

*As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie.*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
for Cuthbert Burby : And are to be sold at his shop  
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.



⟨DRAMATIS PERSONAE<sup>1</sup>

MARSILIUS, *Emperor of Africa.*

*Soldan of Egypt.*

RODAMANT, *King of Cuba.*

MANDRICARD, *King of Mexico.*

BRANDIMART, *King of the Isles.*

SACRIPANT.

ORLANDO.

OGIER.

NAMUS.

OLIVER.

TURPIN.

DUKE OF AQUITAIN.

ROSSILION.

MEDOR.

ORGALIO, *page to Orlando.*

SACRIPANT'S *man.*

TOM.

RALPH.

*Fiddler.*

*Several of the Twelve Peers of France whose names are  
not given. Clowns, Attendants, &c.*

ANGELICA, *daughter to Marsilius,*

MELISSA, *an enchantress.*

*Satyrs.*⟩

<sup>1</sup> *Not in Qq, adapted from Dyce*

THE  
HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FVRIOSO,  
ONE OF THE TWELVE PIERES  
OF FRANCE.

AS IT WAS PLAID BEFORE THE QVEENES MAIESTIE.

〈ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Palace of Marsilius.*〉

*Enter Marsilius the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica his daughter;  
the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando,  
County Sacrepant, with others.*

*Marsilius.*

Victorious Princes, summond to appeare  
Within the Continent of Africa;  
From seauonfold Nylus to Taprobany,  
Where faire Apollo darting forth his light  
Plaies on the Seas; 5  
From Gadis Ilands, where stowt Hercules  
Imblasde his trophees on two posts of brasse,  
To Tanais, whose swift declining floods  
Inuiron rich Europa to the North;  
All fetcht from out your Courts by beauty to this Coast, 10  
To seeke and sue for faire Angelica;  
Sith none but one must haue this happy prize,  
At which you all haue leueld long your thoughts,

*Quarto 1594 (Q1). British Museum. The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Peeres of France. As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie. Quarto 1594. Dyce Library, S. Kensington. This 1594 4° S. K. seems to have part of the 1599 4° in the first page and in the middle, as seen by the corrections similar to those of 1599 4° in B. M., and the colour of the pages is different. Quarto 1599 (Q2). Dyce Library, S. K. Similar in all ways to 1599 of B. M. Two pages of another ed. are inserted, but corrected according to 1599 4°. Quarto 1599. Huth Library. In all ways similar to the 1599 4° at B. M. and S. K., except a word here and there*

*S. D. Marsillus Qq passim*

*8 floods] flood sugg. Dyce*

Set each man forth his passions how he can,  
And let her Censure make the happiest man.— 15

*Souldan.*

The fairest flowre that glories Affrica,  
Whose beauty Phoebus dares not dash with showres,  
Ouer whose Clymate neuer hung a clowde,  
But smiling Titan lights the Horyzon,— 20  
Egypt is mine, and there I hold my State,  
Seated in Cairye and in Babylon.  
From thence the matchlesse beauty of Angelica,  
Whose hew as bright as are those siluer Doues  
That wanton Venus manth vpon her fist,  
Forst me to crosse and cut th' atlanticke Seas, 25  
To ouersearch the fearefull Ocean,  
Where I ariud to eternize with my Launce  
The matchles beauty of faire Angelica;  
Nor Tilt, nor Tournay, but my Speare and Shield  
Resounding on their Crests and sturdy Helmes, 30  
Topt high with plumes, like Mars his Burgonet,  
Inchasing on their Curats with my blade,  
That none so faire as faire Angelica.  
But leauing these such glories as they be,  
I loue, my Lord; let that suffize for me. 35

*Rodamant.*

Cuba my seate, a Region so inricht  
With Sauours sparkling from the smiling heauens,  
As those that seekes for trafficke to my Coast  
Accounted like that wealthy Paradice  
From whence floweth Gyhon and swift Euphrates : 40  
The earth within her bowels hath inwrapt,  
As in the massie storehowse of the world,  
Millions of Gold, as bright as was the Showre  
That wanton Ioue sent downe to Danae.  
Marching from thence to manage Armes abroad, 45  
I past the triple parted Regiment  
That froward Saturne gaue vnto his Sonnes,

21 Cairye] Cairo *Dyce* 22 the beauty *sugg. Dyce* 23 hew] hue *Dyce*  
28 beauty . . . Angelica] beauty of Angelica *sugg. Dyce* 37 Sauours]  
fauours *Dyce* 38 seekes Q1 : seeke Q2 : seek *Dyce* 39 Account it *Dyce*

Erecting Statues of my Chiualry,  
 Such and so braue as neuer Hercules  
 Vowd for the loue of louely Iole. 50  
 But leauing these such glories as they be,  
 I loue, my Lord; let that suffice for me.

*Mandrekarde.*

And I, my Lord, am Mandrekarde of Mexico,  
 Whose Clymate fayrer than Tyberius,  
 Seated beyond the Sea of Trypoly, 55  
 And richer than the plot Hesperides,  
 Or that same Ile wherein Vlysses loue  
 Luld in her lap the young Telegone;  
 That did but Venus tread a daintie step,  
 So would shee like the land of Mexico, 60  
 As, Paphos and braue Cypres set aside,  
 With me sweete louely Venus would abide.  
 From thence, mounted vpon a Spanish Barke,  
 Such as transported Iason to the fleece,  
 Come from the South, I furrowed Neptunes Seas, 65  
 Northeast as far as is the frosen Rhene;  
 Leauing faire Voya, crost vp Danuby,  
 As hie as Saba, whose inhaunsing streames  
 Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Russians:  
 There did I act as many braue attempts, 70  
 As did Pirothous for his Proserpine.  
 But leauing these such glories as they be,  
 I loue, my Lord; let that suffice for me.

*Brandemart.*

The bordring Ilands, seated here in ken,  
 Whose Shores are sprinkled with rich Orient Pearle, 75  
 More bright of hew than were the Margarets  
 That Caesar found in wealthy Albion;  
 The sands of Tagus all of burnisht Golde  
 Made Thetis neuer prowder on the Clifts  
 That ouerpiere the bright and golden Shore, 80  
 Than doo the rubbish of my Country Seas:  
 And what I dare, let say the Portingale,

48 Statutes Q2      54 climate['s] Dyce: Tyberius] Iberia's Dyce      58  
 Telegonus Dyce      61 Cyprus Dyce      69 Cut Dyce      71 Pirithoüs Dyce

And Spaniard tell, who, mand with mighty Fleetes,  
 Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,  
 Filling our Seas with stately Argosies, 85  
 Caruels and Magars, hulkes of burden great;  
 Which Brandemart rebated from his coast,  
 And sent them home ballast with little wealth.  
 But leauing these such glories as they bee,  
 I loue, (my Lord); let that suffise for mee. 90  
*Orl.* Lords of the South, and Princes of esteeme,  
 Viceroyes vnto the State of Affrica,  
 I am no King, yet am I princely borne,  
 Descended from the royall house of France,  
 And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine, 95  
 Surnamd Orlando, the Countie Palatine.  
 Swift Fame that sounded to our Westernne Seas  
 The matchles beautie of Angelica,  
 Fairer than was the Nymph of Mercurie,  
 Who, when bright Phoebus mounteth vp his coach, 100  
 And tracts Aurora in her siluer steps,  
 And sprinkles from the folding of her lap  
 White lillies, roses, and sweete violets.  
 Yet thus beleeeue me, Princes of the South,  
 Although my Countries loue, deerer than pearle 105  
 Or mynes of gold, might well haue kept me backe;  
 The sweet conuersing with my king and frends,  
 (Left all for loue), might well haue kept mee backe;  
 The seas by Neptune hoysed to the heauens,  
 Whose dangerous flawes might well haue kept me backe; 110  
 The sauage Mores and Anthropagei,  
 Whose lands I past, might well haue kept me backe;  
 The doubt of Entertainment in the Court  
 When I arriude, might well haue kept me backe;  
 But so the fame of faire Angelica 115  
 Stampd in my thoughts the figure of her loue,  
 As neither Country, King, or Seas, or Cannibals,  
 Could by despairing keep Orlando backe.  
 I list not boast in acts of Chiualrie,

86 Caruels] Calvars Q1 2 and Dyce      97 that] hath Dyce      101 tracks  
*Eng. Parnass.*      102 sprinckling *Eng. Parnass.*      111 Anthropophagi  
*Dyce*      117 king, seas, cannibals *sugg. Dyce*

(An humor neuer fitting with my Minde,) 120  
 But come there forth the proudest Champion  
 That hath Suspition in the Palatine,  
 And with my trustie sword Durandell,  
 Single, Ile register vpon his helme  
 What I dare doo for faire Angelica. 125  
 But leauing these such glories as they bee,  
 I loue, my Lord ;  
 Angelica her selfe shall speak for mee.

*Mar.* Daughter, thou hearst what loue hath here alleadgd,  
 How all these Kings, by beautie summond here, 130  
 Puts in their pleas, for hope of Diademe,  
 Of noble deeds, of welth, and Chiualrie,  
 All hoping to possesse Angelica.  
 Sith fathers will may hap to ayme amisse,  
 (For parents thoughts in loue oft step awrie,) 135  
 Choose thou the man who best contenteth thee,  
 And he shall weare the Affricke Crowne next mee.  
 For trust me, Daughter, like of whom thou please,  
 Thou satisfide, my thoughts shall be at ease.

*Ang.* Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica, 140  
 Sith Fathers will hangs on his Daughters choyce,  
 And I, as earst Princesse Andromache  
 Seated amidst the crue of Priams Sonnes,  
 Have libertie to chuse where best I loue ;  
 Must freely say, for fancie hath no fraud, 145  
 That farre vnworthie is Angelica  
 Of such as deigne to grace her with their loues ;  
 The Souldan with his seate in Babylon,  
 The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico,  
 Whose welthie crownes might win a womans will, 150  
 Yong Brandemard, Master of all the Iles  
 Where Neptune planted hath his treasure ;  
 The worst of these men of so high import  
 As may command a greater Dame than I.  
 But Fortune, or some deep inspiring fate, 155  
 Venus, or else the bastard brat of Mars,  
 Whose bow commands the motions of the minde,  
 Hath sent proud loue to enter such a plea



As nonsutes all your princely euidence,  
 And flat commands that, maugre Maiestie, 160  
 I chuse Orlando, Countie Palatine.

*Ro.* How likes Marsilius of his daughters choice?

*Mar.* As fits Marsilius of his daughters spouse.

*Ro.* Highly thou wrongst vs, King of Affrica,  
 To braue thy neighbor Princes with disgrace, 165  
 To tye thy honor to thy daughters thoughts,  
 Whose Choyce is like that Greekish Giglots loue,  
 That left her Lord, prince Menelaus,  
 And with a swaine made scape away to Troy.  
 What is Orlando but a stragling mate, 170  
 Banisht for some offence by Charlemaine,  
 Skipt from his country as Anchises Sonne,  
 And meanes, as he did to the Carthage Queene,  
 To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue?

*Orl.* Iniurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree 175  
 To wrong a stranger with discourtesie.  
 Wert not the sacred presence of Angelica  
 Preuailles with me, (as Venus smiles with Mars),  
 To set a Supersedeas of my wrath,  
 Soone should I teach the what it were to braue. 180

*Man.* And, French man, wert not gainst the law of armes,  
 In place of parly for to draw a sword,  
 Vntaught companion, I would learne you know  
 What dutie longs to such a Prince as hee.

*Orl.* Then as did Hector fore Achilles Tent, 185  
 Trotting his Courser softly on the plaines,  
 Proudly darde forth the stoutest youth of Greece;  
 So who stands hiest in his owne conceipt,  
 And thinkes his courage can performe the most,  
 Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground, 190  
 And I will pawne my honor to his gage,  
 He shall ere night be met and combatted.

*Mar.* Shame you not, Princes, at this bad agree,  
 To wrong a stranger with discourtesie?  
 Beleeue me, Lords, my daughter hath made choice, 195  
 And, mauger him that thinkes him most agreeud,  
 She shall enioy the Countie Palatine.

*Bran.* But would these Princes folow my aduise,

And enter armes as did the Greekes gainst Troy,  
Nor he, nor thou shouldst haue Angelica.

200

*Rod.* Let him be thought a dastard to his death,  
That will not sell the trauels he hath past  
Dearer than for a womans fooleries :  
What saies the mightie Mandricard ?

*Man.* I vow to hie me home to Mexico,  
To troop myselfe with such a crew of men  
As shall so fill the downes of Affrica,  
Like to the plaines of watrie Thessalie,  
When as an Easterne gale, whistling aloft,  
Had ouerspred the ground with Grashoppers.  
Then see, Marsilius, if the Palatine  
Can keep his Loue from falling to our lots,  
Or thou canst keep thy Countrey free from spoile.

205

210

*Mar.* Why, think you, Lords, with hautie menaces  
To dare me out within my Pallace gates ?  
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint  
Of that which neuer could be got by loue ?  
Passe from my Court, make hast out of my land,  
Stay not within the bounds Marsilius holds ;  
Least, little brooking these vnfitting braues,  
My cholar ouer-slip the law of Armes,  
And I inflict reuenge on such abuse.

215

220

*Rod.* Ile beard and braue thee in thy proper town,  
And here inskonce my selfe despite of thee,  
And hold thee play till Mandricard returne.—  
What saies the mightie Souldan of Egypt ?

225

*Sol.* That when Prince Menelaus with all his mates  
Had ten yeres held their siege in Asia,  
Folding their wrothes in cinders of faire Troy,  
Yet, for their armes grew by conceit of loue,  
Their Trophees was but conquest of a girle :  
Then trust me, Lords, Ile neuere manage armes  
For womens loues that are so quickly lost.

230

*Bran.* Tush, my Lords, why stand you vpon termes ?

Let vs to our Skonce,—and you, my Lord, to Mexico.

235

*Exeunt Kings.*

*Orl.* I, sirs, inskonce ye how you can, see what we dare,  
And thereon set your rest.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manent Sacrepant and his man.*

*Sac.* Boast not too much, Marsilius, in thy Selfe,  
Nor of contentment in Angelica;  
For Sacrepant must haue Angelica, 240  
And with her Sacrepant must haue the Crowne:  
By hooke or crooke I must and will haue both.  
Ah sweet Reuenge, incense their angrie mindes,  
Till, all these princes weltring in their blouds,  
The Crowne doo fall to Countie Sacrepant! 245  
Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:  
For when I come and set me downe to rest,  
My chaire presents a throne of Maiestie;  
And when I set my bonnet on my head,  
Me thinkes I fit my forehead for a Crowne; 250  
And when I take my trunchion in my fist,  
A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts;  
My dreames are princely, all of Diademes.  
Honor,—me thinkes the title is too base:  
Mightie, glorious, and excellent,— 255  
I, these, my glorious Genius, sound within my mouth;  
These please the eare, and with a sweet applause,  
Makes me in tearmes coequall with the Gods.  
Then these, Sacrepant, and none but these;  
And these, or else make hazard of thy life. 260  
Let it suffice, I will conceale the rest.—  
Sirra.

*Man.* My Lord?

*Sacrep.* My Lord! How basely was this Slaue brought vp,  
That knowes no titles fit for dignitie, 265  
To grace his Master with Hyperboles!  
My Lord! Why, the basest Baron of faire Affrica  
Deserues as much: yet Countie Sacrepant  
Must he a swaine salute with name of Lord.—  
Sirra, what thinkes the Emperor of my colours, 270  
Because in field I weare both blue and red at once?

236, 7 See . . . rest as one line Q2 and Dyce S. D. Manet Q2 256  
I, these Dyce prints as part of l. 255 259 Then win these sugg. Dyce  
260 And] Ay sugg. Dyce 271 at once Dyce suspects

*Man.* They deeme, my Lord, your Honor liues at peace,  
 As one thats newter in these mutinies,  
 And couets to rest equall frends to both ;  
 Neither enuious to Prince Mandricard, 275  
 Nor wishing ill vnto Marsilius,  
 That you may safely passe where ere you please,  
 With frendly salutations from them both.

*Sac.* I, so they gesse, but leuell farre awrie ;  
 For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts, 280  
 Mine Embleme sorteth to another sense,—  
 I weare not these as one resolud to peace,  
 But blue and red as enemie to both ;  
 Blue, as hating King Marsilius,  
 And red, as in reuenge to Mandricard ; 285  
 Foe vnto both, frend onely to my selfe,  
 And to the crowne, for thats the golden marke  
 Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe.  
 Seest not thou all men presage I shall be king ?  
 Marsilius sends to me for peace ; 290  
 Mandrecard puts of his cap, ten mile of :  
 Two things more, and then I cannot mis the crowne.

*Man.* O, what be those, my good Lord ?

*Sacr.* First must I get the loue of faire Angelica.  
 Now am I full of amorous conceits, 295  
 Not that I doubt to haue what I desire,  
 But how I might best with mine honor woo :  
 Write, or intreate,—fie, that fitteth not ;  
 Send by Ambassadors,—no, thats too base ;  
 Flatly command,—I, thats for Sacrepant : 300  
 Say thou art Sacrepant, and art in loue,  
 And who in Affricke dare say the Countie nay ?  
 O Angelica, fairer than Chloris when in al her pride  
 Bright Mayas Sonne intrapt her in the net  
 Wherewith Vulcan intangled the God of warre ! 305

*Man.* Your honor is so far in contemplation of Angelica  
 As you haue forgot the second in attaining to the Crowne.

274 friend *Q2 and Dyce* 289 Seest thou not *Q2*: See'st not all men  
*sugg. Dyce* 291 Mandricard as part of l. 290 *Dyce* 292 Two things  
 more as part of l. 291 *Dyce* 294 First must as one separate line *Dyce*  
 302 And who 303 O Angelica as separate lines *Dyce* 302 Affricke] Africa  
*Q2 and Dyce* 306, 7 *Dyce prints as prose*

*Sac.* Thats to be done by poyson, prowesse, or anie meanes of treacherie, to put to death the traitrous Orlando.—But who is this comes here? Stand close. 310

*Enter Orgalio, Orlando's Page.*

*Org.* I am sent on imassage to the right mightie and magnificent, alias, the right proud and pontificall, the Countie Sacrepant; For Marsilius and Orlando, knowing him to be as full of prowesse as policie, and fearing least in leaning to the other faction hee might greatly preiudice them, they seeke first to hold the candle before the diuell, and knowing hym to be a Thrasonically mad-cap, they haue sent mee a Gnathonicall companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now, sir, knowing his astronomical humors, as one that gazeth so high at the starres as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the streetes—but, whist! *Lupus est in fabula.*

*Sac.* Sirra, thou that ruminatest to thy selfe a catalogue of priuie conspiracies, what art thou?

*Org.* God saue your Maiestie! 325

*Sac.* My Maiestie! Come hether, my well nutrimented knaue: whom takest me to bee?

*Org.* The mightie Mandricard of Mexico.

*Sac.* I hold these salutations as omynous; for saluting mee by that which I am not, hee presageth what I shall be; for so did the Lacedemonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter wore the kingly Diadem.—But why deemest thou me to be the mightie Mandricard of Mexico?

*Org.* Marie, sir,—

*Sac.* Stay there: wert thou neuer in France? 335

*Org.* Yes, if it please your Maiestie.

*Sac.* So it seemes, for there they salute their King by the name of Sir, Mounsier:—but forward.

*Org.* Such sparkes of peerlesse Maiestie 340

From those looks flames, like lightning from the East,

As either Mandricard, or else some greater Prince,—

*Sac.* Methinks these salutations makes my thoughts

To be heroicall.—But say, to whom art thou sent?

*Org.* To the Countie Sacrepant. 345

*Sac.* Why, I am he.

308–310 That's . . . poison, Prowess . . . treachery, To . . . Orlando.—But . . . close *Dyce as verse* 327 thou before me *add. Q2* 343 makes] make *Dyce*

*Org.* It pleaseth your Maiestie to iest.

*Sacr.* What ere I seeme, I tell thee I am he.

*Org.* Then may it please your honor, the Emperor Marsilius, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your Excellencie to dine with them.

*Sacr.* Is Angelica there?

*Org.* There, my good Lord.

*Sacr.* Sirra.

*Man.* My Lord?

355

*Sacr.* Villaine, Angelica sends for me :

See that thou entertaine that happie messenger,

And bring him in with thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

⟨SCENE II. *Before the walls of Rodamant's Castle.*⟩

*Enter Orlando, the Duke of Aquitaine, the Countie Rossilion with Souldiers.*

*Orl.* Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,  
Whose glories brighter than the burnisht gates 360

From whence Latonas lordly Sonne doth march,

When, mounted on his coach tinseld with flames,

He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens ;

This is the place where Rodamant lies hid :

Here lyes he, like the theefe of Thessaly, 365

Which scuds abroad and searcheth for his pray,

And, being gotten, straight he gallops home,

As one that dares not breake a speare in field.

But trust me, Princes, I haue girt his fort,

And I will sacke it, or on this Castle wall 370

Ile write my resolution with my blood :—

Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

*Sound a Parle, and one comes vpon the walls.*

*Sol.* Who is't that troubleth our sleepes ?

*Orl.* Why, sluggard, seest thou not Lycaons Son,

The hardie plough-swaine vnto mightie Ioue, 375

Hath traede his siluer furrowes in the heauens,

And, turning home his ouer-watched teeme,

Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot?

I tell thee, sluggard, sleep is farre vnfit

357 See that *Dyce prints as part of l.* 356 360 glories] glory's *Dyce*  
S. D. *Sound a Parle om.* Q2 373 is't Q2 : is Q1 374 Lycanos Q2



For such as still haue hammering in their heads 380  
 But onely hope of honor and reuenge :  
 These cald me forth to rouse thy master vp.  
 Tell him from me, false coward as he is,  
 That Orlando, the Countie Palatine,  
 Is come this morning, with a band of French, 385  
 To play him hunts-vp with a poynt of warre :  
 Ile be his minstrell with my drum and fife ;  
 Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,  
 Let Fortune throw her fauors where she list.

*Sol.* French-man, between halfe sleeping and awake, 390  
 Although the mystic vayle straind ouer Cynthia  
 Hinders my sight from noting all thy crue,  
 Yet, for I know thee and thy stragling groomes  
 Can in conceit build Castles in the skie,  
 But in your actions like the stammering Greeke 395  
 Which breathes his courage bootlesse in the aire,  
 I wish thee well, Orlando, get thee gone,  
 Say that a Centynell did suffer thee ;  
 For if the Round or Court of Gard should heare  
 Thou or thy men were braying at the walls, 400  
 Charles welth, the welth of all his Westernne Mynes,  
 Found in the mountaines of Transalpine France,  
 Might not pay ransome to the King for thee.

*Orl.* Braue Centynell, if nature hath in chast 405  
 A sympathie of courage to thy tale,  
 And, like the champion of Andromache,  
 Thou, or thy master, dare come out the gates,  
 Maugre the watch, the round, or Court of gard,  
 I will attend to abide the coward here.  
 If not, but still the crauin sleepes secure, 410  
 Pitching his gard within a trench of stones,  
 Tell him his walls shall serue him for no prooffe,  
 But as the Sonne of Saturne in his wrath  
 Pasht all the mountaines at Typheus head,  
 And topsie turuie turnd the bottome vp, 415  
 So shall the Castle of proud Rodamant.—  
 And so, braue Lords of France, lets to the fight.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## 〈SCENE III.〉

*Alarums. Rodamant and Brandemart flie.**Enter Orlando with his coate.*

*Orl.* The Foxe is scapde, but heres his case :  
 I wish him nere ; twas time for him to trudge.

〈*Enter the Duke of Aquitaine.*〉

How now, my Lord of Aquitaine ! 420

*Aquit.* My Lord, the Court of gard is put vnto the sword  
 And all the watch that thought themselues so sure,  
 So that not one within the Castle breaths.

*Orl.* Come, then, lets post amaine to finde out Rodamant,  
 And then in triumph march vnto Marsilius. 425

*Exeunt.*

## 〈ACT II.〉

SCENE I. *Near the Castle of Marsilius.*〉*Enter Medor and Angelica.*

*Ang.* I meruaile, Medor, what my father meanes  
 To enter league with Countie Sacrepant ?

*Med.* Madam, the King your fathers wise inough ;  
 He knowes the Countie, (like to Cassius,) 430  
 Sits sadly dumping, ayming Caesars death,  
 Yet crying Aue to his Maiestie.

But, Madame, marke awhile, and you shall see  
 Your father shake him off from secrecie.

*Ang.* So much I gesse ; for when he wild I should  
 Giue Entertainment to the doating Earle, 435  
 His speache was ended with a frowning smile.

*Med.* Madame, see where he comes : Ile be gone.

*Exit Medor.**Enter Sacrepant and his man.*

*Sac.* How fares my faire Angelica ?

*Ang.* Well, that my Lord so frendly is in league,  
 As honor wills him, with Marsilius. 440

*Sac.* Angelica, shal I haue a word or two with thee ?

*Ang.* What pleaseth my Lord for to command.

*Sac.* Then know, my loue, I cannot paint my grief,

421 My Lord Dyce prints as separate line      433 off from secrecie] from  
 society sugg. Dyce      437 Ile] I will Dyce

- Nor tell a tale of Venus and her sonne,  
 Reporting such a Catalogue of toyes : 445  
 It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate.  
 Onely giue leaue, my faire Angelica,  
 To say, the Countie is in loue with thee.
- Ang.* Pardon, My Lord ; my loues are ouer-past :  
 So firmly is Orlando printed in my thoughts, 450  
 As loue hath left no place for anie else.
- Sac.* Why, ouer-weening Damsel, seest thou not  
 Thy lawlesse loue vnto this stragling mate  
 Hath fild our Affrick Regions full of bloud ?  
 And wilt thou still perseuer in thy loue ? 455  
 Tush, leaue the Palatine, and goe with mee.
- Ang.* Braue Countie, know, where sacred Loue vnites,  
 The Knot of Gordion at the Shrine of Ioue  
 Was neuer halfe so hard or intricate  
 As be the bands which louely Venus ties. 460  
 Sweete is my loue ; and, for I loue, my Lord,  
 Seek not vnlesse, as Alesander did,  
 To cut the plough-swaines traces with thy sword,  
 Or slice the slender fillets of my life :  
 Or else, my Lord, Orlando must be mine. 465
- Sac.* Stand I on loue ? Stoop I to Venus lure,  
 That neuer yet did feare the God of warre ?  
 Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant  
 Held louers, paines for pining passions ?  
 Shall such a syren offer me more wrong 470  
 Than they did to the Prince of Ithaca ?  
 No ; as he his eares, so, Countie, stop thine eye.  
 Goe to your needle, Ladie, and your clouts ;  
 Goe to such milk sops as are fit for loue :  
 I will employ my busie braines for warre. 475
- Ang.* Let not, my Lord, deniall breed offence :  
 Loue doth allow her fauors but to one,  
 Nor can there sit within the sacred shrine  
 Of Venus more than one installed hart.  
 Orlando is the Gentleman I loue, 480  
 And more than he may not inioy my loue.

450 So firmly is] So firm's *sugg. Dyce*  
 472 he *om. Q2* 476 Lord *Dyce* : Lords *Qq*

465 Or] For *sugg. Dyce*

*Sac.* Damsell, be gone: fancie hath taken leaue;  
 Where I tooke hurt, there haue I heald my selfe,  
 As those that with Achilles lance were wounded,  
 Fetcht helpe at selfe same pointed speare. 485  
 Beautie can braue, and beautie hath repulse;  
 And, Beautie, get ye gone to your Orlando.

*Exit Angelica.*

*Man.* My Lord, hath loue amated him whose thoughts  
 Haue euer been heroycall and braue?  
 Stand you in dumpes, like to the Mirmydon 490  
 Trapt in the tresses of Polixena,  
 Who, amid the glorie of his chiuallrie,  
 Sat daunted with a maid of Asia?

*Sac.* Thinkst thou my thoughts are lunacies of loue?  
 No, they are brands fierd in Plutoes forge, 495  
 Where sits Tisiphone tempring in flames  
 Those torches that doo set on fire Reuenge.  
 I loud the Dame; but braud by her repulse,  
 Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills;  
 Which first must come by offring preiudice 500  
 Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.

*Man.* O, how may that be brought to passe, my Lord?

*Sac.* Thus. Thou seest that Medor and Angelica  
 Are still so secret in their priuate walkes,  
 As that they trace the shadie lawndes, 505  
 And thickest shadowed groues,  
 Which well may breed suspition of some loue.  
 Now, than the French no Nation vnder heauen  
 Is sooner tatcht with sting of iealozie.

*Man.* And what of that, my Lord? 510

*Sac.* Hard by, for solace, in a secret Groue,  
 The Countie once a day failes not to walke:  
 There solemnly he ruminates his loue.  
 Vpon those shrubs that compasse in the spring,  
 And on those trees that border in those walkes, 515  
 He slily haue engrauon on euerie barke  
 The names of Medor and Angelica.  
 Hard by, Ile haue some roundelayes hung vp,

485 deadly-pointed *sugg. Dyce* 487 gone] home Q<sup>2</sup> 492 amid]  
 mid *Dyce* 496 Tsiphone Q<sup>q</sup>: *corr. Dyce*

Wherein shal be some posies of their loues,  
 Fraughted so full of fierie passions 520  
 As that the Countie shall perceiue by prooffe  
 Medor hath won his faire Angelica.

*Man.* Is this all, my Lord?

*Sac.* No; For thou like to a shepherd shalt bee cloathd,  
 With staffe and bottle, like some countrey swaine 525  
 That tends his flockes feeding vpon these downes.  
 Here see thou buzze into the Counties eares  
 That thou hast often seene within these woods  
 Base Medor sporting with Angelica;  
 And when he heares a shepherds simple tale, 530  
 He will not thinke tis faind.

Then either a madding mood will end his loue,  
 Or worse betyde him through fond ievalozie.

*Man.* Excellent, My Lord: see how I will playe the Shepherd.

*Sac.* And marke thou how I play the caruer: 535  
 Therefore begone, and make thee readie straight.

*Exit his man.*

*Sacreant hangs vp the Roundelays on the trees, and then goes out,  
 and his man enters like a shepherd.*

*Shep.* Thus all alone, and like a shepherds swain,  
 As Paris, when Oenone loud him well,  
 Forgat he was the Sonne of Priamus,  
 All clad in gray, sate piping on a reed; 540  
 So I transformed to this Country shape,  
 Haunting these groues to worke my masters will,  
 To plague the Palatine with ievalozie,  
 And to conceipt him with some deepe extreame.—  
 Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke. 545

*Enter Orlando and his Page Orgalio.*

*Orl.* Orgalio, goe see a Centernell be placde,  
 And bid the Souldiers keep a Court of gard,  
 So to hold watch till secret here alone  
 I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue.

*Org.* I will, my Lord. 550

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Orl.* Faire Queene of loue, thou mistres of delight,

524 No Dyce prints as separate line      527 eares Q2: eates Q1  
 535 I will play Q2 (Bodl.)      539 Forgot Q2      542 Haunt in sugg. Dyce

Thou gladsome lamp that waitst on Phoebes traine,  
 Spredding thy kindnes through the iarring Orbes,  
 That in their vnion praise thy lasting powres;  
 Thou that hast staid the fierie Phlegons course, 555

And madest the Coach-man of the glorious waine  
 To droop, in view of Daphnes excellence;  
 Faire pride of morne, sweete beautie of the Eeuen,  
 Looke on Orlando languishing in loue.  
 Sweete solitarie groues, whereas the Nymphes 560  
 With pleasance laugh to see the Satyres play,  
 Witnes Orlandos faith vnto his loue.

Tread she these lawnds, kinde Flora, boast thy pride.  
 Seeke she for shades, spread, Cedars, for her sake.  
 Faire Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowres. 565

Sweet Christall springs, wash ye with roses  
 When she longs to drinke. Ah, thought, my heauen!  
 Ah, heauen, that knowes my thought!

Smile, ioy in her that my content hath wrought.

*Shep.* The heauen of loue is but a pleasant helle, 570  
 Where none but foolish wise imprisned dwell.

*Orl.* Orlando, what contrarious thoghts be these,  
 That flocke with doubtfull motions in thy minde?  
 Heaun smiles, and trees do boast their summers pride.  
 What! Venus writes her triumphs here beside. 575

*Shep.* Yet when thine eie hath seen, thy hart shal rue  
 The tràgick chance that shortly shall ensue.

Orlando *readeth.*

*Orl.* Angelica:—Ah, sweete and heauenly name,  
 Life to my life, and essence to my ioy!  
 But, soft! this Gordion knot together co-vnites 580  
 A Medor partner in her peerlesse loue.  
 Vnkinde, and wil she bend her thoughts to change?  
 Her name, her writing! Ah foolish and vnkinde!  
 No name of hers, vnles the brookes relent  
 To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe 585

564 shades] shade *Dyce after Alleyn MS.*

566-8 Sweet crystal springs,

Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.

Ah, thought, my heaven! ah, heaven that knows my thought! *Dyce*

574 summer *Dyce after Alleyn MS.*

580 But, soft! *Dyce prints as*

*separate line*

583 Ah *om. Dyce after Alleyn MS.*



To raise his moystned lockes from out the reedes,  
 And flow with calme alongst his turning bounds :  
 No name of hers, vnles Zephyrus blow  
 Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods,  
 Where all the world for wonders doo await. 590  
 And yet her name ! for why Angelica ;  
 But, mixt with Medor, not Angelica.  
 Onely by me was loud Angelica,  
 Onely for me must liue Angelica.  
 I finde her drift : perhaps the modest pledge 595  
 Of my content hath with a secret smile  
 And sweet disguise restraind her fancie thus,  
 Figuring Orlando vnder Medors name ;  
 Fine drift, faire Nymph ! Orlando hopes no lesse.

*He spies the Roundelays.*

Yet more ! are Muses masking in these trees, 600  
 Framing their ditties in conceited lines,  
 Making a Goddesse, in despite of me,  
 That haue no other but Angelica ?  
*Shep.* Poore haples man, these thoughts containe thy hell !

*Orlando reads this roundelay.*

Angelica is Ladie of his hart, 605  
 Angelica is substance of his ioy,  
 Angelica is medcine of his smart,  
 Angelica hath healed his annoy.

*Orl.* Ah, false Angelica ! what, haue we more ?

*Another.*

Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie springs, 610  
 The Cedar, Cypresse, Laurell, and the Pine,  
 Ioy in the notes of loue that Medor sings  
 Of those sweet lookes, Angelica, of thine.  
 Then, Medor, in Angelica take delight,  
 Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night. 615  
*Orl.* What, dares Medor court my Venus ?  
 What may Orlando deeme ?  
 Aetna, forsake the bounds of Sicily,  
 For now in me thy restlesse flames appeare.

Refusd, contemnd, disdained ! what worse than these ?— 620  
Orgalio !

*Org.* My Lord ?

*Orl.* Boy, view these trees carued with true loue knots,

The inscription Medor and Angelica :

And read these verses hung vp of their loues : 625

Now tell me, boy, what dost thou thinke ?

*Org.* By my troth, my Lord, I thinke Angelica is a woman.

*Orl.* And what of that ?

*Org.* Therefore vnconstant, mutable, hauing their loues hanging  
in their ey-lids ; that as they are got with a looke, so they are  
lost againe with a wink. But heres a Shepheard ; it may be he  
can tell vs news.

*Orl.* What messenger hath Ate sent abroad

With idle lookes to listen my laments ?

Sirra, who wronged happy Nature so, 635

To spoyle these trees with this Angelica ?

Yet in her name, Orlando, they are blest.

*Shep.* I am a shepheard swaine, thou wandring knight,

That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue.

*Orl.* As follow loue ! why darest thou dispraise my heauen, 640

Or once disgrace or preiudice her name ?

Is not Angelica the Queene of loue,

Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowrs ?

She is.

Then speake, thou peasant, what is he that dares 645

Attempt to court my Queene of loue,

Or I shall send thy soule to Charons charge.

*Shep.* Braue Knight, since feare of death inforceth still

To greater mindes submission and relent,

Know that this Medor, whose unhappie name 650

Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,

Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.

Yon caue beares witnes of their kind content ;

Yon medowes talke the actions of their ioy ;

Our shepheards in their songs of solace sing, 655

Angelica doth none but Medor loue.

*Orl.* Angelica doth none but Medor loue !

640 why *om.* Dyce after *Alleyn MS.*  
as two lines Dyce

644-6 She . . . he That . . . love

- Shall Medor, then, possesse Orlandos loue?  
 Daintie and gladsome beames of my delight;  
 Delicious browes, why smiles your heauen for those 660  
 That, wandering make you proue Orlandos foes?  
 Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian Nymphs,  
 That wont to waile your new departed loues;  
 Thou weeping floud, leaue Orpheus waile for me;  
 And, Titans Neece, gather all in one 665  
 Those fluent springs of your lamenting teares,  
 And let them flow alongst my faintfull lookes.
- Shep.* Now is the fire, late smothered in suspect,  
 Kindled, and burnes within his angrie breast:  
 Now haue I done the will of Sacrepant. 670
- Orl.* Foemineum seruile genus, crudele, superbum:  
 Discurteous women, Natures fairest ill,  
 The woe of man, that first created curse,  
 Base female sex, sprung from blacke Ates loynes,  
 Proud, and disdainfull, cruell, and uniust: 675  
 Whose words are shaded with inchanting wills,  
 Worse than Medusa mateth all our mindes;  
 And in their harts sits shameles trecherie,  
 Turning a truthles vile circumference.  
 O could my furie paint their furies forth! 680  
 For hel's no hell, compared to their harts,  
 Too simple diuels to conceale their arts;  
 Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,  
 Brought for eternall pestilence to the world.
- Oh femminile ingegno, di tutti mali sede, 685  
 Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,  
 Contrario oggetto proprio della fede!  
 Oh infelice, oh miser chi ti crede!  
 Importune, superbe, dispettose,  
 Prive d'amor, di fede e di consiglio, 690
- 660 browes] bowers *Q2*. 661 That, wounding you, prove poor Orlando's  
 foes *Dyce* 663 waile] sing *Dyce after Alleyn MS.* 667 flow alongst]  
 stream along *Dyce after Alleyn MS.* 676 are shaded] o'er-shaded *sugg. Dyce*  
 681 hel's *Q2*: hels *Q1*  
 685-692 O Femmenelle in genio, de toute malle sede,  
 Comete, vulge, mute, fachilmente,  
 Contrario, zeto, propria de la fede!  
 O infelice, miserate, crede!  
 Importuna, superbia, dispetoze,  
 Preua de more, de fede, de consilia,

Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrate,  
Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate.

Villaine, what art thou that followest me?

*Org.* Alas, my Lord, I am your seruant, Orgalio.

*Orl.* No, villaine, thou art Medor; that ranst away with  
Angelica. 696

*Org.* No, by my troth, my Lord, I am Orgalio; aske all these  
people else.

*Orl.* Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.

*Org.* My Lord, looke where he sits. 700

*Orl.* What, sits he here, and braues me too?

*Shep.* No, truly, Sir, I am not he.

*Orl.* Yes, villaine.

*He drawes him in by the leg.*

*Org.* Help, help, my Lord of Aquitaine!

*Enter Duke of Aquitaine and souldiers.*

*Org.* O, my Lord of Aquitaine, the Count Orlando is run mad,  
and taking of a shepheard by the heeles, rends him as one  
would teare a Larke! See where he comes, with a leg on his  
necke.

*Enter Orlando with a leg.*

*Orl.* Villaine, prouide me straight a Lions skin,  
Thou seest I now am mightie Hercules; 710  
Looke wheres my massie club vpon my necke.  
I must to hell, to seeke for Medor and Angelica,  
Or else I dye.

You that are the rest, get you quickly away;  
Prouide ye horses all of burnisht gold, 715  
Saddles of corke, because Ile haue them light;  
For Charlemaine the Great is vp in armes,  
And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes  
To seeke for Medor and Angelica.

*So he beateth them all in before him, manet Orgalio.*

*Enter Marsilius.*

*Org.* Ah, my Lord, Orlando— 720

*Mar.* Orlando! what of Orlando?

*Org.* He, my Lord, runs madding through the woods,

Timmorare, crudele, ineque, ingrate,  
Par pestelenze eternal monde nate Qq

695 with [my] Angelica Dyce 696-7 Dyce prints as verse 712 To  
... Angelica as separate line Dyce

Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage.  
 Step but aside into the bordring groue,  
 There shall you see ingrauen on euerie tree 725  
 The lawlesse loue of Medor and Angelica.  
 O, see, my Lord, not any shrub but beares  
 The cursed stampe that wrought the Counties rage.  
 If thou beest mightie king Marsilius,  
 For whom the Countie would aduenture life, 730  
 Reuenge it on the false Angelica.

*Mar.* Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage  
 Did neuer more reuenge his wrongd Hyppolitus  
 Than I will on the false Angelica.  
 Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth ; 735  
 Teare from his brest the daring villaines hart.  
 Next take that base and damnd adulteresse,—  
 (I scorn to title her with daughters name ;)  
 Put her in rags, and, like some shepheardesse,  
 Exile her from my kingdome presently. 740  
 Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Enter a Souldier, with Mandricard disguised.*

How now, my frend ! what fellow hast thou there ?

*Soul.* He sayes, my Lord, that hee is seruant vnto Mandricard.

*Mar.* To Mandricard ? 745  
 It fits me not to sway the Diademe,  
 Or rule the wealthy Realmes of Barbarie,  
 To staine my thoughts with any cowardise.—  
 Thy master braude me to my teeth,  
 He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe ; 750  
 For which nor he nor his shall scape my hands.  
 No, souldier, thinke me resolute as hee.

*Man.* It greeues me much that Princes disagree,  
 Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward :  
 But leauing that, pardon me, gracious Lord. 755

*Mar.* For thou intreatst, and newly art arriud,  
 And yet thy sword is not imbrawd in blood ;  
 Vpon conditions, I will pardon thee,—  
 That thou shalt neuer tell thy master, Mandricard,

743 That . . . Mandricard as separate line Dyce 746 to] who sugg. Dyce  
 747 Or] And sugg. Dyce 749 proudly or boldly braved sugg. Dyce

Nor anie fellow soldier of the campe, 760

That King Marsilius licenst thee depart :

He shall not thinke I am so much his frend,

That he or one of his shall scape my hand.

*Man.* I swear, my Lord, and vow to keep my word.

*Mar.* Then take my banderoll of red ; 765

Mine, and none but mine, shall honor thee,

And safe conduct thee to port Carthagene.

*Man.* But say, my Lord, if Mandricard were here,

What fauor should he finde, or life or death ?

*Mar.* I tell thee, frend, it fits not for a king 770

To prize his wrath before his curtesie.

Were Mandricard, the King of Mexico,

In prison here, and craude but libertie,

So little hate hangs in Marsilius breast,

As one intreatie should quite race it out. 775

But this concernes not thee, therefore farewell.

*Exit Marsilius.*

*Man.* Thankes, and good fortune fall to such a king,

As couets to be counted curteous.

Blush, Mandricard ; the honor of thy foe disgraceth thee ;

Thou wrongest him that wisheth thee but well ; 780

Thou bringest store of men from Mexico

To battaile him that scornes to iniure thee,

Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.

Backe to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home ;

Bouge not a foote to aid Prince Rodamant ; 785

But frendly gratulate these fauors found,

And meditate on nought but to be frends.

*Exit.*

### <ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *The woods near the Castle of Marsilius.*>

*Enter Orlando attired like a madman.*

*Orl.* Woods, trees, leaues ; leaues, trees, woods ; tria sequuntur tria.—Ho, Minerua ! salue, God morrow ; how doo you to day ? Tell me, sweet Goddess, will Ioue send Mercury to Calipso, to let mee goe ? Will he ? why, then, hees a gentle-

779 The . . . thee *as separate line Dyce*

789 Good morrow *Q2*



man, euerie haire a the head on him.—But, ho, Orgalio!  
where art thou, boy?

*Org.* Here, my Lord: did you call mee?

*Orl.* No, nor name thee.

795

*Org.* Then God be with you.

*Orgalio proffers to go in.*

*Orl.* Nay, pree thee, good Orgalio, stay:

Canst thou not tell me what to say?

*Org.* No, by my troth.

*Orl.* O, this it is; Angelica is dead.

800

*Org.* Why, then, she shall be buried.

*Orl.* But my Angelica is dead.

*Org.* Why, it may be so.

*Orl.* But shees dead and buried.

*Org.* I, I thinke so.

805

*Orl.* Nothing but I thinke, so, and it may be so!

*He beateth him.*

*Org.* What doo ye meane, my Lord?

*Orl.* Why, shall I tell you that my Loue is dead, and can ye  
not weep for her?

*Org.* Yes, yes, my Lord, I will.

810

*Orl.* Well, doo so, then. Orgalio.

*Org.* My Lord?

*Orl.* Angelica is dead.

*Orgalio cries.*

Ah, poore slaue! so, crie no more now.

*Org.* Nay, I haue quickly done.

815

*Orl.* Orgalio.

*Org.* My Lord?

*Orl.* Medors Angelica is dead.

*Orgalio cries, and Orlando beats him againe.*

*Org.* Why doo ye beat me, my Lord?

*Orl.* Why, slaue, wilt thou weep for Medors Angelica? thou  
must laugh for her.

821

*Org.* Laugh? yes, Ile laugh all day, and you will.

*Orl.* Orgalio.

*Org.* My Lord?

*Orl.* Medors Angelica is dead.

825

*Org.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Orl.* So, tis well now.

*Org.* Nay, this is easier than the other was.

*Orl.* Now away! seek the hearb Moly; for I must to hell, to seeke for Medor and Angelica. 830

*Org.* I know not the hearb Moly, ifaith.

*Orl.* Come, Ile lead ye to it by the eares.

*Org.* Tis here, my Lord, tis here.

*Orl.* Tis indeed. Now to Charon, bid him dresse his boat, for he had neuer such a passenger. 835

*Org.* Shall I tell him your name?

*Orl.* No, then he wil be afraid, and not be at home.

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Tho.* Sirra Rafe, and thoult goe with me, Ile let thee see the brauest mad man that euer thou sawst.

*Rafe.* Sirra Tom, I beleue twas he that was at our towne a Sunday: Ile tell thee what he did, Sirra; he came to our house, when all our folkes were gone to Church, and there was no bodie at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bad me fetch him some drinke. Now, I went and fetcht him some; and ere I came againe, by my troth, he ran away with the rost-meate, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porredge to dinner.

*Thomas.* By my troth, that was braue: but, sirrha, he did so course the boyes, last Sunday; and if ye call him mad-man, heel run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth.

*They spie Orlando.*

*Rafe.* Oh, Tom, looke where he is! call him mad-man.

*Tom.* Mad-man, mad-man. 855

*Rafe.* Mad-mad, mad-man.

*Orl.* What saist thou, villaine?

*He beateth them.*

So, now you shall be both my souldiers.

*Tom.* Your soldiers! we shall haue a mad Captaine, then.

*Orl.* You must fight against Medor. 860

829-30 Seek . . . hell, To . . . Angelica as verse Dyce 834-5 Now . . .  
boat, For . . . passenger as verse Dyce 836 him om. Q2. *Exit marked*  
*here in Qq*

*Raf.* Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

*Orl.* Come, then, and Ile giue you weapons strait.

*Exeunt omnes.*

〈SCENE II.〉

*Enter Angelica like a poore woman.*

*An.* Thus causeles banisht from thy natie home,

Here sit, Angelica, and rest a while,

For to bewaile the fortunes of thy loue.

865

*Enter Rodamant and Brandemart, with Souldiers.*

*Roda.* This way she went, and far she cannot be.

*Brand.* See where she is, my Lord: speak as if you knew her not.

*Ro.* Faire shepherdesse, for so thy sitting seemes,

Or Nymph, for lesse thy beauty cannot be,

870

What, feede you sheepe vpon these downes?

*Ange.* Daughter I am vnto a bordering swaine,

That tend my flocks within these shady groues.

*Roda.* Fond gyrle, thou liest; thou art Angelica.

*Brand.* I, thou art shee that wrongd the Palatine.

875

*Ange.* For I am knowne, albeit I am disguise,

Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throte,

Sith thou reportst I wrongd the Palatine.

*Brand.* Nay, then, thou shalt be vsed according to thy deserts.—

Come, bring her to our Tents.

880

*Roda.* But stay, what Drum is this?

*Enter Orlando with a Drum, and Souldiers with spits and dripping pans.*

*Br.* Now see, Angelica, the fruits of all your loue.

*Orl.* Souldiers, this is the Citie of great Babilon,

Where proud Darius was rebated from:

Play but the men, and I will lay my head,

885

Weele sacke and raze it ere the sunne be set.

*Clowne.* Yea, and scatch it too.—

March faire, fellow frying-pan.

*Orl.* Orgalio, knowest thou the cause of my laughter?

862 Ile] I will *Dyce* 867–8 See . . . if You . . . not as verse *Dyce* you]  
yee *Q2* 875 art] are *Qq* 879–80 Nay . . . according To . . . tents *Dyce*  
as verse 879 according] accordingly *sugg. Dyce* 883 Soldiers as separate  
line *Dyce*

*Org.* No, by my troth, nor no wise-man else. 890

*Orl.* Why, sirra, to thinke that if the enemie were fled ere we come, wee leaue one of our own souldiers aliue, for wee two will kill them with our fists.

*Rafe.* Fo, come, lets goe home againe : heele set probatum est vpon my head peece anon. 895

*Orl.* No, no, thou shalt not be hurt,—nor thee.

Backe, souldiers ; looke where the enemie is.

*Tom.* Captaine, they haue a woman amongst them.

*Orl.* And what of that ?

*Tom.* Why, strike you downe the men, and then let me alone to thrust in the woman. 901

*Orl.* No, I am challenged the single fight.—

Syrre, ist you challenge me the Combate ?

*Brand.* Franticke Companion, lunatick and wood,  
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heauen, 905  
Thy madnes shall not priuiledge thy life.

*Orl.* I tell thee, villaine, Medor wrongd me so,  
Sith thou art come his Champion to the field,  
Ile learne thee know I am the Palatine.

*Alarum : they fight ; Orlando kills Brandemart ; and all the rest flie, but Angelica.*

*Org.* Looke, my Lord, heres one kild. 910

*Orl.* Who kild him ?

*Org.* You, my Lord, I thinke.

*Orl.* I ! No, no, I see who kild him.

*He goeth to Angelica, and knowes her not.*

Come hither, gentle Sir, whose prowesse hath performde such an act : thinke not the curteous Palatine will hinder that thine Honour hath atchieude.—Orgalio, fetch me a sword, that presently this squire may be dubd a Knight.

*Ange.* Thankes, gentle Fortune, that sendes mee such good hap,  
Rather to die by him I loue so deare,  
Than liue and see my Lord thus lunaticke. 920

*Org.* Here, my Lord.

*Orl.* If thou beest come of Iancelots worthy line, welcome thou art.

Kneele downe, sir Knight ; rise vp, sir Knight ;

Here, take this sword, and hie thee to the fight. 925

*Exit Angelica.*

Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou thinke?

Will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire?

*Org.* He cannot chuse, being of your making.

*Orl.* But wheres Angelica now?

*Org.* Faith, I cannot tell.

930

*Orl.* Villaine, find her out,

Or else the torments that Ixion fees,

The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides—

Villaine, wilt thou finde her out.

*Org.* Alas, my Lord, I know not where she is.

935

*Orl.* Run to Charlemaine, spare for no cost;

Tell him, Orlando sent for Angelica.

*Org.* Faith, Ile fetch you such an Angelica as you neuer saw before.

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Orl.* As though that Sagittarius in his pride

940

Could take braue Laeda from stout Iupiter!

And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst

Attempt to reue Orlando of his loue.

Sirra, you that are the messenger of Ioue,

You that can sweep it through the milke white path 945

That leads vnto the Senate house of Mars,

Fetch me my shield temperd of purest steele,

My helme forgd by the Cyclops for Anchises Sonne,

And see if I dare not combat for Angelica.

*Enter Orgalio, with the Clowne drest lyke Angelica.*

*Org.* Come away, and take heed you laugh not.

950

*Cl.* No, I warrant you; but I thinke I had best go backe and shaue my beard.

*Org.* Tush, that will not be seene.

*Cl.* Well, you will giue me the halfe crowne ye promist me?

*Org.* Doubt not of that, man.

955

*Cl.* Sirra, didst not see me serue the fellow a fine tricke, when we came ouer the market place?

*Org.* Why, how was that?

934 wilt thou not find *Q2 and Dyce* 937 Sends *Q2* 948 My helm  
as separate line *Dyce* 949 not om. *Dyce after Alleyn MS.* 958 how]  
what *Q2*

*Cl.* Why, hee comes to me and said, Gentlewoman, wilt please you take a pint or a quart? No Gentlewoman, said I, but your frend and Doritie.

961

*Org.* Excellent! Come, see where my Lord is.

—My Lord, here is Angelica.

*Orl.* Mas, thou saist true, tis she indeed.—

How fares the faire Angelica?

965

*Cl.* Well, I thanke you hartely.

*Orl.* Why, art thou not that same Angelica,

Whose hiew as bright as faire Erythea

That darkes Canopus with her siluer hiew?

*Cl.* Yes, forsooth.

970

*Orl.* Are not these the beauteous cheekes,

Wherein the Lillie and the natiue Rose

Sits equall suted with a blushing red?

*Cl.* He makes a garden plot in my face.

*Orl.* Are not, my dere, those radiant eyes,

975

Whereout proud Phoebus flasheth out his beames?

*Cl.* Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers brauely.

*Orl.* You are Angelica?

*Cl.* Yes, marry, am I.

*Orl.* Wheres your sweet hart Medor?

980

*Cl.* Orgalio, giue me eighteen pence, and let me go.

*Orl.* Speake, strumpet, speake.

*Cl.* Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart.

*Orl.* Why, strumpet, worse than Mars his trothlesse loue, 984

Falser than faithles Cressida! strumpet, thou shalt not scape.

*Cl.* Come, come, you doo not vse me like a gentlewoman:

And if I be not for you, I am for another.

*Orl.* Are you? that will I trie.

*He beateth him out.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

## <ACT IV.

### SCENE I.>

*Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with drum and trumpets.*

*Og.* Braue Peeres of France, sith wee haue past the bounds,

Whereby the wrangling billowes seekes for straites

990

964-5 Mass . . . fares as verse *Dyce* 967 same] faire *Q2* 968 Whose  
hiew] With brows *Dyce* after *Alleyne MS.* 973 Sits] Sit *Dyce* 975  
those the radiant *Dyce* after *Walker* 986 you] yee *Q2* 990 seekes  
*Q1*: seeke *Q2*: seek *Dyce*



To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes;  
 Sith we haue furrowd throghe those wandring tides  
 Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys dance  
 Vpon the Hyperborean billowes crests,  
 That braues with streames the watrie Occident; 995  
 And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime,  
 Sought to by greedie mindes for hurtfull gold;  
 Now let vs seeke to venge the Lampe of France  
 That lately was eclipsed in Angelica;  
 Now let vs seeke Orlando forth, our Peere, 1000  
 Though from his former wits lately estrangd,  
 Yet famous in our fauors as before;  
 And, sith by chance we all encountred bee,  
 Lets seeke reuenge on her that wrought his wrong.  
*Names.* But being thus arriud in place vnknown, 1005  
 Who shall direct our course vnto the Court  
 Where braue Marsilius keepes his royall State?

*Enter Marsilius and Mandricard like Palmers.*

*Og.* Loe, here, two Indian Palmers hard at hand,  
 Who can perhaps resolute our hidden doubts.  
 Palmers, God speed. 1010

*Mar.* Lordings, we greet you well.

*Og.* Where lies Marsilius Court, frend, canst thou tel?

*Mar.* His court is his campe, the Prince is now in armes.

*Turpin.* In armes! Whats he that dares annoy so great a King?

*Man.* Such as both loue and furie doth confound: 1015

Fierce Sacrepant, incenst with strange desires,  
 Warres on Marsilius, and Rodamant being dead,  
 Hath leuied all his men, and traitor-like  
 Assailes his Lord and louing Soueraigne:  
 And Mandricard, who late hath been in armes 1020  
 To prosecute reuenge against Marsilius,  
 Is now through fauors past become his frend.  
 Thus stands the state of matchles India.

*Og.* Palmer, I like thy braue and breef discourse  
 And, couldst thou bring vs to the Princes campe, 1025  
 We would acknowledge frendships at thy hands.

*Mar.* Ye stranger Lords, why seeke ye out Marsilius?

992 those] these Q2    995 brave Dyce    997 to Q2: too Q1    1018  
 court's Dyce    1014 In arme! as separate line Dyce

*Og.* In hope that he, whose Empire is so large,

Will make both minde and Monarchie agree.

*Mar.* Whence are you, Lords, and what request you here?

*Names.* A question ouer-hautie for thy weed, 1031

Fit for the King himselve for to propound.

*Man.* O, sir, know that vnder simple weeds

The Gods haue maskt : then deeme not with disdain

To answeare to this Palmers question, 1035

Whose coat includes perhaps as great as yours.

*Og.* Hautie their words, their persons ful of state ;

Though habit be but meane, their mindes excell.—

Well, Palmers, know that Princes are in India arriud, 1040

Yea, euen those westerne princely peeres of France

That through the world aduentures vndertake,

To find Orlando late incenst with rage.

Then, Palmers, sith you know our stiles and state,

Aduise vs where your King Marsilius is.

*Mar.* Lordings of France, here is Marsilius, 1045

That bids you welcome into India,

And will in person bring you to his campe.

*Og.* Marsilius ! and thus disguisd !

*Mar.* Euen Marsilius, and thus disguisd.

But what request these princes at my hand ? 1050

*Turpin.* We sue for law and iustice at thy hand :

We seeke Angelica thy daughter out ;

That wanton maid, that hath eclipst the ioy

Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.

*Mar.* My daughter, Lords ! why, shees exilde ; 1055

And her grioud father is content to lose

The pleasance of his age, to countnance law.

*Oli.* Not onely exile shall await Angelica,

But death and bitter death shall follow her.

Then yeeld vs right, Marsilius or our swords 1060

Shal make thee feare to wrong the Pieres of France.

*Mar.* Wordes cannot daunt mee, Princes, bee assurde ;

But law and iustice shall ouerrule in this,

And I will burie fathers name and loue.

The haples maide, bannisht from out my Land, 1065

1039 Well, palmers, know as *separate line Dyce* 1055 shees] she is *Dyce*  
1063 o'er-rule *Dyce*

Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne :  
 Her, if yee finde, with furie persecute ;  
 I now disdaine the name to be her Father.  
 Lords of France, what would you more of me ?

*Oger.* Marsilius, mee commende thy Princely minde, 1070  
 And will report thy iustice through the world.—  
 Come, Peeres of France, lets seeke Angelica,  
 Left for a spoile to our reuenging thoughts.

*Exeunt omnes.*

〈SCENE II.〉

*Enter Orlando like a Poet.*

*Orl.* Orgalio, is not my loue like those purple coloured swans  
 That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia? 1075

*Org.* Yes, marry, is shee, my Lord.

*Orl.* Is not her face siluerd like that milke-white shape  
 When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele?

*Org.* It is, my Lord.

〈*Orl.*〉 Then goe thy waies, and clime vp to the Clowds, 1080

And tell Apollo that Orlando sits

Making of verses for Angelica.

And if he doo denie to send me downe

The skirt which Deianyra sent to Hercules,

To make me braue vpon my wedding day, 1085

Tell him Ile passe the Alpes, and vp to Meroe,

(I know he knowes that watrie lakish hill,)

And pull the harpe out of the minstrelis hands,

And pawne it vnto louely Proserpine,

That she may fetch the faire Angelica. 1090

*Org.* But my Lord, Apollo is a sleepe, and will not heare me.

*Orl.* Then tell him, he is a sleepy Knaue :

But, Sirra, let no body trouble mee, for I must lie downe  
 a while, and talke with the starres.

*Enter Fidler.*

*Org.* What, old acquaintance ! well met. 1095

1074 Orgalio *om.* Q2 : as separate line Dyce 1077 milke-white] white  
 milke Q2 1078 That Ioue came dancing in Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1080

*Orl. om.* Q1 (B.M.)

1083-4 If he deny to send me down the shirt

That Deianira sent to Hercules Dyce after Alleyn MS.

1086 Tell him as separate line Dyce 1093 body] man Q1 (S.K.)

*Fidler.* Ho, you would haue me play Angelica againe, would ye not?

*Org.* No, but I can tell thee where thou mayest earne two or three shillings this morning, euen with the turning of a hand.

*Fidler.* Two or three shillings! tush, thou wot cossen me, thou: but and thou canst tell where I may earne a groate, Ile giue thee sixe pence for thy paines.

*Org.* Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

*Fidler.* Why, he is mad still, is he not? 1105

*Org.* No, no: come, play.

*Fidler.* At which side dooth he vse to giue his reward?

*Org.* Why, of anie side.

*Fidler.* Doth he not vse to throw the chamber pot sometimes?

I would greeue me he should wet my fiddle strings. 1110

*Org.* Tush, I warrant thee.

*He playes and sings any odde toy, and Orlando wakes.*

*Orl.* Who is this? Shan Cuttelero! hartely welcome, Shan Cuttelero. 1114

*Fidler.* No, sir, you should haue said Shan the Fidideldero.

*Orl.* What, hast thou brought me a sword?

*He takes away his Fiddle.*

*Fidler.* A sword! No, no, sir, thats my fiddle.

*Orl.* But dost thou think the temper to be good?

And will it hold, when thus and thus we Medor do assaile? 1120

*He strikes and beates him with the fiddle.*

*Fidler.* Lord, sir, youle breake my liuing!—

You told me your master was not mad.

*Orl.* Tel me, why hast thou mard my sword?

The pummells well, the blade is curtald short:

Villaine, why hast thou made it so? 1125

*Fidler.* O Lord, Sir, will you answere this?

*He breakes it about his head.*

*Exit Fidler.*

*Enter Melissa with a glasse of Wine.*

*Orl.* Orgalio, who is this?

*Org.* Faith, my Lord, some old witch, I thinke.

*Mel.* O, that my Lord woulde but conceit my tale!

1101 wot] wolt Q2      1116 my Q1 (B.M.): a Q1 (S.K.)      1118 Q2  
om. second no.      1120 And will it hold as separate line Dyce      1123  
why Q1 (B.M.): what Q1 (S.K.)      1124 curtall Q1 (S.K.), Q2, Dyce

Then would I speake and hope to finde redresse. 1130

*Orl.* Faire Polixena, the pride of Illion,  
Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy;  
Pyrrus shall not, &c.—

Lounes, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so  
nigh me? 1135

*Org.* Come, come, stand by, your breath stinkes.

*Orl.* What! be all the Trogians fled?

Then giue me some drinke.

*Mel.* Here, Palatine, drinke; and euer be thou better for this  
draught. 1140

*Orl.* What here! the paltrie bottle that Darius quaft?

*Hee drinckes, and she charmes him with her wand, and lies downe  
to sleepe.*

Else would I set my mouth to Tygres streames,  
And drinke vp ouerflowing Euphrates.

My eyes are heaue, and I needs must sleep. 1145

*Melissa striketh with her wand, and the Satyres enter with musicke,  
and plaie round about him; which done, they staie: he awaketh and  
speakes.*

What shewes are these, that fill mine eies  
With view of such regard as heauen admires  
To see my slumbring dreames!

Skies are fulfild with lampes of lasting ioy,  
That boast the pride of haught Latonas sonne; 1150  
He lightneth all the candles of the night.

Nymosene hath kist the kingly Ioue,  
And entertained a feast within my brains,  
Making her daughter solace on my brow.

Mee thinks, I feele how Cinthya tunes conceites 1155  
Of sad repeat, and meloweth those desires  
Which phrensies scares had ripened in my head.  
Ate, Ile kisse thy restlesse cheeke a while,  
And suffer vile repeat to bide controll.

*He lieth doune againe.*

1139-40 And . . . draught as verse Dyce 1141 What's here Q2 and Dyce  
The . . . quaff'd as verse Dyce 1145 My] Mine Q2 1146-8 What  
. . . these, That . . . regard As . . . dreams Dyce 1152 Mnemosyne Dyce  
after Alleyn MS. 1154 daughters Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1157 Which  
phrensies scares Qq: That frenzy scare Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1159 And  
suffer fruitless passion bide Dyce after Alleyn MS.

*Melissa.* O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deaque, 1160  
 Nymphae Hamadriades, Driades, Parcaeque potentes  
 .O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,  
 Infernasque domus et nigra palatia Ditis!  
 Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,  
 Qui regis infernum solium, coelumque, solumque! 1165  
 Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;  
 In caput Orlandi coelestes spargite lymphas,  
 Spargite, quis misere reuocetur raptā per umbras  
 Orlandi infelix anima.

*Then let the musicke play before him, and so goe forth.*

*Orl.* What sights, what shewes, what fearefull shapes are these?  
 More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba,  
 When fall of Troy was figured in her sleepe!  
 Iuno, mee thou gat, sent downe from heauen by Ioue,  
 Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy aire; 1175  
 And calling Fame, the Satyres, and the nymphs,  
 She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.  
 With that, mounted on her parti-coloured coach,  
 Being drawn with peacockes proudly through the aire,  
 She flew with Iris to the sphere of Ioue. 1180  
 What fearefull thoughts arise vpon this show!  
 What desert groue is this! How thus disguisde?  
 Where is Orgalio?

*Org.* Here, my Lord.

*Orl.* Sirah, how came I thus disguisde, 1185  
 Like made Orestes, quaintly thus disguisde?

*Org.* Like mad Orestes! nay, my Lord, you may boldly iustifie  
 the comparison, for Orestes was neuer so mad in his life as  
 you were.

*Orl.* What, was I mad? what furie hath enchanted me? 1190

1160 *Deaque Qq* 1161 *Parcaeque*] *Persaeque Qq* 1162 *colitis*]  
*colites Q1: colites Q2* *locosque Q2: laeosque Q1* 1165 *solemque,*  
*solumque coelumque Q2: corr. Mitford* 1167 *lymphas*] *lympus Qq* 1168  
*raptā per*] *raptator Qq: corr. Dyce* 1169 *Orlando Qq* 1170 What  
 sights, what shapes, what strange-conceited dreams *Dyce after Alleyn MS.*

1176 seq. And calling Iris, sent her straight abroad  
 To summon Fauns, the Satyrs, and the Nymphs,  
 The Dryades, and all the demigods,  
 To secret council; [and, their] parle past,  
 She gaue them vials full of heauenly dew *Dyce after Alleyn MS.*  
 1178 With that as separate line *Dyce* on *Qq*: upon *Dyce after Alleyn*  
*MS.* 1186 disguisde *Qq*: attir'd *Dyce after Alleyn MS.*



*Mel.* A furie, sure, worse than Megea was,

That reft her sonne from trustie Pilades.

*Orl.* Why, what art thou, some sybel, or some goddesses? freely speake.

*Mel.* Time not affords to tell each circumstance : 1195

But thrice hath Cynthia changde her hiew,

Since thou, infected with a lunasie,

Hast gadded vp and downe these lands and groues,

Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,

All for the loue of faire Angelica, 1200

Whome thou with Medor didst suppose plaide false.

But Sacrepant had grauen these rundelaies,

To sting thee with infecting iealousie :

The swaine that tolde thee of their oft conuerse

Was seruant vnto Countie Sacrepant : 1205

And trust me, Orlando, Angelica, though true to thee,

Is banisht from the court,

And Sacrepant this daie bids battel to Marsillius.

The Armies readie are to giue assaile ;

And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both 1210

Stands all the worthie matchles peeres of France,

Who are in quest to seeke Orlando out.

Muse not at this, for I haue tolde thee true :

I am she that cured thy disease.

Here, take these weapons, giuen thee by the fates, 1215

And hie thee, Countie, to the battell straight.

*Or.* Thanks, sacred Goddess, for thy helping hand,

Thether will I hie to be reuenged.

*Alarmes.*

*Exit.*

{ACT V.

SCENE I.}

*Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing Marsilius and Mandricard.*

*Sacre.* Viceroyes, you are dead ;

For Sacrepant, alreadie crownd a king, 1220

Heaues vp his sword to haue your diadems.

1191 sure *om.* Q2      1193-4 Why . . . thou, Some . . . speak *as verse Dyce*  
 1198 lands Qq: lawnds *Dyce*      1206-7 And . . . Angelica, Though . . .  
 court *Dyce*      1208 And Sacripant *as separate line Dyce*      1211 Stand  
 Q2 and *Dyce*      1214 And I am *sugg. Dyce*

*Mar.* Traitor, not dead, or anie whit dismaide;  
For deare we prize the smallest droppe of bloud.

*Enter Orlando, with a scarfe before his face.*

*Orl.* Stay, Princes, base not yourselues to cumbat such a dog.  
Mount on your coursers, follow those that flie, 1225  
And let your conquering swoordes be tainted in their blouds:  
Passe ye for him; he shall be combatted.

*Exit Kings.*

*Sac.* Why, what art thou that brauest me thus?

*Orl.* I am, thou seest, a mercenarie souldier,  
Homely, yet of such haughtie thoughts, 1230  
As noght can serue to quench th' aspiring thoghtes,  
That burnes as doe the fires of Cicely,  
Vnlesse I win that princely diademe,  
That seemes so ill vpon thy cowards head.

*Sac.* Coward! To armes, sir boy! I will not brooke these  
braues, 1236  
If Mars himselve euen from his frie throne  
Came armde with all his furnitures of warre.

*They fight.*

Oh Villaine! thou hast slaine a prince.

*Orl.* Then maist thou think that Mars himself 1240  
Came down, to vaile thy plumes and heaue thee from thy  
pompe.  
Proud that thou art, I recke not of thy gree,  
But I will haue the conquest of my sword,  
Which is the glorie of thy diadem. 1245

*Sac.* These words bewraie thou art no base born moore,  
But by descent sprong from some royall line:  
Then freely tell me, whats thy name?

*Orl.* Nay, first let me know thine.

*Sac.* Then know that thou hast slaine Prince Sacrepant. 1250

*Orl.* Sacrepant! Then let me at thy dying day intreate,  
By that same sphere wherein thy soule shall rest,

1222 or Q1: nor Q2 whit] Q2: wit Q1 1224 Stay, princes as  
separate line Dyce 1226 And let as separate line Dyce 1230 Homely  
attir'd, but of so haughty thoughts Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1231 thoghtes  
Qq: flames Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1232 burn Dyce 1235 Coward  
as separate line Dyce 1240-1 Then . . . down, To . . . pomp Dyce  
1243 Prove what thou art Dyce after Alleyn MS. 1251 Sacripant! as  
separate line Dyce

If Ioue denie not passage to thy ghost,  
 Then tell mee whether thou wrongdst Angelica or no?  
*Sac.* O, thats the sting that pricks my conscience! 1255  
 Oh, thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke!  
 I tel thee, knight, for thou doest seeme no lesse,  
 That I ingraude the rundelaies on the trees,  
 And hung the schedules of poore Medors loue,  
 Intending so to breed debate 1260  
 Betweene Orlando and Angelica:  
 O, thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica!  
 Now tell me, what shall I call thy name?  
*Orl.* Then dead is the fatall authour of my ill.  
 Base villaine, vassall, vnworthie of a crowne, 1265  
 Knowe that the man that strucke the fatall stroke  
 Is Orlando, the Countie Palatine,  
 Whome fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs.  
 Thou foild and slain, it now behoues me straight  
 To hie me fast to massacre thy men: 1270  
 And so, farewell, thou deuill in shape of man.

*Exit.*

*Sac.* Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,  
 Set such a balefull period on my life  
 As none might end the daies of Sacrepant  
 But mightie Orlando, riuall of my loue? 1275  
 Now holdeth the fatall murderers of men  
 The sharpned knife readie to cut my threed,  
 Ending the scene of all my tragedie!  
 This daie, this houre, this minute ends the daies  
 Of him that liude worthie olde Nestors age. 1280  
 Phoebus, put on thy sable suted wreath,  
 Cladde all thy spheres in darke and mourning weedes:  
 Parcht be the earth, to drinke vp euary spring:  
 Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue;  
 Heauen turne to brasse, and earth to wedge of steel; 1285  
 The worlde to cinders. Mars, come thundering downe,  
 And neuer sheath thy swift reuenging swoorde,  
 Till, like the deluge in Dewcalions daies,  
 The highest mountaines swimme in streames of bloud.

1254 Then tell me *as separate line Dyce*  
 1276 holdeth Q1: holde Q2: hold *Dyce*

1259 schedules *Dyce*: sedulet *Q7*  
 1289 highest Q2: higgest *Q1*

Heauen, earth, men, beasts, and euerie liuing thing, 1290  
 Consume and end with Countie Sacrepant!

*He dyes.*

⟨SCENE II.⟩

*Enter Marsilius, Mandricard, and twelue peeres with Angelica.*

*Mar.* Fought is the field, and Sacrepant is slaine,  
 With such a massacre of all his men,  
 As Mars, descending in his purple robe,  
 Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of bloud 1295  
 To banquet all the demie gods of warre.

*Mandr.* See. where hee lies slaughtered without the campe,  
 And by a simple swaine, a mercenarie,  
 Who brauely tooke the combat to himselfe :  
 Might I but know the man that did the deede, 1300  
 I would, my Lord, eternize him with fame.

*Oger.* Leauing the factious countie to his death,  
 Command, my Lord, his bodie be conuaid  
 Vnto some place, as likes your Highnes best.  
 See, Marsilius, poasting thorough Affrica, 1305  
 We haue found this stragling girle, Angelica,  
 Who, for she wrongd her loue Orlando,  
 Chiefest of the Westernne peeres,  
 Conuersing with so meane a man as Medor was,  
 We will haue her punisht by the lawes of France, 1310  
 To end her burning lust in flames of fire.

*Mar.* Beshrew you, lordings, but you doe your worst ;  
 Fire, famine, and as cruell death  
 As fell to Neros mother in his rage.

*Angelica.* Father, if I may dare to call thee so, 1315  
 And Lordes of France, come from the Westernne seas,  
 In quest to finde mightie Orlando out,  
 Yet, ere I die, let me haue leaue to say,  
 Angelica held euer in her thoughts  
 Most deare the loue of Countie Palatine. 1320  
 What wretch hath wrongd vs with suspect of loue,  
 I know not, I, nor can accuse the man ;

1309 Conversing to l. 1308 *Dyce* 1311 lust] love *Q1 (S.K.) and Q2*  
 1313 Hers be fire *sugg. Dyce* 1321 loue] lust *Dyce* 1322 accuse]  
 excuse *Q2*

But, by the heauens, whereto my soule shall flie,  
Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando.

I speake not this as one that cares to liue, 1325  
For why, my thoughts are fully malecontent;  
And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,  
You quit Orlandos wrong vpon Angelica.

*Enter Orlando, with a scarfe before his face.*

*Oliver.* Strumpet, feare not, for, by faire Mayas sonne,  
This day thy soule shall vanish vp in fire, 1330  
As Semele, when Iuno wild the trull  
To entertaine the glorie of her loue.

*Orl.* Frenchman, for so thy quaint aray imports,  
Be thou a Piere, or be thou Charlemaine,  
Or hadst thou Hector or Achilles hart, 1335  
Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,  
That did in courage far surpasse them all,  
I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throate,—  
The greatest braue transalpine France can brooke,—  
In saying that sacred Angelica 1340  
Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine.

I am a common mercenary souldier;  
Yet, for I see my Princesse is abusd  
By new come straglers from a forren coast,  
I dare the proudest of these westernne Lords 1345  
To cracke a blade in triall of her right.

*Man.* Why, foolish hardie, daring, simple groome,  
Follower of fond conceited Phaeton,  
Knowest thou to whom thou speakst?

*Mar.* Braue souldier, (for so much thy courage saies,) 1350  
These men are princes, dipt within the blood  
Of Kings most royall, seated in the West,  
Vnfit to accept a challenge at your hand:  
Yet thanks that thou wouldst in thy Lords defence  
Fight for my daughter; but her guilt is knowne. 1355

*Ang.* I, rest thee, souldier, Angelica is false;—  
False, for she hath no triall of her right:  
Souldier, let me die for the misse of all.  
Wert thou as stout as is proud Theseus,

1323 flie] flee Q2  
is] was Dyce

1335 Hector's Dyce after Alleyn MS.

1359

In vaine thy blade should offer my defence; 1360

For why, these be the Champions of the world,  
Twelue Pieres of France that neuer yet were foild.

*Orl.* How, Madam, the twelue Peeres of France !

Why, let them be twelue diuels of hell,  
What I haue said, Ile pawne my sword, 1365

To seale it on the shield of him that dares,  
Malgrado of his honor, combat me.

*Oliver.* Marrie, sir, that dare I.

*Orl.* Yar a welcome man, sir.

*Turpin.* Chastise the groome, Oliuer, and learne him know 1370

We are not like the boyes of Africa.

*Orl.* Heare you, sir? You that so peremptorily bad him fight,

Prepare your weapons, for your turne is next :

Tis not one Champion that can discourage me.

Come, are yee ready? 1375

*He fighteth first with one, and then with another, and ouercomes  
them both.*

Lo, stand aside :—and, Maddam, if my fortune last it out,  
Ile gard your person with twelue Pieres of France.

*Og.* Oh ! Oger, how canst thou stand, and see a slaue

Disgrace the house of France? Syrra, prepare you ;

For angry Nemesis sits on my sword to be reuengd. 1380

*Orl.* Well saide, Frenchman ! You haue made a goodly oration :  
but you had best to vse your sword better, lest I beswinge  
you.

*They fight a good while, and then breath.*

*Og.* How so ere disguisd in base or Indian shape,

Oger can well discerne thee by thy blowes ; 1385

For either thou art Orlando or the diuell.

*Orl.* Then, to assure you that I am no diuel,

Heres your friend and companion, Orlando.

*Oger.* And none can be more glad than Oger is,

That he hath found his cosen in his sense. 1390

*Oli.* When as I felt his blowes vpon my shield,

My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceiude,

1365 [thereto] I'll pawn Dyce	1369 Yar] You're Dyce	1372
Hear you, sir? as separate line Dyce	1374 that om. Dyce after Alleyn MS.	
1376 So, stand aside as separate line Dyce	1380 To be reveng'd as	
separate line Dyce	1384 Howe'er Dyce	



- Who might this be, if not the Pallatine.  
*Turpin.* So had I said, but that report did tell  
 My Lord was troubled with a lunacie. 1395  
*Orl.* So was I, Lordinges; but giue mee leaue a while,  
 Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,  
 So to submit to faire Angelica.—  
 Pardon thy Lord, faire saint Angelica,  
 Whose loue, stealing by steps into extreames, 1400  
 Grew by suspition to a causeles lunacie.  
*Ang.* O no, my Lord, but pardon my amis;  
 For had not Orlando loude Angelica,  
 Nere had my Lord falne into these extreames,  
 Which we will parle priuate to our selues. 1405  
 Nere was the Queene of Cypres halfe so glad  
 As is Angelica to see her Lord,  
 Her deare Orlando, settled in his sense.  
*Orl.* Thanks, my sweete loue.—  
 But why stands the Prince of Affrica, 1410  
 And Mandricarde the King of Mexico,  
 So deepe in dumps, when all reioyse beside?  
 First know, my Lord, I slaughtred Sacrepant,  
 I am the man that did the slaue to death;  
 Who frankely there did make confession, 1415  
 That he ingraude the Roundelaies on the trees,  
 And hung the schedules of poore Medors loue,  
 Entending by suspect to breede debate  
 Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica:  
 His hope had hap, but we had all the harme; 1420  
 And now Reuenge, leaping from out the seate  
 Of him that may command sterne Nemesis,  
 Hath powrde those treasons iustly on his head.  
 What saith my gracious Lord to this?  
*Mar.* I stand amaze, deepe ouerdrencht with ioy, 1425  
 To heare and see this vnexpected ende:  
 So well I rest content.—Yee Pieres of France,  
 Sith it is proude Angelica is cleare,  
 Her and my Crowne I freely will bestow  
 Vpon Orlando, the County Palatine. 1430

1401 by suspect to causeless *Dyce* 1410 stand *Dyce*: stand now *or* thus  
 sugg. *Dyce* 1427 Yee *Q1*: you *Q2*

*Orl.* Thanks, my good Lord.—And now, my friends of France,  
Frollicke, be merrie: we wil hasten home,  
So soone as King Marsilius will consent  
To let his daughter wend with vs to France.  
Meane while wee le richly rigge vp all our Fleete 1435  
More braue than was that gallant Grecian keele  
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of gold:  
Our sailes of sendall spread into the winde;  
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest silke,  
Fetcht from the natiue loomes of laboring wormes, 1440  
The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth  
That is transported by the Western bounds;  
Our stems cut out of gleming Iuorie;  
Our planks and sides framde out of Cypresse wood,  
That beares the name of Cyparissus Change, 1445  
To burst the billows of the Ocean Sea,  
Where Phoebus dips his amber-tresses oft,  
And kisses Thetis in the daies decline;  
That Neptune prowde shall call his Trytons forth  
To couer all the Ocean with a calme: 1450  
So rich shall be the rubbish of our barks,  
Tane here for ballas to the ports of France,  
That Charles him selfe shall wonder at the sight.  
Thus, Lordings, when our bankettings be done,  
And Orlando espoused to Angelica, 1455  
Wee le furrow through the mouing Ocean,  
And cherely frolicke with great Charlemaine. 1457

FINIS.

1451 rich Q2: om. Q1

# APPENDIX

## TO ORLANDO FVRIOSO

### BEING THE ALLEYN MS.

- 558 *Orl.* Faire pride of morne, faire bewty of y<sup>e</sup> euen,  
 Look on Orlando languishing in loue.
- 560 Sweete solitarie groues, wheras the nimphes  
 With pleasance laugh to see the Satyres play,  
 Witnes Orlandos faith vnto his loue.  
 Tread she thes lawdes, sweet flora bost thy flowers.  
 Seek she for shade, spred, Cedars, for her sake
- 565 Kinde Clora make her couch, fair cristall springes,  
 Washe you her Roses, if she long to drinck.
- 567-8 Oh thought, my heauē oh heauen.<sup>y<sup>t</sup></sup> knowes my thought  
 Smile, ioy in her that my content hath wrought.
- 570 . . . . . dwell.  
 . . . . .  
 Orlando, what contrarious thoughtes are those  
 That flock with doutfull motion in thy minde?  
 Heauens smile, thes trees doe bost ther somer pride.
- 575 Venus hath grauē hir triumphes here beside.  
*Shep.* Yet when thine eie hath seen, thy hart shal rue  
 The tragick chance that shortly shall ensue.
- Orlando readeth*
- Angelica :—Ah, sweete and blessed name,  
 Lift to my life, an essence to my ioye!
- 580 This gordion knott together co vnites  
 Ah Medor partner in hir peerlese loue.  
 Vnkind and will she bend hir thoughts to change?  
 Her name, her writing! foolishe and vnkind!  
 No name of hers, vnlesse the brokes relent
- 585 Hear her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe  
 To rayse his moystened locks frō out the reeds,  
 And flowe with calme along his turning bownds:  
 No name of hers vnlesse the Zephire blowe  
 Hir dignities along the desert woodes
- 590 Of Arden wher the world for wonders waightes.  
 And yet her name! for why Angelica;  
 But, mixt with Medor, then not Angelica.

- Onely by me was loued Angelica,  
 Onely for me must liue Angelica.
- 595 I fynd hir drift: perhappes the modest pledg  
 Of my content hath with a priuy thought  
 And sweet disguise restrayned her fancie thus,  
 Shadowing Orlando vnder Medors name;  
 Fine drift, faire nympe! Orlando hopes no lesse.
- 600 Yet more! are Muses maskine in these trees,  
 Forming their dittyes in conceited lynes,  
 Making a goddess, in despight of me,
- 603 That haue no goddess but Angelica?
- 616 *Orl.* Dare Medor court my Venus, can hir eyes  
 Bayte any lookes but suche as must admyre  
 What may Orlando deme?  
 Aetna, forsake the bowndes of Sicelye,  
 For why in me thy restlesse flames appere.
- 620 Refusd, contemd, disdaynd—what not, then thus  
 . . . . . angry brest.  
*Argalio.* . . . . . my lord.
- Orl.* Come hether Argalio: vilayne, behold these lynes;  
 See all these trees carued with true loue knottes,
- 625 Wherin are figured Medor and Angelica:  
 What thinkst thou of it?
- Org.* By my troth, my Lord, I thinke Angelica is a woman.
- 628 *Orl.* And what then?
- 633 What messenger hath Ate sent abroad  
 With idle lookes to listen my lament?
- 635 Sirha, who wronged happy Nature thus  
 Tc spoyle these trees with this Angelica?
- 637 Yet in her name, Orlando, they are blest.
- 640 As follow loue! darest thou dispraye my heauen,  
 Disgrace and preiudice hir name?  
 Is not Angelica the Quene of Loue,  
 Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowrs?  
 She is.
- 645 Then speake, thou peasant, what he is  
 That dare attempt or court my quene,
- 647 Or I will send thy soull to Charons charge.
- 657 *Orl.* Nought but Angelica and Medors loue.  
 Shall Medor, then, possesse Orlandos loue?  
 Danty and gladsome beames of my delight,

604–15 *om.* *All. MS.*, then three words struck out, followed by the cue sorowes dwell. Then follows l. 616 629–632 *om.* *All. MS.*, giving some newes as cue for l. 633 633–9 *om.* *All. MS.*, giving follow loue cue for l. 640 648–56 *om.* *All. MS.*, l. 657 being blank to Medors loue (cue)

- 659 <sup>1</sup> Why feast your gleames on others lustfull thoughtes?  
 660 Delicious browes, why smile your heauen for those,  
 That wondrous you proue poor Orlandos foes.  
 Lend me your playntes, you sweet Arcadian nimphe,  
 That wont to sing your late departed loues;  
 Thou weping floud, leaue Orpheus; wayle for me;  
 665 Proud Titans neces, gather all in one  
 Those fluent springes of your lamenting eyes,  
 667 And let them streame along my faintfull lookes.  
 670 <sup>1</sup> Argalio seek me out Medor, seek out that same dogg,  
<sup>2</sup> That dare inchase him with Angelica.  
 685 Feminile ingegno di tutti male sede  
 Cometi vuogi et muti facilmente  
 Contrario oggetto propri de la fede  
 O infelice O miser . . . . .  
 Inportune superne ett . . . dispettose  
 690 Priue d amor di fede et di consigli  
 Temerarie crudeli inique ingrati  
 Par pestilenza eterna al mundo natae.  

medor is, medor a knave

 693 Vilayne, Argalio, whers medor? what lyes he here?  
 And braues me to my face? by heaueuen, Ile tear  

[draggēs him in]

 Him pecemeale in dispiht of these:  
 708 . . . . . on his neck.  

[enters with a mans legg]

 Villayns, prouide me straight a  
 lions skynne.  
 710 For I, thou seest, I am mighty Hercules.  
 See whers my massy clubb vpon my neck.  
 I must to hell to fight with Cerberus,  
 713 And find out Medor ther, you vilaynes, or Ile dye.  
 713 <sup>1</sup> . . . . . shall I doe?  
<sup>2</sup> Ah, ah, ah, Sirha, Argalio!  
<sup>3</sup> Ile ge e the a spear framd out of . . . . .  
<sup>4</sup> . . . . . haue . . . . . be . . . . . pre  
<sup>5</sup> . . . . . of her glorious wayne

*Orlando.*

*Solus* . . . . .

- 788 Woodes, trees, leaues, leaues, trees, woodes; tria sequuntur  
 tria, ergo optimus vir, non est optimus magistratus. a peny

667 them corrected from thy 668-9 om. All. MS., l. 670 being blank to  
 of Sacrepant. Then follows ll. 670 <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> inserted above. A blank line follows  
 ending with be content 671-84 om. All. MS. 685-92 All. MS. in  
 different handwriting 688-9 hole in paper 713 3-5 page much  
 torn. All following is omitted in All. MS. till beginning of Act III, l. 788

for a pott of beer and sixe pence for a peec of beife wounds !  
 what am I the worse ? o minerua ! salue ; god morrow ; how  
 doe you to-day ? sweet goddess, now I see thou louest thy  
 vlisses louely Minerua ; tell thy vlisses, will Ioue send  
 Mercury to Calipso to lett me goe ?

*Here he harkens*] will he ? why then he is a good fellow ;  
 nay more, he is a gentleman, euery haire of the head of him.  
 tell him I haue bread and beife for him ; lett him put his  
 arme into my bagg thus deep : yf he will eate, go . . . .  
 he shall haue it. thre blew beans . . . . a blewe bladder ;  
 rattle, bladder rattle, Lantorne and candle light ; child . . . .  
 god when children, a god when . . . .

*He walketh vp and downe*] but soft you, minerua, whats a  
 clock ? you lye like a . . . .

*He singes*] I am Orlando . . . . be so bragg though . . . .  
 you be . . . . I knowe . . . . who buggard Iupiters brayne  
 when you were

*He whistles for him*] begotten. Argalio, Argalio ! farewell,  
 good Minerua ; haue me recomended to vulcan, & tell him  
 I would fayne see him dance a galyard.

. . . . . my lord,

I pray the, tell me one thing : dost thou not knowe  
 wherfore I cald the . . . . .

. . . . . neither.

Why knowest thou not ? nay nothing  
 thou mayst be gonne. Stay, stay,  
 Villayne, I tell thee, Angelica is dead,  
 nay, she is indeed.

. . . . . lord.

But my Angelica is dead.

. . . . . my lord.

*He beats A.*] and canst thou not weepe

. . . . . Lord.

Why then begin, but first lett me geue yo . . . .

*A. begins to weepe*] your watchword Argalio.

Argalio, stay.

. . . . .

931 *Orl.* Villaine, find her out,

Or else the torments that Ixion feeles,

933 That the belydes. Youle fetch me hir, sir.

936 Spare no cost, run me to Charlemagne,

937 And say Orlando sent for Angelica. Away villayne !

940 Ah ah ! as though that Sagitarr in all his pride

933 *All. MS. wanting a good deal immediately before this line* 934-5  
*om. in All. MS.* 938 *om. in All. MS., your humor being given as the cue*



- Could take faire Leda from stout Iupiter ;  
 And yet, forsooth, Medor durst enterprise  
 To reauē Orlando of Angelica.  
 Syrha, you that are the messenger to Ioue,  
 945 You that can sweep it thorough the milke white pathe  
 That leades vnto the synode howse of Mars,  
 Fetch me my helme tempred of azure steele,  
 My sheild forged by y<sup>e</sup> ciclopps for Anchises sonne,  
 And see if I dare combat for Angelica.  
 949 1 Heauen and hell, godes and deuylls whers Argalio ?  
 . . . . . Angelica.  
 Ah my dear Angelica !  
 Syrha fetch me the harping starr from heauen,  
 5 Lyra, the pleasant mynstrell of the sphears,  
 That I may daunce a gayliard with Angelica.  
 R[ide] me to Pan ; bidd all his waternimphes  
 Come with ther baggpypes and ther tambetins.  
 9 . . . . . for a woeman.  
 965 Howe fares my sweet Angelica ?  
 . . . . . for hir honesty.  
 Art thou not fayre Angelica,  
 With browes as faire as faire Ibythea,  
 That darks Canopus with her siluer hiew ?  
 970 . . . . . art Angelica.  
 Why are not these those ruddy coulered cheekes,  
 Wher both the lillye and the blusshing rose  
 Syttes equall suted with a natyue redd.  
 . . . . . a ballad.  
 975 Are not, my sweet, thes eyes, those sparkling lampes,  
 Whereout proud Phebus flasheth fourth his lightes ?  
 . . . . . with an othe.  
 983 1 But tell me false Angelica  
 984 Strumpett worse then the whorish loue of mars,  
 985 Traytresse surpassing trothlesse Cressida  
 985 1 That so in chast his name within that groue.  
 Whers medor, say me for truth wher medor is  
 Yf Iupiter hath shutt him with young Ganymede  
 By heauen Ile fetch him from y<sup>e</sup> holes of Ioue  
 5 Inconstant base iniurius & vntrue  
 Such strumpettes shall not scape away with life.  
 . . . . . god be with you.  
 . . . wher are my souldiours, whers all  
 The campe the captayns, leutenauntes, sargeantes

950-64 *om. All. MS.* 968 *first as corrected in All. MS. from are* 978-83  
*om. All. MS.* 985 5 *In another hand in All. MS.*

- 10 ? B . . . les of the band corporalles Lancpresudes,  
 Gentlemen & mercenaryes. Seest thou not medor  
 Standes brauing me at the gates of Rome.  
 . . . . . to muche wages.  
 Follow me, I may goe seek my captaynes out
- 15 That medor may not haue Angelica. *Exit.*
- 1074 Sirha, is she not like those purple coulered swannes,  
 1075 That gallopp by the coache of Cinthya?  
 1077 Her face siluered like to the milkwhite shape  
 That Ioue came dauncing in to Semele?
- 1078 1 Tell me, Argalio, what sayes Charlemayne?  
 His nephew Orlando, palantyne of fraunce,  
 Is poet laureat for geometry.  
 . . . . .
- 5 . . . . . in the [? world]  
 Base mynded traytors! yf you dare but say  
 Thetis is fayrer than Angelica,  
 Ile place a peal of rising riuers in your throates.  
 [ . . . ? Did] Virgill, Lucan, Ouide, Ennius,
- 10 Sirha, wer not these poettes? . . yes, my lord.  
 Then Ioue, trotting vpon proud Eolus,  
 Shall not gaynesay, but maugre all his boultres  
 Ile try with vulcane cracking of a launce,  
 Yf any of the godes mislikes my rondelayes,
- 15 Argalio, these be the lockes Apollo turnd to bowes,  
 When crimson Daphne ran away for loue.  
 Loue! whats loue, villayne, but the bastard of Mars,  
 The poyson of Venus, and yet thou seest I wear
- 19 Badges of a poet laureat . . . . the world.
- 1080 Clyme vp the cloudes to Galaxsy straight,  
 And tell Apollo that Orlando sits  
 Making of verses for Angelica.  
 And if he doo denie to send me downe  
 The shirt which Deianyra sent to Hercules,
- 1085 To make me braue vpon my wedding day,  
 Ile vp the Alpes, and post to Meroe the  
 Watry lakishe hill, and pull the harpe  
 From out the ministrills hands, and pawne  
 Yt . . . . to louely Proserpine that she
- 1090 May fetch me fayre Angelica.
- 1090 1 Vilayne, will he not send me it?  
 . . . . . no answeerr.

1074 *This next piece follows immediately after a line upon the last entry from the All. MS.*

1076 *om. All. MS.*

1078 16 *crimson in another*

*hand in All. MS.*

1080 *Galaxsy in another hand in All. MS.*

- So, Orlando must become a poet.  
 No, the palatyne is sent champion vnto the warrs.  
 5 Take the Laurell, Latonas bastard sonne :  
 I will to flora, sirha, downe vpon the ground,  
 1094 For I must talke in secrett to the starres.  
 1094 1 . . . . . doth lye.  
 When Ioue rent all the welkin with a crake.  
 Fye, fye ! tis a false verse . . . penylesse.  
 As how, fellow, wher is the Artick bear, late baighted  
 5 From his poel ? scuruy poetry ! a litell to long.  
 . . . . . by force.  
 Oh, my sweet Angelica, brauer then Iuno was.  
 But vilayne, she conuerst with Medor.  
 . . . . . I giue.  
 10 Drowned be Canopus child in those arcadyan twins.  
 Is not that sweet, Argalio ?  
 . . . . . confesse it.  
 Stabb the old whore, and send her soule to the diuell.  
 15 Lend me the nett that vulcan trapt for Mars.  
 Trumpett . . . vilaynes, whats here adoe  
 The court is cald, an nere a Senatour.  
 Argalio, geue me the chayre ; I will be iudg  
 My selfe . . . . . souldiours.  
 20 So, sirs, what sayes Cassius ? why stabbd he Caesar  
 In the senate howse ?  
 . . . . . his furye.  
 Why speakes not, vilayne, thou peasaunt ?  
 Yf thou beest a wandring knight, say who  
 25 Hath crakt a Launce with the ? . . . to him.  
 What sayest ? Is it for the armour of  
 Achilles thou dost striue ? Yf be Ajax  
 Shall trott away to troy, geue me thy  
 Hand Vlisses, it is thyne . . . . Armorer.  
 30 And you, fair virgin, what say you ?  
 Argalio, make her confesse all . . .  
 1130-1 . . . haue rele . s . . . the flower of Ilium.  
 Fear not Achilles ouermadding boy :  
 Pyrrhus shall not. Argalio why sufferest  
 This olde trott to come so nere me.  
 1135 1 Away with thes rages !  
 Fetch me the Robe that proud Apollo wears,  
 That I may Iett it in the capytoll.  
 Argalio, is Medor here ? say whiche of
- 1094 4 As how, fellow, *in margin All. MS.* 1094 5 poel *in different hand in All. MS.* 1094 10 twins *in different hand in All. MS.*

- 5 These is he. Courage! for why, the palatyne  
Of fraunce straight will make slaughter  
Of these daring foes . . . . .
- 8 *Currunt* . . . . .
- 1137 Are all the troyans fledd? then geue me  
Some drynke, some drink . . . . my lord.
- 1141 This is the gesey shepherdes bottle that Darius  
Quaft. so, so, so, oh so . . . . . [*Inchaunt*.  
Els will I sett my mouth to Tigris streames,  
And drink vp ouerflowing Euphrates.
- 1145 . . . . . my lord.  
What heauenly sightes of plesaunce filles my eyes,  
That feed the pride with . . ew of such regard?  
. . . . admyres to se my slombring dreams.  
Skies are fulfild with lampes of lasting ioye
- 1150 That bost the pride of haught Latonas sonne,  
Who lightneth all the candles of the night.  
Mnemosyne hath kist the kingly Ioue,  
And entertaind a feast within my browes.  
Making her daughters solace on my browes.
- 1155 Methinkes I feele how Cinthya tunes conceiptes  
Of sad repeat, and meloweth those desires  
That frenzy scarce had ripened in my braynes.  
Ate, Ile kisse thy restlesse cheek awhile,
- 1159 And suffer fruitlesse passion bide controld.
- 1169 <sup>1</sup> Decūbit . . . . .
- 1170 What sights, what shapes, what strang conceipted dreams,  
More dreadfull then apperd to Hecuba,  
When fall of Troy was figured in her sleeps.  
Iuno, methought sent from the heauen by Ioue,
- 1175 Came sweeping swiftly thorow the glomye aire;  
And calling Iris sent her straight abroad
- 1176 <sup>1</sup> To soñon fawnes y<sup>e</sup> Satyres and the nimphes,  
<sup>2</sup> The Dryades, and all the demygodes,  
<sup>3</sup> To secret counsayle . . . . ne parle past,
- 1177 She gaue them violles (?) full of heauenly dew.  
With that, mounted vpon her party-colored Coach,  
Being drawen with peacockes proudly through the aire,
- 1180 She slipt with Iris to the sphear of Ioue.  
What thoughts arise vpon this fearfull shoue!  
Wher? in what woodes? what vncouth groue is this  
How thus disguysd? wher is Argalio? Argalio!  
. . . . . mad humores.
- 1139-40 *om. All. MS.*      1142 *Inchaunt in marg. in All. MS.*      1160-9  
*om. All. MS.*

- 1185 Say me, sir boy, how cam I thus disguysd,  
 1186 Like madd Orestes quaintly thus attyred?  
 1186 1 As I am! villayne, termost me lunaticke?  
 1190 Tell me what furye hath inchaunted me?  
 1193 What art thou, some sibill, or some godes,  
 1194 Or what? frely say on.

*Orlando.*

- 1220 1 . . . . . batt . . . . .  
 Hath then the frenzy of Alcumenas child  
 Ledd fourth my thoughts, with far more egar rage  
 Then wrastled in the brayne of Phillips sonne,  
 5 When madd with wyne he practised Clytus fall.  
 Break from the cloudes, you burning brondes of Ire,  
 That styrr within the thunderers wrathfull fistes,  
 And fixe your hideous fyers on Sacrapant,  
 From out your fatall tresoryes of wrath,  
 10 You wastfull furyes, draw those eben bowles,  
 That bosted lukewarme bloud at Centaures feast,  
 To choak with bloud the thirsty Sacrapant,  
 Thorough whom my Clymene and hebe fell,  
 Thorow whom my sprittes with fury wer suppress.  
 15 My fancyes, post you vnto Pindus topp:  
 Ther midst the sacred troupes of nimphes inquire  
 For my Angelica, the quene of Loue.  
 Seek for my Venus, nere Erycinne,  
 Or in the vale of [? Colchos] yf She sleep.  
 20 Tell her Orlando [? euen her] second Mars,  
 Hath robd the burning hill of Cicelye  
 Of all the Ciclops treasures ther bestowed,  
 To vendg hir wronges, and stoupe those haught conceiptes,  
 That sought my Ielowsye and hir disgrace.  
 25 Ride, Nemesis, vpon this angry steel  
 That thretneeth those that hate Angelica,  
 Who is the sonne of glory that consumes  
 28 Orlando, euen the phenix of affect. [Exit.  
 1223 1 Prynces, for shame! vnto your royall campes.  
 1224 Base not yourselues to combatt such a dogg.  
 Follow the chase, mount on your coursers straight,  
 Manage your spears, and lett your slaughtring swordes  
 Be taynted with the bloud of them that flee.  
 From him passe ye; he shall be combated.

1187-9 *om. in All. MS. down to the words you are (cue)* 1191-2 *om. in All. MS.*  
 1195-1220 *om. All. MS.* 1220 1-28 *These lines seem to belong to the end of this scene*  
 1220 1, 19, 20 *All. MS. defective*  
 1221-3 *om. All. MS., slane as he being given as the cue*

- . . . . . withinc.  
 I am, thou seest, a cuntry seruile swayne,  
 1230 Homely attird, but of so hawty thoughts,  
 As nought can serue to quench th' aspiring flames,  
 That scorch as does the fiers of Cicelye.  
 Vnlesse I win that princely diademe,  
 1234 That semes so ill vppon thy cowardes head.  
 1240 Mayst thou deme some second Mars from heauen  
 Is sent as was Amphytrios foster sonne?  
 To vale thy plumes and heaue thee from a crowne  
 1243 Proue what thou art I wreke not of thy gree.  
 1243<sup>1</sup> As Lampethusas brother from his coach,  
 2 Prauncing & wise (?) one went his course  
 3 And tombled from Apollos chariott,  
 4 So shall thy fortunes, and thy honor fall.  
 1244 To proue it Ile haue y<sup>e</sup> guerdon of my sword  
 1245 Which is the glory of thy diademe.  
 1249 *Orl.* First thyne.

- . . . . . Sacrapant.  
*Orl.* Then let me at thy dying day intreat,  
 By that same sphear wherin thy soule shall rest,  
 If Ioue deny not passage to thy ghost,  
 1254 Then tell mee yf thou wrongst Angelica or no?  
 1258<sup>1</sup> Extintinguish proud tesyphone those brandes  
 2 Fetch dark Alecto from black Phlegeton  
 3 Or Lethe water to appease those flames  
 4 That wrathfull Nemesis hath sett on fire.  
 1264 Dead is the fatall author of my yll  
 Vassall base vilayne, worthlesse of a crowne  
 Knowe that the man that stabt y<sup>e</sup> dismall stroke  
 Is Orlando the palatyne of fraunce  
 Whome fortune sent to quittaunc all thy wrong.  
 Thou foyld & slayne, it now behoues me, dogg  
 1270 To hye me fast to massacre thy men.  
 1333 Frenchman, for so thy quaint aray importes,  
 Beest thou a peer, or beest, thou Charlemayne,  
 1345 Or hadest thou hectors or Achelles hartes,  
 Or neuer daunted thoughtes of hercules,  
 The infusd metempsuchosis of them all,  
 I tell the sir thou liest within thy throte,  
 The gretest braue Cisalpine fraunce can brook,

1235-39 *om. All. MS., giving a king as the cue* 1243<sup>2</sup> *wise is inserted*  
*in another hand in All. MS.* 1246-48 *om. All. MS., giving thy name as*  
*the cue* 1255-63 *om. All. MS., giving thy name as the cue* 1271-1332  
*om. in All. MS.; against l. 1270 is marked Exient in a different hand*



- 1340 In saing y<sup>e</sup> sacred Angelica  
 Did offer wrong vnto the Palatyne.  
 I am a slauishe Indian mercenary;  
 Yet, for I see the princesse is abusd  
 By new come straglers from an vncooth coast,
- 1345 I dare the proudest of the westerne Lords  
 1346 To cracke a blade in triall of her right.
- 1363-4 Twelue peres of fraunce, twelue diuylles whats that  
 1365 What I haue spoke, ther I paune my sword  
 To seale it on the helme of him that dare  
 1367 Malgrado of his honor, combatt me.  
 1372 You that so proudly bid him fight,  
 Out with your blade, for why, your turne is next,  
 1374 Tis not this champion can discourage me.
- 1374 1 *Pugnant, M. Victus.*  
 Yow, sir, that braued your heraldry,  
 Wher is the honor of the howse of fraunce?  
 . . . . . to doe.  
 5 faire princesse, what I may belonges to the:  
 Wittnes I well haue hanseled yet my sword.  
 Now, sir, you that will chastyce when you meet  
 Bestirr you, french man, for Ile taske you hard.  
*Oliver Victus.*
- 10 Prouide you, lordes; determyne who is next:  
 Pick out the stoutest champion of you all.  
 They were but striplinges: call you those the peers?  
 Hold, madam, and yf my life but last it out,  
 Ile gard your person with the peires of fraunce.
- 15 By my side . . . . .  
 So sir, you haue made a godly oration,  
 But vse your sword better lest I well beswindg you.  
*Pugnant.*  
 By my faith you haue done pretily well; but
- 20 Sirha, french man, thinck you to breath? come  
 Fall to this geer close: dispatch, for we must haue no parle.  
*O. Victus.* . . . . . Orlando,  
 Ogier, sweet cuss, geue me thy hand, my lord,
- 24 And say thast found the county Palatyne.
- 1396 So was I, Lordes; but geue me leaue a while,  
 Humbly as mars did to his paramour
- 1397 1 When as his godhead wrongd hir with suspect,
- 1347-62 *om. All. MS., giving foyld as the cue for l. 1363* 1368-71 *om.*  
*All. MS., giving Lordes of India as the cue for l. 1372* 1374 1 *In marg.*  
*All. MS.* 1374 1-24 *substituted in All. MS. for 1375-93* 1394-5  
*om. All. MS., Lunacye being given as the cue for l. 1396*

- 1398 So to submit to faire Angelica,  
 1398 1 Vpon whose louly Roseat cheekes, me semes,  
 The cristall of hir morne more clerly spreades,  
 Then doth the dew vpon Adonis flower.  
 Faire nimphe, about whose browes sittes Cloras pride,  
 5 And Elisias bewty trippes about thy lookes,  
 Pardon thy Lord, who, perst with Ielowsie,  
 7 Darkned thy vertues with a great eclipse.  
 1399 Pardon thy Lord, faire saynt, Angelica,  
 Whose loue, stealing by steps into extreames,  
 1401 Grew by suspition to causlesse lunacye.  
 1409 Thankes sweet Angelica  
 1410 But why standes the Prince of Africa,  
 And Mandrycard the King of Mexico,  
 So deep in dumpes when all reioyse besides.  
 1412 1 . . . . . Palatyne.  
 2 And that, my leig, durandall hath auerd  
 3 Agaynst my kinsmen and the peires of fraunce.  
 1413 Next know, my Lord, I slaughtered Sacrapant.  
 I am the man that did the slaue to death,  
 1414 1 Who falsely wrongd Angelica and me ;  
 2 For when I stabd the traytor to the hart,  
 3 And he lay breathing in his latest gaspe,  
 1415 He frankly made confession at his death  
 That he ingraude the Rondelays on the trees,  
 And hung the scedule of poor Medors loue,  
 Entending by suspect to bred debate  
 Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica :  
 1420 His hope had hap, but we had all the harme ;  
 And now Reuendg leaping from out the seat  
 Of him that can commaund sterne Nemesis,  
 1423 Hath heapd his treasons iustly on his head.  
 1431 Thankes, Angelica, for her.  
 But now, my Lords of fraunce, frolick, my frendes,  
 1432 1 And welcome to the courts of Africa.  
 Courage, companions, that haue past the seas  
 Furrowing the playnes of neptune with your keles  
 To seek your frends the county Palatyne.  
 5 You thre, my Lordes, I welcome with my sword,  
 The rest, braue gentlemen, my hart and hand.  
 What welth within the clime of Africa,  
 What plesure longst the costes of mexico,

1402-8 *om. All. MS.*  
 for 1432-57 in *All. MS.*

1424-30 *om. All. MS.*

1432 1-21 *substituted*

- Lordinges, commaund, I dare be bold so far  
 10 With Mandrycard and prince Marsilius,  
 The pretious shrubbes, the . . . . mirh,  
 The fruites as riche as Eden did aford,  
 Whatso euer is faire and pleasing, Lordinges, vse,  
 And welcome to the county Palatyne.
- 15 . . . . . or none.  
 Thankes, Affrike vicroye, for the Lordes of fraunce.  
 And, fellow mates, be merry, we will home  
 As sone as pleaseth King Marsilius  
 To lett his doughter passe with vs to fraunce.  
 Meane while wele richly rigg vp all our fleet
- 21 More braue then wer . . . . . keles.

*At foot of page, possibly belonging to another page, a scrap of MS. is stuck on with the following broken lines—*

. . . . and ? Arthur with . . . . cra . . . .  
 To seek for Medor and . . . . .  
 Follow me, for nowe I . . . . .  
 Out? away . . . . . ? villayne . . . . .

*These lines correspond to ll. 718-9 of Qq. The corresponding page of the Alleyn MS. is said to be 'much torn.' This is clearly a scrap of it.*

## NOTES

### ALPHONSVS, KING OF ARRAGON

Page 79. ACT i. *sounded thrise*: 'In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three soundings or flourishes of trumpets. At the third sounding the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods) and the play began' (Dyce). Cf. Dekker, Preface to *Satiromastix*: 'Instead of the trumpets sounding thrise before the play begin it shall not be amiss for him that will read first to behold this short Comedie of Errors;' and *Gull's Hornbook*, Nares' Reprint, p. 146: 'Threw the cards . . . just about the third sound.' So in the *Jests of George Peele*, Peele's Works (Bullen), vol. ii. p. 390: 'And putting on one of the players' silk robes after the trumpet had sounded thrice out he comes, . . . goes forward with the prologue.'

*let downe*: so Providence descends in *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, and Fortune in *The Valiant Welshman*.

11. *so yrksome idless' sleights*: Dyce's correction for the unintelligible 'idels sleights' of the Quartos is no doubt right; the passage is obscurely expressed, but the sense is clear—the allurements of idleness and its cursed charms have so bewitched each student that he would rather die than be asked to write. The 'so' is out of place, as is very common; cf. *infra*, l. 1072: 'As though an oath can bridle so my minde As that I dare not,' &c. For 'sleights' in this sense cf. *A Maidens Dreame*, l. 166:

'Loues luring follies with their strange deceits  
Could wrap this lord within their baleful sleights.'

16-18. *the base and silly fly*: the allusion is to the *Culex*, a poem attributed to Virgil. Spenser had recently (1591) brought it into prominence by a translation of it into *Ottava rima*.

*Painful* in the sense of painstaking, careful, or industrious is very common in Elizabethan English. Cf. l. 77, and *Second Part of Tritameron*, vol. iii. p. 153 (Grosart): 'After the example of the industrious and painful bee'; also *Dorastus and Fawnia*, vol. iv. p. 270 (Grosart): 'Every day she went forth with her sheepe to the field keeping them with such care and diligence as all men thought she was verie painful.'

The term *fly* was applied to anything that could fly. Spenser applies it to a butterfly, see *Muicopotmos*, *passim*; and to a beetle, see *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie*, iv. 5. So Holland in his *Pliny* translates

'scarabaei' as 'flies.' Ben Jonson applies the term to a bird, see the puns on Fly in *The New Inn*, ii. 2: 'Bird of the arts he is and *Fly* by name,' and the pun is frequently repeated. Massinger applies it to a moth, *Bashful Lover*, i. 1: 'The fly that plays too near the flame dies in it'; and Greene in this sense habitually. Cf. *N. E. D.*, s. v.

For *daigne* see note on l. 91.

23. *Whose sire*, &c.: perhaps suggested by Horace, *Epist.* ii. 1. 15: 'Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores.'

P. 80, 28. *counteruaile*: a word used with various shades of meaning. Its primary sense, as its derivation (*contravalere*, *contre-valoir*) implies, is to be equivalent to in value. So in More's *Utopia* (ed. Collins, p. 261): 'All the goodes in the worlde are not able to countervayle mans life.' For a history of the developments in the meaning of the word, see *N. E. D.* Here it means 'prevail against.'

30. *And all his acts*, &c.: this is printed twice over in the original, and quite correctly, but the second line should be read with a note of interrogation. Cf. *infra*, l. 750-1:

'*Alb.* And nought is left for you but *Aragon*.

*Alph.* And nought is left for me but *Aragon*?'

These echoes are not infrequent with the Elizabethan dramatists. Cf. Lyly, *Gallathea* (ed. Bond), i. 1. 51-2:

'*Gall.* And she bound to endure that horror?

*Tyte.* And she bound to endure that horror.'

Lodge, *Wounds of Civil War*, ii. 1:

'*Scylla.* And why not general against the King of Pontus?

*Granius.* And why not general against the King of Pontus?'

*Locrine*, v. 4:

'Since mighty kings are subject to mishap.

Ay mighty kings are subject to mishap.'

Kyd, *Soliman and Perseda* (ed. Boas), iii. 2. 3-4:

'*Luc.* My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

*Per.* My friend is gone, and I am desolate.'

With the alteration of a word such echoes are too numerous for citation.

33. *loth to stand in penning*, &c.: for this use of 'stand' in the sense of 'insist on' see Nares and Halliwell and the Commentators on Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 35 and *Richard III*, iv. 2. 59.

36. *in vre*: this word, though in common use in the sixteenth century, was becoming obsolete; it is not uncommon in the writings of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors and earlier contemporaries, and is frequent in Marlowe, but it is not found, I think, in Shakespeare.

41. *whereas*: 'whereas' and 'whenas,' as simple synonyms for 'where' and 'when' (the 'as' being affixed like 'that' and 'so' to give a relative meaning to words that were originally interrogative), are

more common in Greene than in any of his contemporaries; he uses them with disagreeable frequency, presumably from the exigences of metre. After the close of the sixteenth century they become in this sense more and more uncommon.

50. *crake*: a form of the word 'crack,' on which see *N. E. D.* It here, as often, means 'brag, boast.' To the quotations given by *N. E. D.* add Peele, *Edward I*, sc. 1: 'And give such a largess that the chronicles of the land may crake with record of thy liberality.'

52. *By thick and threefold*: for this curious synonym for densely crowded, in overwhelming numbers, or in quick succession, cf. *infra*, l. 1494: 'Sending thunderbolts

By thick and threefold,'

and Nash, *Pierce Penniless* (ed. Collier), p. 7: 'If he set forth a pamphlet . . . or write a treatise of Tom Thumme or the exploits of Vntrusse, it is brought up Thicke and threefold.' Burton in *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part iii. sect. ii, speaks of it as a proverbial phrase, 'they came in (as they say) thick and threefold to see her.'

P. 81, 57. *still lazing*: cf. *infra*, l. 904: 'And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?' i.e. playing the laggard; cf. Middleton, *Trick to Catch the Old One*, iv. 5: 'Fie master Dampit, you lie lazing abed here.' See *N. E. D.*

59. *in Authors red*: as in Seneca, *Agamemnon*, 101: 'Quidquid in altum

Fortuna tulit ruitura levat.'

Possibly the reference may be to Bellay and Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, *passim*; the sentiment also assumes many forms in Spenser's *Ruines of Time*.

79. *When husbandmen sheere hogs*: that is, never, 'when two Sundays meet,' 'ad Graecas Calendas.' It was a proverb. 'Great cry and little wool, quoth the fellow when he *sheered his hogs*,' Ray (ed. Bohn), p. 179.

91. *daine to be*: cf. *supra*, l. 17. A syncopated and common form of 'disdain.' Cf. *infra*, l. 1063: 'And yet you daine to call him sonne in law,' and ll. 1272-3: 'I, which erewhile did daine for to possesse, The proudest pallace.' Cf. *Philomela*, Works, xi. 178 (Ode of Love): 'Which doth honour whom it paineth, and dishonours whom it daineth.'

P. 83, 136-7. *with Ixion . . . The rauening bird*, &c.: for Greene's false quantities, which are habitual, cf. Errato, *supra*, l. 80; Pactolus, *infra*, l. 1617; Euphrates, *Orland. Fur.* l. 40.

He has here confounded Ixion with Tityus, as Lyly too seems to confuse them: 'In-somuch that I am torne vpon the wheele with Ixion, my lyuer gnawne of the Vultures and Harpies,' *Euphues and his England* (ed. Bond), ii. p. 111.



165-6. *atchieu'd the mightie Monarch*, &c.: this is a very harsh expression, unless we are to suppose that 'monarch' stands for 'monarchy,' which is just possible; probably, however, it is a loose expression for 'had succeeded in making himself,' 'had arrived at being.' The reference is either to Caesar's triumphant return to Rome in September B.C. 47, after the battle of Pharsalia in the preceding year, or to his return after the complete destruction of the Pompeian army at Thapsus in B.C. 46. Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, sc. 1 (ed. Bullen):

'Not Caesar leading through the streets of Rome  
The captive kings of conquered nations  
Was in his princely triumphs honoured more.'

*triple world* is a very favourite phrase with the Elizabethan dramatists from *Gorboduc* downwards. It is the 'triplex mundus' of Ovid and the Latin poets. Cf. *Met.* xii. 39, 40:

'Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque  
Caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi.'

Cf. Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, iv. 4, who seems to take it not in the sense of earth, air, and water, but of Europe, Asia, and Africa, which was perhaps the sense in which the Elizabethan writers generally took it:

'I will confute those blind geographers  
That make a triple region in the world.'

In *Orlando*, i. 1. 46-7, Greene calls the world 'the triple parted Regiment That froward Saturne gaue vnto his Sonnes.' With Greene it is an epithet almost inseparable from the world, occurring at least a dozen times in his plays.

P. 84, 174 S.D. *Alphonsus make*, &c.: this is simply a stage-direction addressed, as is common, in the second person to the player taking the part. Cf. l. 331. Dyce omits it altogether, and substitutes 'As Alphonsus is about to go out, enter Albinus.'

177. *Vnles*: for 'lest,' a common form. Cf. *infra*, ll. 505-6:

'Tis best for thee to hold thy tatling tongue,  
Vnlesse I send some one to scourge thy breech,'

and ll. 1670-1:

'Beware you do not once the same gainsay,  
Vnles with death he do your rashnes pay.'

It is common with the earlier Elizabethan dramatists, but grew obsolete early in the seventeenth century.

188. *Seeke* as a disyllable can be paralleled by Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, iii. 1. 38:

'Seek me out, and that way I am wife in.'

P. 85, 205. *friend*: a disyllable, as in Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 193:

'No, sayst me so, friend? What countryman?'

and *Measure for Measure*, iii. i. 28 :

‘And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none.’

P. 86, 265. *passer*: to care for or regard, generally used with a negative, like ἀλέγειν in Greek. See Nares and Halliwell, and add to the instances given by them, *The Card of Fancie*, vol. iv. p. 164 (Grosart): ‘Thou passerst not to pervert both humane and divine laws.’ *Planetomachia*, vol. v. p. 63 (Grosart): ‘If Pasilla like, passe not if he lowre.’ I *Tamburlaine*, i. 1: ‘Ah, Menaphon, I passe not for his threats.’

P. 87, 287. *The sillie serpent*, &c.: this absurd story about the severed snake seeking a herb to enable it to reunite appears to be Greene’s invention. After a careful search through Pliny and Solinus among the ancients, and through Gesner, Topsell, and many other writers, who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries deal with natural history and pseudo-natural history, I can find no such legend.

P. 88, 310. *ouerthwart*: this word has two meanings, (1) simply opposite or over against, as here and in *Never too late*, vol. viii. p. 72 (Grosart): ‘Mine overthwart neighbour,’ so in Webster’s *Westward Ho*, v. 4, where there is the same phrase, so also in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (ed. *Ancient British Drama*, vol. ii. p. 255): ‘Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this’; but (2) it generally has the sense of opposing or contradictory. So in *Pinner of Wakefield*, l. 84: ‘Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall.’ Cf. *Orpharion*, Works, xii. p. 51: ‘I never grieved at the overthwarts of Fortune.’

P. 89, 334. *Albinus go*, &c.: see *supra*, l. 174.

P. 90. ACT ii. 364. *Neece*: the term ‘niece’ in the Elizabethan writers is used vaguely and in both genders to express general relationship. Here it means a cousin, but in *infra*, l. 939: ‘Vnto Belinus, my most friendly neece,’ some unspecified relationship. In *Orlando Furioso*, l. 665, ‘Titans Neece,’ it means daughters; in Shakespeare’s will grand-daughter; in Fletcher’s *Women Pleased*, ii. 1, aunt; in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 1, it is perfectly vague. In Middleton’s *Women beware Women*, ii. 1, it is employed in the modern sense. So ‘nephews’ is used like the Latin ‘nepotes’ to denote lineal descendants in any degree. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 5. 22, 7; ii. 10. 45, 7, &c.

365 seqq. With this passage Dyce compares the lines in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* where Gloucester stabs the dead King Henry, see last scene, and see Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VI*, v. 6. 66–7:

‘If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.’

384. *more calmer out of hand*: cf. *infra*, l. 1713: ‘Vnles he waxe more calmer out of hand.’ ‘Out of hand’ means immediately, at once; cf. *Sir Gawen and the Greene Knight*, 225: ‘Dele to me my destine

and do hit out of honde.' Cf. *James IV*, l. 1687: 'And I will seeke for rescue out of hand.' Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry VI*, iii. 2. 102: 'But gather we our forces out of hand.' It is not obsolete now, and is found in Tennyson, Trollope, and other modern writers.

P. 91, 402. *flight*: a variant spelling of 'flite,' 'flyte'=strive, contend, for which see *N. E. D.*, s.v. The word also means to scold or upbraid; and in this sense it may be taken here; see *N. E. D.*

P. 93, 491. *abraide*: an obsolete form of 'upbraid,' not to be confounded with 'abraid' in the sense of to awaken or accuse. This is the common form of 'upbraid' in the fifteenth century (see *N. E. D.*), but is very rare in this sense in Elizabethan English; cf. *True Tragedie of Richard the Third* (ed. Field), p. 22: 'Abrayde you me as traitor to your grace.'

P. 94, 506. *Vnlesse*: see note on l. 177.

512. *vilde*: this common form of 'vile' Dyce needlessly alters here and elsewhere into 'vile.' 'Vilde' frequently occurs where there can be no ambiguity. To the instances given by Nares and Halliwell add Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, ad init.:

'He lov'd a wench in June which we count vilde,  
And got the latter end of May with childe.'

and *Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4:

'I am a stranger, not the same more vild,  
And then with much belief I was beguiled.'

P. 95, 565. *Asbeston stone*: cf. *The Tritameron of Love*, vol. iii. p. 66 (Grosart): 'The pure complexion of women is most subject unto Love being quickly inflamed by the force of affection but never quenched, like to the Abeston stone which once set on fire can never be put out.' Lyly, *Sapho and Phao* (ed. Bond), iv. 3. 82, describes it: 'Mee thought going by the sea side amonge Pebels, I sawe one playing with a rounde stone . . . I asked the name, hee saide, it was called Abeston, which being once whotte would neuer be cold.' Cf. too, *Euphuies* (ed. Bond), i. p. 191, l. 32. The original authority for this fabulous stone is Solinus, *Polyhistor*. vii: 'Nec lapidem spreverimus quem Arcadia mittit: Asbestos nomen est, ferri colore, qui accensus semel, exstingui nequitur'; and cf. Gesner, *De rerum fossilium lapidum et gemmarum maxime figuris*, p. 54. I do not think it has been noticed that this treatise of Gesner, and his *De raris et admirandis herbis quae sive quod noctu luceant sive alias ob causas Lunaria appellantur* were fruitful sources of the pseudo-natural history of the Euphuists.

P. 99, 701. *to die*: in Elizabethan English the infinitive, as in Greek, is often used for the substantive. Cf. Spenser, *Ruines of Time*, 428-9:

'For not to have been dipped in Lethe's flood  
Could save the son of Thetis from to die.'

P. 100, 725. *And giue thee*: Walker would restore the ordinary

metre by reading 'The which,' which is certainly supported by the fourth line of the speech, and I therefore introduce it into the text. This passage is evidently imitated from I *Tamburlaine*, iv. 4.

734. *stomacke this my deed*: cf. *infra*, l. 1487: 'For teare Alphonsus then should stomack it.' Exactly the Latin 'stomachari' in the active sense, as in Cicero, *Att.* xiv. 21. 3: 'stomachor omnia'; and Terence, *Eunuch.* ii. 3. 32: 'Id equidem adveniens mecum stomachabar modo.' Cf. *Ralph Roister Doister*, iv. 3:

'And where ye half stomached this gentleman before  
... Ye will love him now,'

and Marlowe, *Edward II* (ed. Dyce), p. 186:

'All stomach him but none dare speak a word.'

P. 102, 791. *as earst Midas*: the allusion is to Ovid, *Met.* xi. 92 seqq. Cf. Hyginus, *Fabulae*, cxci.

798. *Alcumenæes hew*: it is curious that a scholar like Dyce should not have known that this is a perfectly classical variant of the commoner form Alcmena, but should have supposed that it was an adaptation of Greene's for the sake of metre.

799. *poore Saturne*: what Greene's authority for this legend may be I know not; he has certainly as little classical authority for it as he has for giving Tros an additional 'o' to his name. It is probably a bold invention, like so many other mythological illustrations in the Elizabethan writers. Greene is full of this pseudo-mythology.

P. 103, 837 seqq. *To Siria*: these lines are obviously imitated from Marlowe, I *Tamburlaine*, i. 1:

'Emperor of Asia and Persia;  
Great lord of Media and Armenia;  
Duke of Africa and Albania,  
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,' &c.

P. 104, 862. *Delphos*: this is the wholly unwarranted form which Delphi takes universally with our old writers; even in a scholar so scrupulous as Milton we find this solecism, *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 178.

P. 105, 897. *prancing of thy steed*: in the Elizabethan writers 'of' in signifying proximity has often the sense of 'on,' as 'on' has the sense of 'of': so *Orl. Fur.* l. 79:

'Made Thetis neuer powder on the Clifts.'

Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1. 70, 71:

'*Gru.* My master riding behind my mistress,—  
*Curt.* Both of one horse?'

And cf. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 175, and *N. E. D.*, s. vv. 'of' § 25 and 'on' § 27 for further illustrations.

904. *still lazing in this sort*: see note on l. 57.

P. 106, 922. *in vre*: see note on l. 36.

933. *Haw*: this is no doubt, as Dyce suggests, a misspelling of 'how' the old spelling of 'ho,' and so I have altered the text, not as he does to 'hah!' but to 'ho!'

P. 107, 939. *neece*: see note on l. 364.

943. *to death*: the phrase 'the death' is so common (cf. *supra*, l. 149: 'Heele die the death with honour on the field'; and again l. 476: 'Albinus swears that first heele die the death', and l. 1176: 'We shall be sure to die the death therefore'), that it is very natural to suppose that the article has dropped out, so I restore it.

P. 108, 984. *Echinus*: cf. Erasmus, *Adagia*, chil. II. cent. iv. lxxxii, commentary on 'Εχῖνος τὸν τόκον ἀναβάλλει: 'aiunt echinum terrestrem stimulata alvo remorari partum, deinde iam asperiore ac duriore facto foetu mora temporis maiore cruciatu parere'; and Topsell, *History of Four-footed Beasts*, ed. 1658, p. 218: 'When the female is to bring forth her young ones and feeleth the natural pain of her delivery she pricketh her own belly to delay and put off her misery, to her further pain, whereupon came the proverb "Echinus differt partum."'

P. 109, 1022. *Of this strange*: Dyce and Walker (*Critical Examination*, ii. 208) independently proposed to restore the metre by inserting 'so,' but I let the text stand. Greene uses 'strange' as a disyllable, *James IV*, l. 614:

'Then marke my story, and the strange doubts';  
it follows the analogy of monosyllables containing a vowel followed by 'r.' See Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 485.

P. 110, 1050. *Amazon* is a variation of Amazonia, the land of the Amazons, a country, it is needless to say, quite unknown to geographers, but described by Bartholomew Glanville, *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, lib. xv, John Trevisa's translation: 'Amazonia, Women's lond, is a countree parte in Asia, parte in Europa, and is nye unto Albania, and hath that name Amazonia of women that were the wives of men that were called Gothos.' This introduction of Amazones is a curious illustration of the fantastical character of Greene's play.

1063. *daine*: see note on l. 91.

1066. *denay*: for this not uncommon form of 'deny,' which is often employed for the sake of the rime, see *The World and the Child*, Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. i. p. 257:

'Your neighbour's good take not by no way,  
And all false witness ye must denay.'

*Tancred and Gismund* iii. 2:

'I have assayed,  
To name the man which she hath so denyed.'

So 2 *Henry VI*, i. 3. 107:

'Then let him be denyed the regentship.'

See *N. E. D.*, s. v.



1084. *eschew Caribdis lake*: a reminiscence of the famous line in Philip Gaultier's *Alexandreis*, v. 301: 'Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin.' Cf. *Carde of Fancie*, vol. iv. p. 167 (Grosart): 'In avoiding Scilla thou art faln into Charibdis.'

P. 111, 1093. *When Saturne heard*, &c.: this is a simplified version of the story told by Hesiod, *Theogonia*, 458-91.

1103. *The which Acrisius*: for this well-known story see the commentators on Horace, *Odes*, iii. 16. 1-7.

1109. *Marble stones needs*: Dyce would alter this into 'do need' to correct the metre, and actually does alter 'needs' into 'need,' to correct, as he supposes, the grammar. But the 's' in needs is simply the old inflexion of the plural, illustrations of which are so common in Elizabethan English that it is quite superfluous to cite any. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, §§ 332-3.

'Stones' is a disyllable.

1112-3. *That which the fates*: quite in accordance with the later Greek theology; cf. the saying of Pittacus quoted by Diogenes Laertius, *Life of Pittacus*, ch. iv: ἀνάγκη δ' οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται. See Aeschylus, *Prometheus*, 523-6; Euripides, *Helena*, 513-4, *Alcestis*, 965; and Cicero, *De Divinatione*, ii. 10, who thinks that it even applies to the theology of Homer.

P. 113, 1152 seqq. *Thrise ten times*, &c.: these lines are evidently parodied in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 167-9:

'Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round  
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground,  
And thirty dozen moons,' &c.

P. 114, 1189. *sithens*: this is the form most general not only with Greene but with his contemporaries, though the form 'sithence' is not unfrequent. For the history of the word see Skeat, *Etymol. Dict.*

P. 115, 1227. *prest*: prepared, or ready. Cf. *infra*, l. 1485: 'Prest at commaund of euery Scullians mouth.' *Planetomackia*: 'Promising to remain his handmaide, prest to perform what his grace could wish.' *Never too late*, vol. v. p. 127 (Grosart): 'Mine eyes are prest, To pay due homage to their native guide.' *Orpharion*, vol. xii. p. 49 (Grosart): 'Prest to execute her commands and service.' Marlowe, 2 *Tamburlaine*, v. 1: 'Thou seest us prest to give the last assault.' For the history of this word and illustrations of its use in Chaucer and Spenser see Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. ii. pp. 40-3. It is derived from the French *preste*=quick, nimble, so 'ready.'

P. 118, 1336. *Yes, too too much*: this repetition is very common in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *infra*, l. 1743: 'Reuke this sentence, which is too too bad'; *Tullies Love*, vol. vii. p. 165 (Grosart): 'She is too too unkinde'; 'Some despayring lover that had bin too too



affectionate'; Lyly, *Endimion* (ed. Bond), i. 4. 36: 'Cynthia, too too faire'; *Misfortunes of Arthur*, v. 1:

'Rome puffs us up to make us to to fierce,  
They made much of themselves, yea to to much';

*Lochrine*, v. 5:

'Ah me, my virgin hands are too too weak.'

Halliwell in *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, Part I. 39-43, contends that it is not a mere reduplication of 'too,' but a provincial word signifying 'exceeding.' It is curious to find it surviving in Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend*, Author's ed. p. 5: 'A too too smiling large man deserts his wife.'

Adjectives were sometimes repeated for the sake of emphasis. Cf. Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, viii: 'Our adverse bodie being earthly cold, cold.' So Sidney's *Arcadia* (ed. 1603), ii. p. 225: 'still still'; *Id.* p. 43: 'far, far'; *Astrophel and Stella*, sonnet cx: 'most most'; and see Furness's note on *Hamlet*, i. 2. 129:

'O! that this too too solid flesh would melt.'

P. 119, 1355. *play bob foole*: to treat me as a fool that could be gulled or cheated. See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

1369-70. *troupe*: the repetition is probably a printer's error, most likely, as Dyce suggests, for 'post.'

1379. *Vnto the Marshalsie*: these extraordinary violations of propriety are not uncommon in the Elizabethan dramatists. Thus Bridewell figures in *Lochrine*, St. Paul's Cathedral in Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War*, that is, in the times of Marius and Sulla. Thus, though the scene of Dekker's *Honest Whore* is at Milan, both Bridewell and Bethlem Hospital are introduced, as the New Exchange in the Strand is introduced in Webster's *Devil's Law Case*, i. 1, though the scene of the drama is in Italy; the Cock-pit in the *Fox*, iii. 6, though the scene is at Venice, while the Knights' Ward and the Two-penny Ward astonish us by their appearance in Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, iii. 4. In *Selimus*, 1224-5, though the scene is in the East, we have 'Go with you . . . downe Hoborne up Tiburne'; in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, iii. 1, there is a reference to the Globe Theatre, though the scene is in Augustan Rome. So Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 10. 55, refers to 'Some galled goose of Winchester.' Further illustrations are needless.

P. 121, 1433. *Turkie-(land)*: I have adopted Dyce's proposal, which has some support *infra*, l. 1442: 'Turkish land,' and in *supra*, l. 1305: 'Millaine land'; and I know no instance of 'Turkie' scanning as a trisyllable.

P. 122, 1481. *I clap vp Fortune*, &c.: cf. Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 2:

'I hold the Fates fast bound in iron cage,  
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about.'

and *Locrine*, ii. 1:

'But I will frustrate all their foolish hopes,  
And teach them that the Scythian conqueror  
Leads Fortune tied in a chain of gold.'

1485. *Prest*: see note on l. 1227.

1487. *stomack it*: see note on l. 734.

1494. *By thick and threefold*: see note on l. 52.

P. 123, 1497. *Pray loud enough*: an obvious reminiscence of Elijah's words 1 Kings xviii. 27.

P. 126, 1594. *disbase mine honour*: for this unusual form cf. Ben Jonson, *Poetaster*, ii. 1: 'Before I disbast myself from my hood and my farthingale to these linen-rowls,' &c., and again: 'Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of before I disbased myself.'

1597. *sect*: very frequently, though erroneously, used for sex by the Elizabethan dramatists. See Nares and Halliwell and the Commentators on Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 4.

1598. *But loue, sweete mouse*: for this common form of endearment see the Commentators on *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 183: 'Call you his mouse'; add to them Shirley, *Martyrd Soldier*, iii. 3:

'Is it the king's pleasure that I should mouse her?'

1609. *Nay, virgin, stay*: this passage is obviously imitated from Tamburlaine's speech to Zenocrate, 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 2, beginning 'Disdains Zenocrate to live with me,' &c.

1617. *Rich Pactolus*: see note on ll. 136-7.

1618. *from top of Tmolus Mount*: Dyce's certain correction is confirmed by the reference to Tmolus in the Epistle prefixed to *Planetomachia*, vol. v. p. 6 (Grosart): 'As well could Tmolus laugh at the homely music of Pan.'

P. 128, 1671. *Vnles*: see note on l. 177.

1679. *blasphemous*: the accent is generally, in the Elizabethan poets, on the penultimate in accordance with its derivation. So Marlowe, 2 *Tamburlaine*, ii. 1: 'And scourge their foul blasphemous paganism.' So Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 12. 34: 'And therein shut up his blasphemous tongue,' and Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, ii. 1: 'In some degree blasphemous to dispraise.' It is always so accented in Milton; cf. *P. L.* v. l. 809.

P. 129, 1713. *more calmer out of hand*: see note on l. 384.

P. 130, 1730. *needed not*: I adopt Dyce's correction 'needed,' for though 'need' may perhaps be defended as metre, the past tense must obviously be employed.

1743. *too too bad*: see note on l. 1336.

P. 132, 1830. *curioser*: with this unusual comparative cf. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 331: 'horrider'; *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 91: 'perfecter'; Chapman's (p. 36) 'the heinouslest word in the world'; so we have 'curioust'

in *Patient Grissell*, iv. 1. (Grosart ed.): 'Would slay the judgment of the curioust eye.'

P. 135, 1920. *dame Danues luckles death*. To discuss this bombast seriously would be absurd, but it may be remarked that Greene has apparently confounded Danae with Semele.

1934. *to finish vp his life*: this proves that Greene intended to write a second part to *Alphonsus*; possibly he did so and it has perished; in all probability he did not.

This use of 'up' in the sense of completely, though not uncommon elsewhere, is so frequent in Greene as to be quite a note of his phraseology; so in *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*: 'I'll hamper vp the match,' 'We'll 'twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart,' 'Taunt vs vp with such scurrility,' 'Let's haste the day to honour vp the rites,' 'To finish vp this royal feast.' And there are numerous other illustrations both in his prose as well as in his poetry.

1940. *did (vs) lately will*: Dyce restores the metre of this line by inserting 'us,' 'will' being frequently used as an active verb in the sense of desire. Cf. *supra*, l. 869: 'That which Medea to thee streight shall will.'

## A LOOKING GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND

P. 145, 2. *Venus Lemmon*: Lemman or Leman is of course Mars; 'leman' (A.S. *leóf*, dear, and *mann*, a man or woman) means a sweetheart or lover, being applicable both to the male and the female.

3. *Bash*, in the sense of being abashed at, is a favourite expression of Greene. Cf. *Tullies Love*, Works, vol. vii. p. 115 (Grosart): 'Like Diana when she basht at Actæan's presence,' and Peele, *Arr. of Paris*, iv. 1: 'Then bash not, shepherd, in so good a case.' See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

8. *attend*: the verb used for the substantive, as is common with Greene.

10. *Lycus*: many Asiatic rivers bore the name of Lycus, but none of them bounded or could bound Nineveh. Greene has evidently confounded the Lycus with the Tigris, on the left bank of which Nineveh is said to have been situated.

P. 146, 25. *rebate the strength*: see note on *Orl. Fur.* l. 87.

31. See Ovid's *Met.* iii. 341.

34. *gree* is often used with the meaning of degree. So Spenser,

*Shepherd's Calendar*, vii. 215: 'Hee is a shepheard great in gree.' So in *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 175-6:

'Ill it fits thy gree

To wrong a stranger with discourtesie';  
not to be confounded, as it sometimes is, with the still commoner word 'gree,' kindness, favour. See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

39. *haughte* is a very common form of 'haughtie,' and should certainly be read here.

49. Walker (*Critical Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, ii. p. 60) proposes to read 'That Venus wait (i.e. waited) on with a golden shower,' and Dyce appears to approve. The text is certainly obscure, but the emendation hardly mends matters.

P. 147, 73. For this *lively Trull* see *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 99-103: 'Fairer than was the Nymph of Mercurie,' &c. But who this nymph was I know not, and probably Greene did not; it seems to be one of the many instances of his pseudo-mythology: he appears to have deduced her from, or confounded her with, Clytie.

75. *she that basht the Sun-god with her eyes* was either Leucothea or Clytie. See the story of Ovid, *Met.* iii. 196 seqq. Clytie is probably meant, see *infra*. From the context it would seem that Semele was intended, but for Greene's credit it may be hoped that this was not the case.

81. *faire*: 'beauty,' as very often. See *N. E. D.* for instances.

83. *For why* = 'because,' as usual.

P. 148, 100. See note on *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 76-7.

108. *gloried Venus*: see note on *Orl. Fur.* l. 16.

109. *Lord* is here, as not uncommonly, a disyllable; there is no reason to insert, as Dyce suggests, 'thy' before 'sister.'

P. 149, 151. This is an adaptation of the second line of the famous epigram attributed by Donatus to Virgil:

'Nocte pluit tota; redeunt spectacula mane:

Diuisum imperium cum Ioue Caesar habet.'

To this line in the Quartos is prefixed *Smith*. Dyce has this note on the name: 'Written here on the margin of the prompter's copy as a memorandum that the performer of *the Smith's man* Adam, and those who played his companions, must be in readiness to appear on the stage immediately after the exit of the Angel.'

P. 150, 159. *perseuerd*: often accented on the penultimate in the Elizabethan poets. See note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 455.

184. Dyce's note is: 'The Quarto of 1602 throughout the scene, *Smith*; so the other Quartos in part of the scene, but in part of it they do not appropriate his speeches to any one. It is plain that the speaker is *the Smith's man*, Adam, by which name he is several times distinguished in the later portion of the play.'

187. This passage and the lines which follow have been restored from the Quarto of 1598, as the Quarto of 1594 is imperfect, having been torn.

P. 151, 201. *it was nose 'Autem,' &c.*: there is the same miserable pun in *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, l. 1574: 'But heres a nose that I warrant may be cald nos autem popelare for the people of the parish.' 'Glorificam,' as Dyce observes, may stand in the speech of one who afterwards (l. 1639) says 'nominus patrus.'

202. *Copper-smiths hall*. See note on *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, l. 537.

206. For *crost him ouer the thumbs*, cf. *Farewell to Follie*, Works (Grosart), ix. 285: 'Peratio taking hold of Lady Catherine's talk thought to cross Beneditto over the thumbs, and therefore made this reply.'

215. A 'cut' was a familiar appellation for a common or labouring horse, either from having the tail cut short or from being cut as a gelding. See Nares and Halliwell and the Commentators on Shakespeare's 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 1. 6: 'I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle.' It was also used as a term of reproach. So Cotgrave illustrates, 'Ie consens estre appelle Huet,' 'then call me "Cut" and spare not.' For illustrations of it in this sense, see *N. E. D.*, s.v.

P. 152, 234. *fashion* is a corruption of *farcin* (=farcy), from the French *farcin*, 'sorte de gale, de rogne qui vient aux chevaux'; it is the form which the word usually takes in the Elizabethan writers. See *N. E. D.*, s.v. *farcin*, but add that it is sometimes spelt *fazion*, as in Preface to Greene's *Farewell to Follie*: 'They themselues are such scabbed iades that they are likely to die of the *fazion*.'

P. 153, 280. *in a commoditie*. Dyce's note is: 'Goods which the prodigal took as a part of the sum he wished to borrow from the usurer, and which he was to turn into cash in the best way he was able.' It is fully explained by what Thrasibulus says afterwards, 'I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in Lute strings.' For ample illustrations of the word, which is of very frequent occurrence in the Elizabethan writers, see *N. E. D.*, s.v., and note *infra* on l. 293.

P. 154, 289. *Is the winde in that door?* This is a common expression, see *infra*, l. 634. Cf. Heywood's *Proverbs*, v: 'If the winde stand in that dore it standeth awry.' It occurs in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, (ed. Morley), p. 132: 'Ah! ah! quoth Ganimede, Is the winde in that dore?' so in Gascoigne's *Supposes*, iii. 1: 'It is even so. Is the winde in that dore?' so also in *Euphues* (ed. Bond), vol. ii. p. 91: 'If the winde be in that doore,' and in Shakespeare's 1 *Henry IV*, iii. 3. 101: 'How now, lad! is the wind in that door?'

293. With this passage may be compared the following in Lodge's



*Alarum Against Usurers*, p. 65 (ed. printed for Shakespeare Society): 'Other some deale in this sorte; they will picke out among the refuse commoditie some prettie quantitie of ware, which they will deliver out with some monie: this sum may be 40 pound, of which he will have you receive 10 pound readie money and 30 pound in Commoditie, and all this for a yeare; your bonde must be recognisaunce. Now what thinke you by all computation your Commoditie will arise unto? Truely I myself knew him that received the like and may boldly avouch this, that of that thirtie pounds commoditie there could by no broker be more made than foure nobles, the commoditie was lute strings: and was not this thinke you more than abominable usurie?' Cf. Greene's *Quippie for an Upstart Courtier*, Works, vol. ii. 244 seqq., which is a good commentary on the text here. Brown paper was a common 'commodity.' Cf. *Defence of Conny-Catching*, Greene's Works, vol. xi. p. 35: 'So that if he borrow an hundred pound he shall have fortie in silver and three score in wares, as lute-strings, hobby-horses or brown paper.' See, too, for brown paper Gascoigne's *Steele Glasse*, l. 783: 'To teach young men the trade to sell browne paper,' and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Spanish Curate*, iv. 5: 'I do bequeath you Commodities of pins, browne paper,' &c. Dyce compares Nash's *Summers Last Will and Testament*, sig. B 4: 'I knowe one spent in less than a year eyght and fifty pounds in mustard and in other that ranne in det, in the space of foure or five yeare about fourteen thousand pound in lute strings and gray paper.'

In the *Defence of Conny-Catching*, the common trick of usurers described here is illustrated.

304. *Hebrew*. Cf. *Pinner of Wakefield*, l. 558: 'Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me'; sometimes the phrase is varied by 'Greek.'

322. *counterpaine*: the corresponding part of a pair of deeds—what is now called a 'counterpart'—in legal Latin 'counterpana indenturae.' So in an Act of 1 *Henry VIII*, c. 8: 'The jurye shall receyve the counterpayne of the office . . . endented and sealed by the Eschetour.' See Gifford's note on 'give me the counterpane,' Ben Jonson, *Induction to Bartholomew Fair* (Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, ed. Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 145). It is sometimes used for a replica or copy, as in Nash, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, Works (Grosart), iii. p. 200: 'I have a letter unto his owne hand . . . this is the counterpaine of it.' See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

P. 155, 354. *sod milk*: the old preterite and past part. of 'seethe.' Cf. Gen. xxv. 29: 'Jacob sod pottage,' and Chester's *Love's Martyr*, (ed. Grosart), p. 6:

'First of the Nasewort,  
Being sod in milke it doth destroy,' &c.



and *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 23: 'Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!'

P. 157, 423. Dyce, apparently not understanding this sense of 'from,' i.e. 'away from,' suggests 'fore.' For this sense of 'from' cf. *James IV*, l. 150: 'And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge;' Lyly (ed. Bond), *Endymion*, iv. 2. 35: 'Beeing from thy Maister, what occupation wilt thou take?' and Heywood, *Golden Age*, ii. 1: 'We are from the world and the blind Goddess Fortune.'

P. 158, 453. *Say nay, and take it*. Dyce compares *Richard III*, iii. 7. 50: 'Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.' See Ray's *Proverbs* (ed. Bohn, p. 114): 'Maids say nay and take it'; it occurs in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, i. 1:

'Forget the sound of "no,"

Or else say no and take it.'

And in *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, ii. 2: 'I am like to a woman,—say nay, and take it.' Cotgrave so translates *faire de guerdon*, 'guerdon, to say nay and take it, as men say maids do.' The best commentary is in Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 2. 53:

'Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."'

P. 159, 490. A not uncommon proverb in Elizabethan writers, cf. *Tullies Love*, Works, vol. vii. p. 131: 'If Madame Terentia smile, his penny is good silver'; Sidney, *Arcadia*, ii. ch. 14: 'My penny is as good silver as another's'; *Euphues* (ed. Bond), ii. p. 94: 'There is no coyne good siluer but thy half-penny'; Gabriel Harvey (ed. Grosart), vol. i. p. 70: 'Every one highly in his own favour, thinking no mans penny so good silver as his own.'

P. 160, 503. This looks like a reminiscence of Lucretius, vi. 227-423.

P. 161, 544. *peate*: a common term of endearment in the Elizabethan writers, now 'pet'; it is supposed to be derived from the French *petite*. Cf. Lodge, *Rosalynde* (ed. Morley), p. 188:

'And God send every prettie peate

Heigh ho, the prettie peate';

Marston, *What you Will*, i. 1: 'Then must my prettie peate be fan'd and coached'; *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 78: 'A pretty peat!' Massinger twice uses the term—*The Maid of Honour*, ii. 2, and the *Citie Madam*, ii. 2. It is sometimes used to signify a fine or effeminate person, as in Marston's *Eastward Hoe*, v. 1: 'God's my life! you are a peate indeed.' It is sometimes applied in a bad sense to men, so Ben Jonson, in describing *Fallace* in the *dramatis personae* of *Every Man out of his Humour*, 'a proud mincing peate and as perverse as he is officious.' After the Elizabethan age the form became obsolete.

P. 162, 560-1. *Marke but the Prophets*, &c.: in this couplet, as Dyce notes, there is obviously some corruption. I cannot suggest any better remedy than :

‘Marke but the prophet, he that shortly shoves,  
And after death expects for many,—woes,’

i. e. he that points out and expects that woes are at hand and will come to many after death.

570. *mease* is an old form of ‘mess,’ so Levins, *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, 204, 36 (quoted by Skeat): ‘A mease of meat, ferculum.’ Cf. ‘prease.’

575. *statute lace*. It is not easy to explain exactly what statute-lace is. In the *Surtees’ Wills and Inventories*, in Mrs. Bury Palliser’s *History of Lace* (2nd ed., p. 257), we find mention, among the effects of John Johnston, merchant of Darlington, ‘loom-lace value 4s., black silk lace, statute lace,’ &c. The term no doubt has reference to the sumptuary enactments regulating the breadth of the lace which was allowed to be worn. Thus in 1579 Elizabeth gave her commandment to the Lord Chancellor and Privy Council to prevent certain excesses in apparel, and it was ordered after the 21st of Feb. in that year, ‘no person should use or weare such great and excessive ruffles in or about the uppermost part of their neckes as had not been used before two years past.’ Similar sumptuary enactments were issued in Oct. 1559 and in May 1562 (see *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series*, 1559-62). Stringent sumptuary statutes were also passed in 1574 and in 1580. See Camden’s *Hist. of Elizabeth*, Book ii. sub 1574 and 1580.

*mockado*: this was a stuff made in imitation of velvet, and so sometimes called mock velvet. See Nares and Halliwell, s.v.

P. 163, 586. *goods*. To avoid the sacred name.

614. The old proverb is ‘non sapit qui sibi non sapit’; it is one of the commonest among the Elizabethan writers. It is twice quoted in Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, pp. 19 and 114 (Morley’s ed.); Nash, *P. P. Supplic. to the Devil*, p. 17, has ‘frustra sapit qui sibi non,’ &c.

P. 164, 630. *Signior Mizaldo*. Signior Mizaldo is the principal character of the *Old Wives Tale* in the *Cobbler of Canterbury* (Reprint), pp. 70, 71, he is a fellow who has a beautiful wife and is thoroughly cajoled by one Peter and his wife. It appears to have been one of those characters which ‘caught on’; hence perhaps the reference to it here. There is a Signior Mizaldus in Marston’s *Insatiate Countess*, a name probably suggested by that of the famous French physicist Antonia Mizauld; see *Euphues* (ed. Bond), ii. p. 221, and his note. It is possible that Mizauld may here be referred to in an Italianized form as a synonym for a learned man. This would have more point than a reference to the Mizaldo of the *Cobbler of Canterbury*.

634. See note on l. 289, and for the whole of this passage see note on l. 293.

P. 165, 661. *the Case is altered*. For the origin of this phrase, which is attributed to the famous lawyer Edmund Plowden, see Ray's *Proverbs* (ed. Bohn, p. 147). It was commonly quoted with the words 'quoth Plowden' (or Ployden) till, losing its association, it passed into a common phrase. So Heywood, *If you know not me, &c.* (Works, ed. Pearson, i. 332): 'See here's my bill. . . . Friend, Ployden's proverb, the case is altered.'

681. *geere*: or 'gear.' This is a favourite word with the Elizabethan writers, and is used by them, generally very loosely, to mean 'doings' or 'matter.' See *N. E. D.*, s.v., for the degradation of the word from its original meaning, 'equipment.' So in Nash, Epistle Dedicatory to *Strange Newes*, Works (Grosart), ii. 179, but it is very common: 'I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred and have a bout with him with two staves and a pike for this geare.' See Variorum Commentators on 2 *Henry VI*, iii. 1. 91, and *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 1. 6. In this loose sense it is of frequent use in Shakespeare.

684. *I hold my cap to a noble* (the gold coin so called). Dyce compares the title-page of the *Second Part of Conny-Catching*, 'Which if you reade, without laughing, Ile giue you my cap for a noble.'

P. 168, 770. *no more by the statute*. I can find no statute with this provision before that of 1 James I, which enacts 'that no inn keeper shall utter or sell less than one full ale quart of the best beer or ale for a penny or the small two quarts for one penny,' given in Ferdinando Pulten's *Kalendar* (1606) p. 116. But in 'The Assize of Bread, whereunto are added sundrie other good ordinancies for Bakers, Brewers, Inholders, Vintners, &c.,' issued by the Privy Council in 1592, it is recited that inn-holders 'shall retail their ale and beer being after the rate of four pence the gallon,' which probably confirms a Proclamation issued by the Lord Mayor in 1557 regulating the assize of ale and beer. A copy of the first is in the Guildhall Library, the second, though entered in the Stationers' Registers, does not seem to have been printed. That a penny was the ordinary price for a pot at the end of Henry VIII's reign is clear from the poem *Docteur Double Ale* (printed in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 309):

'Good ale he doth so haunt  
And drynke a due taunt,  
That ale wives make their vaunt  
Of many a peny rounde.'

And in *Skelton's Ghost* we find a reference to tapsters, inn-keepers who

'Scant measure will draw  
In pot and in canne  
To cozen a man  
Of his full quart a penie.'

780. *Razes* is often spelt 'razes,' and sometimes 'rases,' from the Lat. *radix*, through O. F. *rais* or *raiz* and Spanish *raiz*; it is usually employed as in this passage. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 1. 26: 'I have ... two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross,' and *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, i. 2: 'Alice Downing hath sent you a nut-meg and Bess Makewater a rase of ginger.'

784. *huffcap*. This word has three meanings in Elizabethan writers: (1) strong, heady ale such as makes men set their caps in a huffing manner, as here and in Nash, *Lenten Stuffe*, Works (Grosart), v. p. 366: 'In what towne there is the signe of the three mariners, the huff-cappesst drink in that house you shall be sure of.' So Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*, Turnbull's reprint, p. 173: 'When this nippitatum, this huffe cap as they call it, this nectar of life shall be set abroad'; (2) it is used for a roisterer or swaggerer; and (3) as an adjective, 'swaggering' or 'blustering,' as in Marston, *What you Will*, iii. 1: 'A huff cap swaggering air.'

P. 171, 886. For *Sendall* see note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 1443.

*Sussapine* must be some corruption. I have with the kind assistance of Mr. Kenrick of the South Kensington Museum consulted every accessible authority on fabrics and their materials and can find nothing resembling this name. We must therefore resort to conjecture. I think it likely that it is a corruption of 'gossampine' (see *infra*, l. 1377), for which the Bodleian Quarto reads 'cassampine,' showing how puzzled the compositor was. It is Pliny's *gossypinus*, cotton-tree: 'arbores vocant gossypinos,' *Nat. Hist.* xii. 21. It was also called 'gossipion,' *Nat. Hist.* xix. 2, and was a soft white material out of which the vests of the Egyptian priests were woven; the variation seems to show that the 'n' is intrusive; so from 'gossipion' might easily come 'gossipine,' and from this the corruption 'sussapine.' Possibly it is for 'sarracine,' a variation of 'sarcenet.' Cf. Du Cange, s.v. *Saracenum*. 'Saracenum dici videtur quod Saracenis mulieribus solitum erat caput velamento operire, ut testatur le Roman de la Rose

"Mes ne queuvre pas le visage  
Qu'il ne veut pas tenir l'usage  
Des Sarasins, qui d'estamines  
Cuevrent le vis as Sarrasines  
Quant il trespasent par la voie &c."

See, too, Godefroy, s.v. That sarcenet was the favourite among luxurious fabrics in the Elizabethan age we have abundant testimony. See Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*, *passim*.

P. 174, 957. Here and elsewhere *Tharsus* should be Tarshish, but so Greene chose to write it: he does the same in *Never too late*, Works (Grosart), viii. p. 25: 'Minerals of Egypt, waters from Tharsus.'

958 *unfret . . . browes*: this is a very graphic expression; it means 'to clear his forehead of its frown': the frown being compared to an embossed ornament, or possibly to a frontlet. Cf. Shakespeare, *Lear*, i. 4. 209: 'How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.'

961. *on the pike* means on the hooks.

P. 175, 991. For *prest* see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 1227.

997. Mr. J. C. Smith conjectures 'go on in peace,' which if a colon or full stop be placed after 'peace' and the comma removed after 'now' makes good sense.

P. 176, 1041. *che trow, cha taught*, &c.: as Dyce observes, it is difficult to see why this touch of rustic dialect is suddenly introduced; but it is introduced suddenly in the same way in Peele's *Arraignement of Paris*, i. 1. The employment of this dialect in Elizabethan drama is not uncommon. See Hodge's speech in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, i. 2; Corin's speeches *passim* in *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, and John and Rapax in *Promos and Cassandra*, iii. 2; the Devonshire clothier Oliver in *The London Prodigal*, ii. 4, iii. 3, and the clown Oliver in *Locrine*, iii. 3. Edgar affects it in *Lear*, iv. 6. The forms are contractions of *Ich*, with the verb; so *cham* = I am, *chill* = I will, *chell* = I shall, *chud* = I would, or should, *chave* = I have. We also find the illegitimate forms *cha* and *che* meaning I. It is the Somerset, Devon, and South Country dialect.

P. 177, 1060. *plundges*: straits or difficulties. This meaning is deduced directly from casting or falling into water: so in *Euphues his Censure*, &c., Greene's Works (Grosart), vi. 203: 'Nestor . . . as willing to put the Troian to the plunge.' It is used in this sense as late as Addison, *Cato*, iii. 1:

'Wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm

To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrow?'

So 'plungde' or 'plunged' means distressed, or driven into straits, see *infra*, l. 2079: 'I with burning heate am plungde,' and Nash, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, sig. O 2 (quoted by Dyce): 'So did he by that Philistine poem *Parthenophell and Parthenope*, which to compare worse than itself would plunge all the wits of France, Spain or Italy.'

1064. For *callet* see note on *James IV*, l. 1690.

P. 180, 1186. *Satrapos*: this should of course be 'Satrapes.' Greene employed the word at random, supposing it was a proper name, not a title.

P. 182, 1242. *ostry fagot*: 'ostry' or 'hostry faggot' is a faggot in a



hostelry, i.e. a fire laid in an inn which, when once set alight, the guests take care to keep alight. Dyce quotes *A Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, sig. E 3: 'You cannot be content to pinch with your small pots and your ostry-faggots.' Cf. Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (Works, ii. 242): 'I saw no more conscience in most of your rich men than in Taverne faggots.' So in *Defence of Conny-Catching*, Greene's Works (Grosart), x. 68, speaking of the expenses of ale wives, those of 'ostrey faggots, faire chamberings' &c., are mentioned: 'faggots' was the ordinary term for a fire, as in Heywood's *Captives* (ed. Bullen, ii. 1): 'Some faggots instantly, hot brothes, hot water,' &c.

1243. *the bird Crocodile* is of course ignorant nonsense, like Bottom's 'wild-fowl' for a lion.

1252. *borachio*. This is a favourite word with our old writers. It is from the Spanish *borracha*, properly a leathern bag or bottle for wine. 'The Spanish borachoe [sic] or bottle commonly of pigges skinne with the hair inward, dressed inwardly with razen or pitch to keepe wine or liquor sweete. French borâche' (Minsheu, *Guide into the Tongues*, s.v.). So *borrachera*, drunkenness, and *borracho*, drunk or intoxicated. *Borachio* (the 'i' is improperly inserted) generally means a drunkard, a receptacle for wine, cf. *infra*, l. 1759: 'These Borachios of the richest wine.' So Middleton, *Spanish Gipsy*, i. 1: 'I am no borachio: sack, malaga nor canary breeds the calenture in my brains.' It is a very common term; see *N. E. D.*, s.v.

P. 183, 1282. *White* was a favourite colour, and so passed into a term of endearment or affection. It is very commonly employed in this sense by the Elizabethan writers, and during the seventeenth century. Dyce quotes the name of a tract published in 1644, '*The Devil's White Boyes*, a mixture of malicious malignants with the evil practises,' &c., and Warton (*History of English Poetry*, ed. 1824, iv. 394) says that Dr. Busby used to call his favourite scholars his 'White Boys.' To the illustrations given by Dyce and Nares add *Yorkshire Tragedy*, i. 4: 'O what wilt thou do, father? I am your white boy'; Middleton's *Women beware Women*, iii. 1:

'The miller's daughter brings forth as *white* boys

As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-flower.'

It was also used in the sense of brave or stout, like 'tall.'

No doubt the association of this colour with purity, good luck, and the mark at which arrows were aimed accounts for its having this meaning. Cf. Variorum Commentators on Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2. 186, and add Middleton, *No Wit like a Woman's*, ii. 1: 'I'll cleave the black pin in the midst o' the white'; *Mamillia*, Greene's Works (Grosart), ii. 63: 'When the string is broken it is hard to hit the white.'

P. 184, 1298. Dyce appositely quotes Cowell's *Law Dictionary*, s.v.



Parol: 'Lease, parol, that is, Lease per Parol: a lease by word of mouth, to distinguish it from a Lease in writing.'

P. 185, 1325. *hurling*: for 'hurling' in this rare sense of rushing violently, cf. Copland's *Hye Way to the Spyttell House*, p. 17: 'The sharpe north wynde hurled bytterly.' See *N. E. D.*, s.v. 'hurtle.'

1327. *To scantle*, which is more common as an intransitive verb, is to lessen or draw in. Cf. Drayton, *Noah's Flood*, 405: 'The soaring kite there scantled his large wings.'

1327-45. In *England's Parnassus* these lines inclusive are assigned to Lodge.

1328. *A drabblor* was 'an additional piece of canvas, laced to the bottom of the bonnet of a sail, to give it greater depth' (*N. E. D.*). Cf. Heywood, *Fortune by Land and Sea* (Works, vi. 416, Pearson ed.): 'Lace your drabblers on.' *N. E. D.* quotes Motteaux, *Rabelais*, iv. 63: 'To our sails we had added drabblers.'

1339. *Bisas*. This is merely a Latinized form of *bise*, the north wind. Cotgrave defines *Bise traverse*, a north wind or north-east wind. See *N. E. D.*, s.v., and cf. *Roman de Renart*, 13648:

'Après grant joie vient grant ire  
Et après Noel vent bise.'

Dyce quotes *Havelok the Dane* (ed. Madden), v. 724:

'That it me began a winde to rise  
Out of the North, men calleth bise.'

P. 186, 1377. *gossampine* is plainly the right reading, though Dyce prints 'Gassampin.' I can add nothing to his note, which no doubt gives the right interpretation: 'In Cotgrave's *Dictionary* I find "Gossampine. The bumbast or cotton bush, the plant that bears cotton or bumbast."' Florio, in his *World of Words*, s.v. Gossampino, has 'a tree whereone grows store of good bombace or cotton,' and *gossppone* he defines as 'Cotton growing on Gossampino.' It is plainly then a species of cotton. See also *N. E. D.*, and cf. note *supra*, l. 886.

P. 187, 1407. *humble stresse*. Dyce suggests 'stretch'; Grosart 'simple stretche.' But the error lies in the comma after 'chappes,' which should be omitted. 'Humble' is thus the antithesis to 'proud.' 'The proud leviathan, which scares the fishes, humbly strains its jaws to give harbour to Jonas.'

1423. *prease*: a common form of 'press.'

P. 189, 1473. Walker, in his *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, proposes to read 'Fairest thou,' which is certainly an improvement, but as all the Quartos read 'Fairer' I do not alter.

P. 190, 1490. *Pheere*. This word is spelt in various ways, 'fere,' 'feere,' 'pheare,' 'pheer,' 'pheere,' and is derived from the A. S. *gefēra*, a companion or associate. It is employed in various significations

by our old writers from Chaucer to about the middle of the seventeenth century: (1) For a husband, *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4:

‘Christabel your daughter free  
When shall she have a fere?’

and so in Shakespeare’s *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 1. 89:

‘The woeful fere

... of that chaste dishonour’d dame.’

(2) For a wife, Ben Jonson, *Silent Woman*, ii. 3: ‘Her that I mean to choose for my bed-pheere.’ So Greene in his *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 95): ‘her espoused pheere’; and Spenser frequently. (3) Commonly for a lover or paramour, as *The Anatomie of Fortune*, Greene’s Works, (Grosart) iii. 197: ‘Is there none worthy to be thy fere but Arbasto?’ (4) For a companion, as in the text and often. (5) For an equal. See *N. E. D.*, s.v. ‘fere.’

1505. *axier*: for ‘axis.’ *N. E. D.* suggests that this is an error for ‘axis’ or ‘axtre’ = axletree.

P. 192, 1543. *addittes*: for Latin *adyta*, the innermost secret part or sanctuary of a temple.

P. 193, 1573. *traines*: artifices or alluring stratagems.

1585. Cf. the old proverb, *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, v. 2. 18: ‘A light heart lives long.’

P. 194, 1616. *Ale*: for ‘ale-house.’ Nares and Halliwell quote *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 1: ‘O, Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the ale there,’ and might have added Ascham, *Toxophilus*, Works (ed. Giles), vol. ii. p. 13: ‘Have better barnes in their harvest than they which make ... merry with their neighbours at the ale.’ So, too, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 5. 56:

‘Launce. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, ...

*Speed*. Why?

*Launce*. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian.’

Generally, as Dyce notes, in our early writers, ‘the ale’ means a festival where much ale was drunk. See Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*, 4to ed. vol. i. p. 329, quoted by Nares and Halliwell, ‘There were bride ales, church ales, clerk ales, give ales, lamb ales, leet ales, Midsummer ales, Scot ales, Whitsun ales, and several more.’ See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

P. 195, 1661. A *horn thumb* was an instrument used by pick-pockets in the form of a case or thimble of horn put on the thumb to resist the edge of their knife in the act of cutting purses. See for illustrations Gifford’s note on ‘a child of the horn thumb,’ Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*, ii. 1, and *N. E. D.*, s.v. ‘horne.’ Gifford quotes *King Cambyeses*, ‘Frequent your exercises: a horne on your

thumbe, A quick eye, a sharp knife,' &c.; and *Moral Dialogue* by W. Bulleyn, 'We also give for our arms . . . a left hand with a horne upon the thumbe and a knife in the hand.'

P. 196, 1688. *tril-lill*. See note on *James IV*, ll. 1134-5.

P. 197, 1729. *powle*: a common form of 'poll,' to shave or cut, so to pillage or plunder. See Nares and Halliwell and the Commentators on *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 215: 'He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.' Cf. *James IV*, l. 2056: 'They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone.'

P. 198, 1759. For *Borachios* see note on l. 1252.

P. 199, 1763. *That feeding on the beautie*, &c. With this grotesque remark cf. *Mourning Garment*, Greene's Works (Grosart), ix. 166: 'Though he were passing hungry with long trauaile, yet had fed his eyes with beauty as well as he did his stomake with delicates.'

1768. *skinck*: for the history of the derivation of this word see Skeat under *Nunchion*. It is immediately from the M.E. *schenchen*, to pour out liquor. Now quite obsolete except in Scotland, see Jamieson, s.v.; it is very common in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *infra*, l. 1866: 'Villaines, why skinck you not vnto this fellow.' Cf. also Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, i. 1: 'Give us drink, And do not slink, but skink, or else you slink.' For other illustrations see Nares and Halliwell.

'Skinck' is sometimes used for the liquor itself. See Marston, *Sophonisba*, v. 2: 'O Jove thy nectar skinke.' So 'skinker,' a tapster, as *infra*, l. 1781. Here it means to draw off wine from the cask into bowls.

P. 201, 1850. For *fustian fumes* cf. Greene's *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 101): 'In a hot fustian fume he vttered these words.'

P. 203, 1901-2. 'Samaria' is the almost certain conjecture of Mr. J. C. Smith for the absolutely unintelligible 'Lamana' of the Quartos, and he supports his conjecture by noting how fond Greene is of alliterating words in the first and second halves of his lines by the frequent confusion of 'L' for 'S' as *infra*, l. 2230, and by various citations from Hosea (vii. 1, viii. 5, viii. 6, x. 7) shows that Samaria was as a city a type of wickedness ripe for punishment. He cites also Ezekiel xxiii. 33: 'with the cup of thy sister Samaria.' Mr. Deighton, *Conjectural Readings*, p. 183, observing that in Genesis x. 19, xiv. 2, 8, and Deuteronomy xxix. 23, Admah or Adama is associated with Sodom and Gomorrha, proposes to read 'El Adama.'

P. 204, 1949. This passage seems like a reminiscence of Faust's speech in Marlowe's *Faust*:

'Mountains and hills come come and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.'

See Faust's speech in the last scene of *Doctor Faustus*. The germ of it is to be found in Lodge's *Alarum Against Usurers*, Laing's ed. p. 79:

'In that day the horreur of your conscience shall condemn you. Sathan whom you have served shall accuse you, the poore afflicted members of Christ shall beare witness against you, so that in this horreur and confusion you shall desire the mountaines to fall on you, and the hills to cover you from the fearful indignation of the Lord of Hostes and the dreadful condemnation of the Lambe Jesus . . . the Lord shall place you among the goates and pronounce his Ve against you : he shall thunder out this sentence, " Goe you cursed unto everlasting fire."'

P. 205, 1966. *stale*: a decoy (A.S. *stalu*, M.E. *stale*, theft). For illustrations and for the various senses in which the word is used see Nares and Halliwell. It is a favourite word with Greene.

P. 207, 2030. Mr. Deighton, *Conjectural Readings*, p. 183, proposes to read 'sore sorie.'

P. 208, 2072. Dyce needlessly alters 'naughts' to 'naught.' Cf. *Frier Bacon*, l. 27: 'Come to buy needlesse noughts to make vs fine.'

2076. See note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 555.

2079. *plungde*: see note on l. 1060 *supra*.

P. 210, 2122. *read-herings cob*. This is the reading of the Quartos, but Dyce reads 'herring cob,' which he explains as a small or young red herring, quoting Coles' *Dictionary*, where it is defined as 'halec parva,' but Sherwood, quoted by *N. E. D.*, defines 'la teste d'un harang sor,' and this is borne out by Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 3, where Cob says, 'The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen do I fetch my pedigree from. His Cob was my great great mighty great grandfather,' and by Nash, *Lenten Stuffe*, 51: 'Not a scrap . . . but the cobs of the two herrings which the fisherman had eaten remained of him'; and in his note connects 'Cob' with 'kop,' the head. So Dekker, *Honest Whore*, sec. part (vol. ii. p. 147, ed. Pearson): 'He can come hither with four white herrings at his tail . . . but I may starve ere he give me so much as a cob,' i.e. a head of one of them. So Haughton in *Englishmen for my Money*, i. 2: 'And look like nothing but red-herring cobs and stockfish.' Cf. *Promos and Cassandra*, quoted by Nares and Halliwell, s.v.:

'Butchers—may perchance

Be glad and fayne, and heryng cobs to dance.'

Undoubtedly then the phrase properly means the heads of herrings; but it may, as Dyce suggests, have come to be synonymous with the fish itself. The reference to Lent is obvious.

2132. *manchet*: a fine white bread. Cf. Harrison's *Description of England* in Holinshed, ii. 6: 'Of breade made of wheat we have sundrie sorts daillie brought to the table, whereof the first and most excellent is the mainchet, which we commonly call white bread'; and cf. *Microcynica*, Sat. iii: 'The butler's placing of his manchets

white'; and *Euphues* (ed. Bond, i. p. 256): 'Take cleere water for stronge wine, browne bread for fine manchets.' So Middleton, *Mich. Term.*, ii. 3: 'A cast of manchets for two fine rolls.'

P. 213, 2230. *Lepher* is unintelligible. Dyce suggests 'Sepher,' which the Vulgate gives in Numbers xxxiii. 23-24 for the Shapher of our authorized version; that these places are described as mountains while the original speaks of 'plains' is not of much consequence in such loose geographers as the authors of this play.

P. 214, 2261. *Actean plaines*. Herodotus gives the name of 'Acte' to Asia Minor in contradistinction to the rest of Asia (see *Hist.* iv. 38), and also to Africa itself as jutting out from Asia (*Hist.* iv. 41). But it was more specifically applied to the most easterly of the three promontories jutting out from Chalcidice in Macedonia: the word 'Acte' (Gr. ἀκτὴ) simply signified a piece of land running into the sea, so that the Actean plains of the text cannot be very definitely identified.

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3. *Taprobany*: the classical and Italian name commonly employed by the Elizabethan writers for Ceylon. Greene makes it the scene of his *Alcida*, where he describes it as 'an island situated far south vnder the pole Antarticke, where Canopus the faire starre gladdeth the hearts of the inhabitants.'

7. *Imblasde his trophees*. The passage to which Greene is here plainly referring is Strabo, *Geographica*, iii. 5, where in an elaborate dissertation on the Pillars of Hercules Strabo says, referring to the different theories as to what they really were and their site, οἱ δὲ τὰς ἐν τῷ Ἡρακλείῳ τῷ ἐν Γαδείροις χαλκᾶς ὀκταπήχεις, ἐν αἷς ἀναγέγραπται τὸ ἀνάλωμα τῆς κατασκευῆς τοῦ ἱεροῦ, ταύτας λέγεσθαι φασιν, i. e. others say that they are the pillars of brass eight cubits high in the temple of Hercules at Gades, on which is inscribed the cost of erecting that edifice. That the inscriptions were those of Hercules himself recording his triumphs appears to be either Greene's invention or some modern tradition based on a misunderstanding or misapplication of this passage in Strabo. With this passage cf. Cyril Tournear, *Atheist's Tragedy*, iii. 1:

'So that on

These two Herculean pillars where their arms

Are plac'd there may be writ *non ultra*.'

15. *Censure*: judgement, as often in Elizabethan English.

16. *glories*. For this somewhat uncommon meaning of the word, i. e. to make glorious, cf. *A Looking Glasse for London and England*, l. 108:

'The troop

That gloried Venus';

and see *N. E. D.*, s.v.



19. *Horyzon*. The penultimate is shortened almost always in Elizabethan writers as coming from the French and Italian, not from the Greek, as in 3 *Henry VI*, iv. 7. 81: 'Above the border of this horizon'; so in *Edward III*, v. 1: 'Within the compass of the horizon.' Cf. too Brome, *To the Memory of Dr. Hearne*, 'Fights with old Aries for his horizon.' In the Elizabethan poets I have only noticed it long in two places, *Albumazar*, i. 7: 'Mounted the horizon in the sign of Aries,' and *Look about You*, xxxiii: 'Through his horizon darting all his beams.'

24. *manth*: 'to man' in this sense is a term in falconry, and means to accustom to man, so to tame or make tractable. Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1. 196: 'Another way I have to man my haggard,' and Massinger, *Guardian*, i. 2: 'A cast of haggard falcons by me mann'd.' So in *Euphues* (ed. Bond, ii. p. 139): 'Hawkes that waxe haggard by manning are to be cast off,' and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Maid of the Mill*, iii. 3: 'If you had play'd your part, Sir, and handled her as men do unmann'd hawks.'

32. *Inchasing on their Curats*: cuirasses; the word is commonly found in three forms, 'curats,' 'curat,' 'curate,' sometimes 'curiet' and 'curets.' See *N. E. D.*, s.v.

40. *Gyhon and swift Euphrates*. The Elizabethan writers always, I think, make the penultimate short. See Walker on *Shakespeare's Versification*, xxv. Cf. with this passage *Mourning Garment*, Greene's Works (Grosart), ix. 127: 'In the city of Callipolis seated in the land of Aulath compassed with Gihon and Euphrates, two riuers that flow from Eden there sometimes dwelt,' &c., and cf. *Frier Bacon*, l. 2092:

'That wealthy Ile,

Circled with Gihen, and swift Euphrates.'

46-7. *the triple parted Regiment That . . . Saturne gaue, &c.*: this is pseudo-mythology. Zeus divided the three realms between himself, Poseidon and Hades, Hesiod, *Theog.* 885. 'Regiment,' a very favourite word with the Elizabethan dramatists, has three meanings: (1) a realm or kingdom as here and in *Alphonsus*, iii. 2. 969: 'Approach not nigh vnto my regiment'; (2) rule or prerogative of ruling, Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, ii. 7: 'Warring within our breasts for regiment'; (3) in the modern sense a regiment or troop of soldiers, *Match at Midnight*, ii. 1: 'Under what colonel, in what regiment'; so too in *Bonduca*, ii. 1: 'Run through the regiment upon your duties.'

48. *Statues*: Dyce's certain correction for 'statutes'; the words are habitually confounded in the Elizabethan Quartos.

56. *Hesperides*. This blunder of confounding the Hesperides variously described by classical writers as the daughters of Erebus, of Phorcys, of Atlas, of Hesperus, and of Zeus and the guardians of the golden apples with the gardens themselves, is habitual with Elizabethan



writers, as Dyce notes. See Greene again in *Frier Bacon*, l. 1168, and twice in *Perimedes*, Works (Grosart), vii. 61: 'Resembling the fruit in the garden Hesperides'; Gabriel Harvey in *Pierce's Supererogation*, ed. 1593, p. 167: 'The occidental islands of the Ocean called Hesperides'; Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 341: 'Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.'

Dr. Ward, in a note on *Frier Bacon*, ix. 82, says that Dionysius the Geographer identified these islands with the Cassiterides: but Dionysius identifies them with the Fortunatae Insulae, the Canary Islands:

Γοργάδας οἱ πρότεροι καλέσαντό μιν Ἑσπερίδας τε  
Ἑξείης Καναρίαδες νησίδες ἔασι. *Periegesis*, 1300-1.

58. According to Hesiod, *Theog.* 1014, and the other classical authorities, Circe was the mother of Telegonus, but according to some traditions Calypso was his mother.

59. *tread a daintie step*: cf. Greene's *Disputation between a Hee and Shee Conny-Catcher*, Works (Grosart), x. 203: 'How is it, sweete wench, goes the world on wheeles that you tread so daintily on your typtoes?' and cf. Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses*, ed. Furnivall, p. 78: 'Their gingerlynes in tripping on toes like young goats.'

67. *Volga*: the reading of the Quartos (Voya) must be a misprint for 'Volga'; cf. Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 2: 'Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,' and Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins of London*: 'Volga that hath fifty streams falling one into another' (Non-Dramatic Works, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 97). And cf. *Never too late*, Works (Grosart), viii. 45: 'The Volga (it is misprinted Volgo) a bright streame but without fish.' So in *Orpharion* (Works, xii. 34): 'The swift running Volga (again misprinted) that leadeth into Persia.' These four lines, as Dyce notes, occur nearly verbatim towards the end of Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, ll. 885-8:

'For thy sweet sake I have crossed the frozen Rhine:  
Leaving fair Po I sailed up Danuby  
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams  
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russians.'

71. *Pirothous for his Proserpine*: Greene has evidently confounded Proserpine with Hippodameia.

76-7. *the Margarets That Caesar found*. The allusion apparently is to Suetonius, *Life of Caesar*, cap. 47: 'Multi prodiderunt. . . Britanniam petisse spe margaritarum, quarum amplitudinem conferentem, interdum sua manu exegisse pondus.' Neither Tacitus nor Pliny speaks favourably of the pearls of Britain, 'Gignit et Oceanus margarita, sed subfusca ac liventia,' *Agric.* xii; 'In Britannia parvos atque decolores (uniones) nasci certum est,' *Nat. Hist.* ix. 35. See too Ammianus Marcellinus, i. 23. With this passage cf. one in *Tullies*

*Love*, Works (Grosart), vii. pp. 145-6: 'Among many curious pearls I found out one orient margarite richer than those which Caesar brought from the western shores of Europe.' The epithet 'orient' is almost inseparable from pearls in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, i. 2: 'The orient heiress, The Margarita, Sir.'

79. *prouder on the Clifts*: 'on' and 'of' are commonly interchanged in the Quartos, thus in *Alphonsus*, l. 897 (see the note), we find 'As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed.' The meaning of this rhodomontade is plainly: The sands of Tagus never made Thetis prouder of the cliffs that overhang that shore, than the rubbish of any country seas make her proud—the contrast being between 'sands of Tagus' and 'rubbish.' See the passage closing the play: 'So rich shall be the rubbish of our barkes,' l. 1456.

82. *what I dare, let say the Portingale*: 'Portingale' is a common form for Portuguese, both as an adjective and as a substantive.

P. 226, 86. *Caruels and Magars*. 'Calvars,' the reading of the Quartos, is a corruption for 'carvels,' 'carviles,' or 'carveils'; see note on *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, l. 1344. On 'Magars' I can throw only the uncertain light of conjecture. Elizabethan literature abounds with particulars about ships, boats, and sea gear generally, but I have searched in vain for this word, or any word of which it is a likely corruption; Godefroy in his Dictionary has 'Margarie, Magari,' which he defines as 'amiral, chef d'une flotte.' See his quotations from *Mort du Roi Gormond*. Possibly then 'magar' may be a ship or fleet commanded by a magari.

87. *rebated*: exactly the French *rebattre*. See *infra*, ll. 883-4:

'The citie of great Babilon

Where proud Darius was rebated from.'

Cf. *A Looking Glasse*, ll. 24-5: 'Great Iewries God . . . Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought'; *Edward III*, i. 1: 'Striving to rebate a tyrant's pride.' Shakespeare uses it in the sense of to make obtuse or dull, *Measure for Measure*, i. 4. 60: 'Rebate and blunt his natural edge.'

99. *the Nimph of Mercurie, &c.*: from Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, canto xv. st. lvii.:

'Mercurio al fabbro poi la rete invola,

Che Cloride pigliar con essa vuole,

Cloride bella che per l' aria vola

Dietro all' Aurora all' apparir del sole, &c.'

Greene is fond of this allusion; he has introduced it three times, cf. *infra*, 303-4: 'Fairer than Chloris when in al her pride,' &c.; *A Looking Glasse*, l. 73: 'The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt.'

102. The words *and sprinkles* must be corrupt. Dyce notes that in *England's Parnassus* the passage is quoted with the variation 'and

sprinkling,' and that a critic in the *Retrospective Review* silently prints 'Doth sprinkle.' I had conjectured 'Besprinkles,' this being suggested by a line in *Alphonsus*, ii. 1. 435: 'Which made the blood besprinkle all the place.' Mr. Deighton, I find, has made the same conjecture, *Conjectural Readings*, p. 181.

109. *hoysed*: 'hoise' is the original verb from which the common 'hoist' is a corruption. See *N. E. D.*, s.v. Cf. *Battle of Alcazar*, iii. 3: 'And hoiseth up his sails'; *Misfortunes of Arthur*, v. 1: 'She hoyseth up to hurle the deeper downe'; Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, ii. 2: 'Onelie my head is hoised to high rate.'

111. *Anthropagei*: see the notes of the Commentators on Shakespeare's *Othello*, i. 3. 144, and add *Selimus*, ll. 1547-50, and *Locrine*, iii. 5:

'More bloodie than the Anthropophagi,

That fill their hungrie stomachs with man's flesh.'

See too Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 2, and Solinus, *Polyhist.* xv.

P. 227, 122. *Suspition*. For this curious use of 'suspicion' in the sense of fame or reputation, i. e. that which creates suspicion or envy, cf. Spenser's *Sonnet to Gabriel Harvey*:

'And as one careless of suspicion

Ne fawnest for the favour of the great.'

123. *trustie sword Durandell*: 'sword' is here a disyllable, as often. 'Durindane,' according to Ariosto, was the name of Orlando's sword, *Orlando Furioso*, canto ix. st. iii. and *passim*. In the *Orlando Innamorato* it is 'Durlinda.' 'Durandell' seems to have been used as a general term for a sword, like Morglay the sword of Sir Bevis of Southampton; see Nares and Halliwell, s.v. So Beaumont and Fletcher, *Lover's Progress*, iii. 3:

'Up I rose,

Took Durindana in my hand, and like

Orlando issued forth.'

138. *like of whom*, &c. The insertion of 'of' with 'like' and 'dislike' is very common in Elizabethan English; cf. Nash, *Pierce Penn. Suppl. to the Devil*, Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 74: 'How likest thou of my tale'; *Span. Trag.* ii. 1: 'How likes Prince Balthazar of this stratagem'; *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 2: 'How doth your honour like of this device'; Greene's *Orpharion*, Works (Grosart), xx. 64: 'I dislike of her disdainful crueltie.'

156. *bastard brat of Mars*: cf. *Alcida*, Greene's Works (Grosart), ix. 53: 'I disdain to call thee (Venus) Goddess there and the bastard brat thy son.' The lineage and parentage of Cupid are sufficiently doubtful, but as, according to Simonides (see Commentators on Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 23), he was the son of Mars and Venus, Greene has justification for his description of him. In *Tancred and Gismund*, i. 1, he describes himself as 'a brat, a bastard and an idle boy.'

P. 228, 165. *braue...with disgrace*: threaten, menace; see *N. E. D.*, s. v.; rare in this sense but very common in the sense of 'defy.'

167. *Giglot*: 'a lewd, wanton woman' (*N. E. D.*, which see).

168. *That left her Lord, prince Menelaus*: here and in line 227, and not uncommonly, Menelaus is a trisyllable; cf. Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus* (ed. Dyce), p. 99: 'And I will combat with weak Menelaus'; *Dido Queen of Carthage* (Dyce's Marlowe, p. 259): 'And so was reconciled to Menelaus'; and 3 *Henry VI*, ii. 2. 147: 'Although thy husband may be Menelaus.'

175. *fits thy gree*: see note on *A Looking Glasse*, l. 34.

179. *a Supersedeas*. 'A supersedeas is a writ in divers cases, and signifies in general a command to stay or forbear the doing of that which ought not to be done or in appearance of law were to be done, were it not forthat whereon the writ is granted,' Cowel's *Interpreter*, s.v. The metaphor is obvious. It is of frequent occurrence in application. See Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, ii. 1: 'We will be married again, which some say is the only supersedeas about Limehouse to remove cuckoldry.' So in Greene's *Tu Quoque* (Dodsley, ed. 1784), vol. iii. 15: 'I would my lamentable, complaining louer had been here, here had been a supersedeas for his melancholy.'

185. *as did Hector*: cf. Marlowe, 2 *Tamburlaine*, iii. 5, and Peele's *Tale of Troy*, 304-6:

'Now out rides Hector, call'd the scourge of Greeks,  
And . . . . . pries and seeks  
Where he may prove his strength.'

P. 229, 208. *watrie Thessalie*, &c. By 'grass-hoppers' Greene no doubt means 'locusts,' the names being habitually confused in English. See Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, v. 3. The fertile plains of Thessaly were often ravaged by these insects carried thither by the wind, as he describes. Cf. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xi. 25; cf. too Livy xlii. 10 for their similar visitation of Apulia, 'Locustarum tantae nubes a mari vento repente in Apuliam illatae sunt ut examinibus suis agros late operirent.' Topsell (*Theatre of Insects*, p. 988) notices that they so afflicted Thessalia that 'jackdaws were kept at the public expense to devour them.' For 'watery' Thessaly see Herodotus, vii. 129, and Strabo, ix. 5. 2.

225. *hold thee play*: cf. *Frier Bacon*, l. 823: 'Bacon, if he will hold the German play'; and *Henry VIII*, v. 4. 90:

'I'll find

A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.'

The explanation seems to be that there is an ellipse of 'in,' i.e. hold in play=keep occupied; the metaphor is obviously from fencing.

235. *Skonce*: a small fortification, or bulwark, from the old Dutch *schantse*; for the subst. and verb see *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 37:

'An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and ensconce it too,' where it is used for a helmet. Cf. too *Henry V*, iii. 6. 76: 'And they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach.'

P. 230, 246. *Sweet are the thoughts*, &c.: this is the Tamburlaine note. 'Smother,' 'smotherer,' and 'smoulder' are frequently interchanged: here it seems to mean 'sweet are the thoughts which imagination slowly kindles,' i.e. causes to smoulder or burn slowly.

254. *Honor*,—*me thinkes*, &c.: that is the title 'Honour,' i.e. 'your Honour is too base.' See *infra*, 272 and 306, &c. The repetition of 'glorious,' though to modern ears very awkward, need not make us suspect corruption. For such repetitions, so common in the Elizabethan dramatists, see Dyce, *A Few Notes on Shakespeare*; Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, Lect. xxv; and Ingleby's *Still Lion*, pp. 26-7.

270. *What thinkes the Emperor of my colours*: these are given below. It is plainly a reminiscence of Tamburlaine's colours, white, red and black. See 1 *Tamburlaine*, iv. 1.

P. 231, 275. *enuious*: accent on the penultimate follows the analogy of the verb; it is not common with this accent. Cf. Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, civ. l. 1: 'Envious wits, what hath been my offence?' So for the verb, Kyd (ed. Boas), *Span. Trag.* i. 4. 17: 'Enuying at Andrea's praise and worth.'

303. *fairer than Chloris*, &c.: from Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xv. 57, 58.

P. 232, 308. *prowesse, or anie meanes*. Dyce says this makes no sense, and would apparently read 'poniard,' but 'prowess' makes perfectly good sense; it is in antithesis to 'poison,' just as below it is opposed to 'policy.' The words are often opposed as signifying open force and intrigue. So Marlowe, 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 1: 'That in their prowess and their policies, Have triumphed over Afric.' Peele, *Edward I* (ed. Bullen), iv. 7-8: 'Not too much prowess, good my lord, at once, some talk of policy another while.' In *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 2, it is opposed to 'force': 'By force we cannot but by policy.' It often means 'tricks' or 'stratagems' as 2 *Conny-Catching*, Greene's Works (Grosart), x. 77: 'They will straight spotte him by sundry policies,' and *Id.* p. 81: 'By his policie seared him in the forehead'; 1 *Henry VI*, iii. 3. 12: 'Search out thy wit for secret policies.'

317. *Thrasonicall mad-cap . . . Gnathonicall companion*: these references to the well-known characters in the *Eunuchus* of Terence are very common in the Elizabethan writers, so common that they coined adjectives from them.

318. *lettice fit for his lips*: a proverb, see Erasmus, *Adagia*, ed. 1606, p. 1649: 'Similes habent lactucas' and the commentary. Cf. Greene's *Tritameron*, Works (Grosart), iii. 58. They follow the old



proverb 'similes habent labra lactucas,' and *Id.* 60: 'Like lips like lettuce,' and *Menaphon*, Works (Grosart), v. 145: 'He left such lettuce as were too fine for his lips.' See Ray's comment on the proverb, which he illustrates by another, ed. Bohn, p. 111: 'A thistle is a salad fit for an asses mouth, we use when we would signify that things happen to people which are suitable to them or which they deserve.'

322. *Lupus est in fabula*: a proverb occurring scores of times in the Elizabethan plays; see Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. 8: 'Such a story as the basilisk is that of the wolf, concerning the priority of vision, that a man becomes hoarse or dumb if a wolf have the advantage first to eye him. And this is in plain language affirmed by Pliny, "In Italia, ut creditur, luporum visus est noxius, vocemque homini quem prius contemplatur adimere"; so is it made out what is delivered by Theocritus and after him by Virgil:

"Vox quoque Moerim

Iam fugit ipsa, lupi Moerim videre priores."

And thus is the proverb to be understood when, during the discourse, if the party or subject interveneth and there cometh a sudden silence, it is usually said, "*lupus est in fabulâ*."

331. Greene probably knew nothing more of Agathocles than that he had been a potter: there is nothing to support the story of this salutation in the authorities on Agathocles—Diodorus and Justin—nor had Agathocles anything to do with the Lacedaemonians.

P. 233, 365. *the theefe of Thessaly*. If there be any particular reference here, which I doubt, I cannot explain it. I may take the opportunity of noting here that one of the chief difficulties of an editor of popular Elizabethan writers is their unscrupulousness in inventing references and quotations, and even the names of supposed works, for the sake of giving the colour of learning to their writings. Thus in the *Tritameron* Greene says, 'Plato in his *Androgina* was of the mind,' &c., Works (Grosart), iii. 115, when no such name, much less such a work, could exist. In the same work he actually cites Polihistor as making an observation, confounding the title of the work of Solinus with an author. Again, he says that Homer describes 'two vessels placed at the gates of Olympus, one filled with honey and one of gall, of which he causeth all men to drink,' Works, iii. 119; this of course is a confused reminiscence of the caskets. In *Never too late*, Works, viii. 47, he actually asserts that 'harts in Calabria browsed on "dictamnum" knowing it to be deadly.' In Works, iii. 130, he represents Pindar as asserting that the Romans worshipped Fortune as the patron, &c. of Rome, Theocritus as asserting that a good wife should imitate the Persians, &c. For many other instances of these audacious fictions see the Notes *passim*. It may be added that one of the worst offenders in this respect is Lyly.



374. *Lycaons Son*: another instance of Greene's pseudo-mythology; there is no record of any son of Lycaon being turned into a star, it was his daughter Calisto. The passage is a reminiscence of Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xx. 83:

'Apena aveva la Licaonia prole  
Per li solchi del ciel volto l'aratro.'

With the image cf. Tennyson, *Love and Duty*:

'And morning driven her plow of pearl  
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack.'

P. 234, 386. *hunts-up with a poynt of warre*: a 'Hunt's up,' orig. 'the hunt is up,' see *N. E. D.*, came to mean any song intended to arouse in the morning. Butler in his *Principles of Music* defines a 'hunt's up' as morning music, and Cotgrave defines *Resveil* as 'a hunt's up or morning song for a new married wife.' See the notes of Dyce and the Commentators on *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 34: 'Hunting thee hence with hunt's up to the day.' Cf. Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, ii. 1: 'I was never at such a hunt's up,' and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, ii. 4: 'They'll hear a hunt's up shortly.' A 'point of war' is a strain of martial music. Cf. *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, Greene's Works (Grosart), vol. ii. p. 235: 'They caused the Trumpette to sound them pointes of warre.' See Peele's *Edward I*, sc. i. 108 (ed. Bullen): 'Sound proudly here a perfect point of war,' and Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV*, iv. 1. 52: 'To a loud trumpet and a point of war.'

412. *no prooffe*: defence to which he can trust.

414. *Pasht*: to 'pash' is to dash into pieces. Cf. *The Carde of Fancie*, Works, vol. iv. p. 75: 'The least waight was able to pash it into innumerable pieces,' and Marlowe, *1 Tamburlaine*, iii: 'Hercules . . . did pash the jaws of serpents venomous.' So Massinger, *Virg. Mart.* ii. 2: 'To pash your Gods in pieces,' and so again in iv. 1 of the same play:

'When the battering ram  
Was fetching his career backwards, to pash  
Me with his horns to pieces;'

and see Gifford's note.

P. 236, 455. *perseuer*: accent as usual on the penultimate. Marlowe, *Faustus* (Dyce, p. 130): 'Do not persèver in it like a Devil'; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 2. 28: 'Ay, and perversely she persèvers so'; *Lover's Progress*, iv. 3:

'And you find it true  
If you persèver.'

Cf. Dyce's *Remarks on Collier's Shakespeare*, p. 204, for further illustrations.

462. *Seek not vnlesse*, &c. The whole passage is possibly corrupt, certainly confused, but the general meaning is clear: the knot of her

love, like the knot tied by Gordian, is so intricate that it cannot be dissolved unless it is severed with the sword; she can only be parted from Orlando by a violent death. For this see Hyginus, ci.

No allusion is so frequent in Greene and in the Euphuists generally as this.

P. 237, 484. *As those that with Achilles lance, &c.*: cf. *Tullies Love*, Works (Grosart), vii. p. 109: 'Arrows . . . that pierce deep, like to Achilles' launce that did wound and heale'; *Edward III*, ii. 1, for the same allusion: cf. 2 *Henry VI*, v. 1. 100-1:

'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure';

and Propertius, ii. 1. 63-4:

'Mysus et Aemonia iuvenis qua cuspidē vulnus

Senserat, hac ipsa cuspidē sensit opem.'

For a fine application of this see Tucker's *Light of Nature Displayed*, vol. i, Introduction, ed. Mildmay, p. lv.

488. *amated*: confound, dismay; for the derivation and history of the word see Skeat and *N. E. D.* Cf. *Menaphon*, Greene's Works (Grosart), vi. 70: 'There shalt thou see her that will amate all our moodes, and amaze thee.' *Never too late* (Works, viii. 134): 'Infida was not amated with his angry moode.' So giving or sparing 'the mate'; *Carde of Fancie* (Works, iv. 29): 'Fortune sparing him the mate yet gaue him a checke.'

490. *like to the Mirmydon, &c.*: for the love of Achilles for Polyxena see the Greek Hypothesis to *Hecuba*, Ovid, *Met.* xiii. 448 seq.; Servius, *Comment. on Aeneid*, iii. 322; Philostratus, *Her.* xix. 11; and pseudo-*Dictys Cretensis*, iii. 2. Peele, in his *Tale of Troy*, l. 295 seqq., gives a vivid picture of the passion of Achilles for Polyxena:

'The dames of Troy with lovely looks do draw

The hearts of many Greeks, and lo! at last

The great Achilles is enthralled fast,

That night ne day he might his rest enjoy;

So was his heart engaged whole to Troy' &c.

Greene describes it at length in *Euphues his Censure to Philautus*, Works (Grosart), v. 160 seqq.

499. *quittance all my ills*: so *infra*, 1271, 'Whome fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs,' and see note on l. 1271.

505. *trace the shadie lawndes*: this old spelling of 'lawns,' almost invariable before the end of the seventeenth century, was still in use in the eighteenth; see *N. E. D.*, s.v.

508. *than the French, ne Nation, &c.*: I know of no other passage representing jealousy as characteristic of the French; the Elizabethan writers are full of references to the jealousy of the Italians, which was proverbial. Cf. *Euphues and his England* (ed. Bond,

p. 226): 'Flye that vyce which is peculiar to al those of thy countrey' (i. e. Italy); Dekker, *Devil's Answer to Pierce Pennylesse*, Non-Dram. Works (Grosart) ii. p. 116: 'So jealousy that was at first whipt out of hell because she tormented even devils lies now everie hour in the Venetian's bosom'; Webster, *Westward Ho*, iii. 3: 'How happy be our English women that are not troubled with jealous husbands, Why your Italians in general are so sunburnt,' &c. So in *A Mad World my Masters*, i. 1: 'There's a gem, kept by the Italians under lock and key.' Cf. too, Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, iii. Memb. Sect. iii. I. Subs. 2: 'Germany hath not so many drunkards, England tobacconists, France dancers, Holland mariners, as Italy alone hath jealous husbands'; the French, he says, are not so troubled with 'this ferall malady.'

P. 238, 540. *All clad in gray*: Mitford notes that this was the usual phrase for a homely shepherd's garb. Cf. *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, ll. 411-2: 'Proportiond as was Paris, when, in gray, He courted Ænon'; so too the singer in *Tullies Love*, Works (Grosart), vol. vii. p. 183: 'A cloak of grey fencst the rain, thus tyred was this lovely swain.' Again, in Peele's *Tale of Troy*, l. 71: 'And wear his coat of grey and lusty green,' also of Paris. So in Greene's *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 128): 'Wondered that such rare conceits could bee harboured vnder a shepherd's gray clothing.'

544. *conceipt him*: cf. *N. E. D.* A very rare use of the word, and a very obscure expression; 'conceit' here seems to mean make him form a conception of, i. e. realize. In the sense of form a conception of, or understand, it is often used, cf. *infra*, l. 1129: 'O, that my lord woulde but conceit my tale'; so Marston, *Anton. and Mell.* iv. 1: 'I'll give you instance that it is so; conceipt you me': sometimes it means simply 'think of,' so in *Faire Em*, iii. 11: 'It is no little grief to me you should so harshly conceit of my daughter.' In *Euphues his Censure*, &c., Greene's Works (Grosart), vi. 233, it is used in the sense of furnished with conception or ideas: 'Where dreams were but sweet slumber conceipted by imagination,' &c.; so *infra*, l. 601: 'conceited lines,' and the phrase so common on title-pages, 'a pleasant conceited comedy,' and the like. See also note on 1129.

P. 239, 555. *Phlegon's course*: one of the horses of the sun, Ovid, *Met.* ii. 153-5:

'Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon,  
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon, hinnitibus auras  
Flammiferis implent.'

Cf. Hyginus, *Fab.* clxxxiii.

P. 240, 589. *Ardenia woods*: this looks like a reference to Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the scene of which is laid in the Forest of Arden; it was published in 1590. But this had long been poetic ground, cf. Heylin,

*Microcosmus*, ed. 1633, p. 234: 'Here is the Forrest of Ardenia, once 500 miles compasse; now scarce 90 miles round, of which so many fabulous stories are told.' Here Ariosto places the two fountains one of which inspires love and the other repulsion. Cf. *Orl. Fur.* i. st. lxxviii, and Spenser, *Astrophel*, 96, 'famous Ardeyn.'

591. *for why Angelica*: 'because,' the usual meaning in Greene and in Elizabethan English. Cf. *infra*, 1331, 'For why, my thoughts are fully malecontent'; 1366, 'For why, these be the Champions of the world'; *Looking Glasse*, l. 83: 'For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,' &c.; *Id.* l. 1425, 'For why saluation commeth from his throane.'

P. 241, 643. *Adons flowers*: either a reference to the flowers which were said to have sprung up when Venus mixed nectar with the blood of the slain Adonis (Ovid, *Met.* x. 731-9), and so anemones; or, more likely, to 'the gardens' of Adonis, which were merely stalks of wheat or barley, cresses, or some other quickly growing herbs in pots intended to symbolize the briefness of youth. Cf. Plato, *Phaedrus*, p. 276, and Theocritus, xv. 113 seqq. Spenser's splendid description of the 'Gardin of Adonis,' *Faerie Queene*, iii. vi. st. xxix seqq., probably sprang from a misconception of the Ἀδωνιδος κήποι. Probably all that was in Greene's mind was the association of Adonis with flowers. For the shortening of the name see the song in *Perimedes*, 'I am but young,' where this syn-copated form occurs three times. So Phœb for Phœbus, *Selimus*, l. 1437: 'That Phœb shall fly and hide him in the clouds'; *Id.* l. 1525: 'Phœb's bright globe'; so Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, i. 1, Iphigen for Iphigenia, and Alcest for Alcestis. In *Tancred and Gismund* we have Sest, Æol, and Æac for Sestus, Æolus, and Æacus: in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, Tantal for Tantalus, so *Friar Bacon*; Marlowe's *Faustus* Cenon for Cēnone; Heywood's *Iron Age*, i. 1, Tithon for Tithonus.

649. *relent*: Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, v. 7. 24:

'She came without relent

Unto the land of Amazons.'

P. 242, 665. *Titans Neees*: the reference is to the Heliades, the sisters of Phaeton, Ovid, *Met.* ii. 340-66. For 'niece' see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 364.

For Titan as a synonym for the Sun see *Misfortunes of Arthur*, iv. 2: 'The light of Titan's troubled beams,' and *Selimus*, l. 1533: 'O Titan turn thy breathless coursers back.' See Shakespeare, *1 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 135: 'Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun,' the allusion being to Phaeton. Helios was, according to mythology, Phaeton's father, and the Heliades, being Phaeton's sisters, are assumed to be daughters of Helios or Titan. The sun was called a Titan by the ancients as being the son of the Titan Hyperion. See the com-

mentators on Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 119. It was a favourite term with the earlier Elizabethan poets.

675-7. *Proud, disdainfull . . . mateth all our mindes*: the text is here imperfect and corrupt. I insert 'and' after 'proud,' and so restore the scansion. For 'are shaded' Dyce suggests 'o'er shaded,' which would restore sense at the cost of grammar.

685. *Oh feminine ingegno*: these Italian verses are taken respectively from the last four lines of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, canto XXVII. st. cxvii, where they run:

'Oh feminine ingegno (egli dicea),  
Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,  
Contrario oggetto proprio della fede!  
Oh infelice, oh miser chi ti crede!'

and the last four from the last four verses in stanza cxxi of the same canto:

'Importune, superbe, dispettose,  
Prive d'amor, di fede e di consiglio,  
Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrato,  
Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate.'

It will be seen that the alterations made by Greene are the substitution of 'di tutti mali sede' for 'egli dicea,' while he has very awkwardly, in omitting the other lines in the second stanza, left the adjectives without any substantive, though it is easily understood.

P. 245, 765. *banderoll*: *N. E. D.*, q. v., gives sixteen variations in the spelling of this word. It here means a small ornamental streamer attached to a lance, as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, vi. 7. st. 27: 'And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannersall.'

783. *warrantize*: warrant or pledge. Cf. Shakespeare, Sonnet cl:

'In the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds.'

P. 247, 829. *Moly*: see *Odyssey*, x. 302 seqq. Allusions to it are frequent in Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. Bond), ii. pp. 18 and 78; *Gallathea*, iii. 4; and in Greene's prose works, *Anatomie of Fortune*, Works (Grosart), vol. iii. p. 190; *Mourning Garment*, Works, vol. ix. p. 1773; and *Id.* p. 200. Cf. also *James IV.*

853. *as it passeth*: this curious phrase, signifying, as Warburton explains, the excess or extraordinary degree of anything, is common in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Lingua*, ii. 1: 'Your travellers so dote upon me, as passes'; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 311: 'I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed'; *Maid of the Mill*, ii. 2: 'You shall see such sport as passes.' For further illustrations see Nares's Glossary by Halliwell and Wright.

P. 248, 884. *rebated from*: see note on 'rebate,' *supra*, l. 87.



**P. 249, 894.** *set probatum est vpon*, &c.: cf. Dekker's *Gull's Horn Book* (Works, Grosart, vol. ii. 213): 'The receipt hath been subscribed unto by all those that have to do with simples with the moth-eaten motto probatum est'; and Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, sig. v. 2: 'I have a probatum est of a rare and powerful virtue that will hold the nose of his conceit.' This medical formula is of constant occurrence till past the middle of the eighteenth century.

904. *woud*: 'mad, furious,' pure Anglo-Saxon *wód*; it only began to become obsolete in the middle of the seventeenth century, but is common in the Elizabethan dramatists and Shakespeare.

**P. 250, 933.** *tubs of the Belides*: commonly called from their father Danaides, but Ovid, *Met.* iv. 462, calls them, from their grandfather, Belides. Greene, as is common with him, has made a false quantity. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Maid of the Mill*, iv. 1, have the same false quantity: 'Tis labour for the house of Bellides.'

940. For Sagittarius and his pedigree see Hyginus, *Poet. Astronom.* ii. xxvii.

948. *forgd by the Cyclops*: see Virgil, *Aen.* viii. 416-53.

**P. 251, 968-9.** *faire Erythea That darkes Canopus*: this is probably coined by Greene from Ἐρυξ and θεά, which he may have confused with the legitimate Erycina. He describes Erycinus and the temple of Venus in *Orpharion* (Works, ed. Grosart, xx. 12 seq.). Canopus is no doubt the star mentioned by Manilius, *Astron.* i. 214: 'Nusquam invenies fulgere Canopum | Donec Niliacas per pontum veneris oras.' See Du Fay's note: 'Canopus stella est in argo navi, scilicet in temone seu clavo ustrino: vel potius in remo austrino, quasi diametraliter opposita stellae quae Capella dicta lucet in humeris aurigae, eiusdemque magnitudinis.' Pliny, ii. 70, also says it is not visible except from Egypt; cf. Lucan, viii. 180: 'Inde Canopus | Excipit Australi caelo contenta vagari | Stella timens Borean.' Greene refers to this star in *Alcida*, Works, ix. 16: 'Vnder the pole Antarticke where Canopus, the faire starre gladeth the hearts of the inhabitants.'

For 'dark,' to obscure or shadow, cf. Tottel's *Miscell.* ed. Arber, p. 269: 'The golden sunne doth dark each star,' and Greene's *Poems*, lix. 30: 'And thus I mus'd vntil I darkt mine eye.'

**P. 254, 1074.** *purple coloured swans*: cf. Horace, *Odes*, iv. 1. 10: 'purpureis ales oloribus.'

1087. *I know he knowes*, &c.: my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel proposes to read:

'I know he knows the watery lakish ile (isle).'

'Hill' makes no sense, and Meroe is described as an island by the ancient geographers. See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, s.v.

1088. *the minstrels hands*: Dyce queries, 'Is this an allusion to



the statue of Memnon?' Possibly, but there is little use in attempting to reduce stark nonsense to sense.

P. 255, 1114. *Shan Cuttelero*: Shan is the Anglicized Irish for John or Jack: the original form is 'Seann,' Englished as 'Shane': see O'Reilly's *Irish Dictionary*. So 'Shan O'Neil,' John O'Neil. It seems absurd to discuss such jargon seriously, but probably the word meant was 'Cutter,' a cant word for a bully or cut-purse, see *N.E.D.* s.v., and the term should be 'cuttelero.' Orlando calls him Jack the Cutpurse. The affectation of giving a Spanish or Italian termination to English words is too common in Elizabethan comic poetry to need illustration.

1129. *conceit*: apprehend, take in; cf. *Menaphon*, 24: 'Thou conceiptest the Astronomicall motions of the heauens,' Works (Grosart), vol. vi. p. 38; cf. *Greene's Vision*, Works, xii. 197: 'Yet I could not but conceit it hardly.' Marston, Induction to *Anton. and Mellida*: 'A part . . . which I have neither able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I conceipt grace or ability to utter.'

P. 256, 1133. This &c. means that the player could go on extempore, as in *James IV*, l. 604, after the word 'bony.' The same thing occurs in Webster's *Westward Ho*, iv. 1, after the words of Ambush; in Middleton's *Family of Love*, ii. 4 the words, 'My flesh grows proud, Maria's a sweet wench'; and in Heywood's *Edward IV*, sig. T, where there is a direction 'Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, speaking some words but of no importance.'

P. 257, 1160. *O vos Siluani*, &c.: badly as these verses are printed in the Quartos no emendation can relieve them of the false quantities in 'lacus' and 'filias.'

1171. The allusion appears to be to Hecuba's dream before Paris was born, to which Greene refers in *Euphues his Censure to Philautus*, Works (Grosart), vol. vi. 155: 'Fulfilling the dreame of Hecuba that she hatched a fire brand which should bring Troy to cynders.' Cf. Peele's *Tale of Troy*, 37 seqq.:

'Till one I say revengeful power or other  
Buzz'd in the braine of the unhappy mother  
A dreadful dream, and as it did befall  
To Priam's Troy a dream deadly and fatal.

. . . . .

She dreams, and gives her lord to understand  
That she should bring forth a fire brand  
Whose heat and fatal smoke would grow so great  
As Ilium's towers it should consume with heate.'

P. 258, 1191. *A furie, sure*: Greene's mythology is here hopeless: it appears not so much to be confusion as audacious invention.

P. 259, 1241. *vaile thy plumes*: see note on *Pinner of Wakefield*, l. 47.

P. 260, 1260. *quittance all my wrongs*: for 'quittance' as a verb 'to requite' cf. 1 *Henry VI*, ii. 1. 14: 'As fitting best to quittance their deceit | Contriv'd by art,' and the *Dumb Knight*, ad fin.: 'I thank you and will quittance it.'

1272. *Demogorgon*: see note on *Frier Bacon*, l. 1636.

1282. *Cladde all thy spheres*: 'clad' is often used in the sense of clothe, being apparently educed from the preterite 'clad,' see *N. E. D.*; cf. *Dido Queen of Carthage*, v. 1: 'And clad her in a crystal livery,' which Dyce compares with Sir John Harington's *Epigrams*, i. Ep. 88: 'Yet sure she doth . . . but feed and clad a synagogue of Satan.' Cf. also Peele, *Battle of Alcazar*, iii. 2: 'That clads himself in coat of hammer'd steele.'

P. 263, 1367. *Malgrado*: in spite of, notwithstanding; adopted directly from the Italian, but not infrequent in the earlier Elizabethan writers, it had become quite obsolete in the middle of the seventeenth century, and is not found in Shakespeare. Cf. Marlowe, *Edward II* (Dyce, p. 200): 'Breathing in hope malgrado all your beards.' So Greene, *Spanish Masquerado*, Works (Grosart), v. 258: 'Sir Francis Drake who on passing malgrado of the Spaniard . . . went,' &c.; *Id.* p. 282: 'Malgrad of the Spaniard landed.'

1386. *Orlando or the diuell*: suggested of course by the old proverb 'aut Erasmus aut Diabolus.'

P. 264, 1406. *Nere was the Queene*, &c.: Dyce thinks that a line has dropped out here which informed us why the Queen of Cyprus, Venus, was glad, but there is no reason to suppose this.

P. 265, 1438. *sailles of sendall*: cf. *Looking Glasse*, l. 886: 'In Sendall and in costly Sussapine.' Minshew (*Guide into the Tongues*) says that Sendal is 'a kinde of Cipres stuffe or silke.' Du Cange, quoted by Dyce sub voce 'Cendalum,' thus defines: 'Tela subserica vel pannus sericus, Gallis et Hispanis, Cendal: quibusdam quasi Setal interposito N. ex seta, seu serico: aliis ex Graeco συνδών, amictus ex lino Aegyptiaco: aliis denique ex Arabico Cendali folium delicatum, subtile, vel lamina subtilior.'

1445. *Cyparissus Change*: Cyparissus was the name of an ancient town of Phocis near Delphi, the neighbourhood of which appears to have been celebrated for its cypress trees: so that according to one tradition the town took its name from these trees. See Strabo, ix. 3. 13: καὶ τὸ [οἱ] κυπάρισσον ἔχον δέχονται διττῶς· οἱ μὲν ὁμωνύμως τῷ φυτῷ, οἱ δὲ παρωνύμως, κώμην ὑπὸ Λυκωρέῃ. 'Cyparissus Change' seems to mean what Cyparissus sends by way of change or barter, that is, Cyprus wood.

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